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POST
February 11, 1961 – 15¢

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Our cover by George Hughes—who has yet to buy Mrs. Hughes an engagement ring—brings to mind the slogan of a Baltimore, Maryland, jewelry store: "Marriages are made in heaven, but engagements are made at S. and N. Katz." So much for our interpretation of what's happening here; to shed light on the mood of our cover couple, we turn to Miguel de Cervantes, who wrote in *Don Quixote*, "It is past all controversy, that what costs dearest, is, and ought most to be valued." What remains to be told is how the young man got hooked. We can best explain that by sharing with you a capsule drama of recent date. She: "Gee, I had a swell time tonight." He: "Me too." She: "Will I see you again?" He: "Sure. I'll give you a ring." Naturally she's holding him to his promise.

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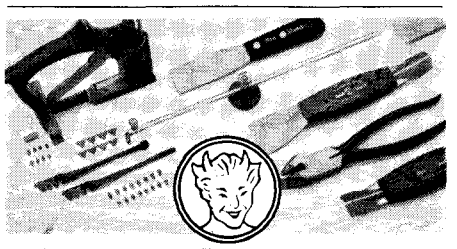

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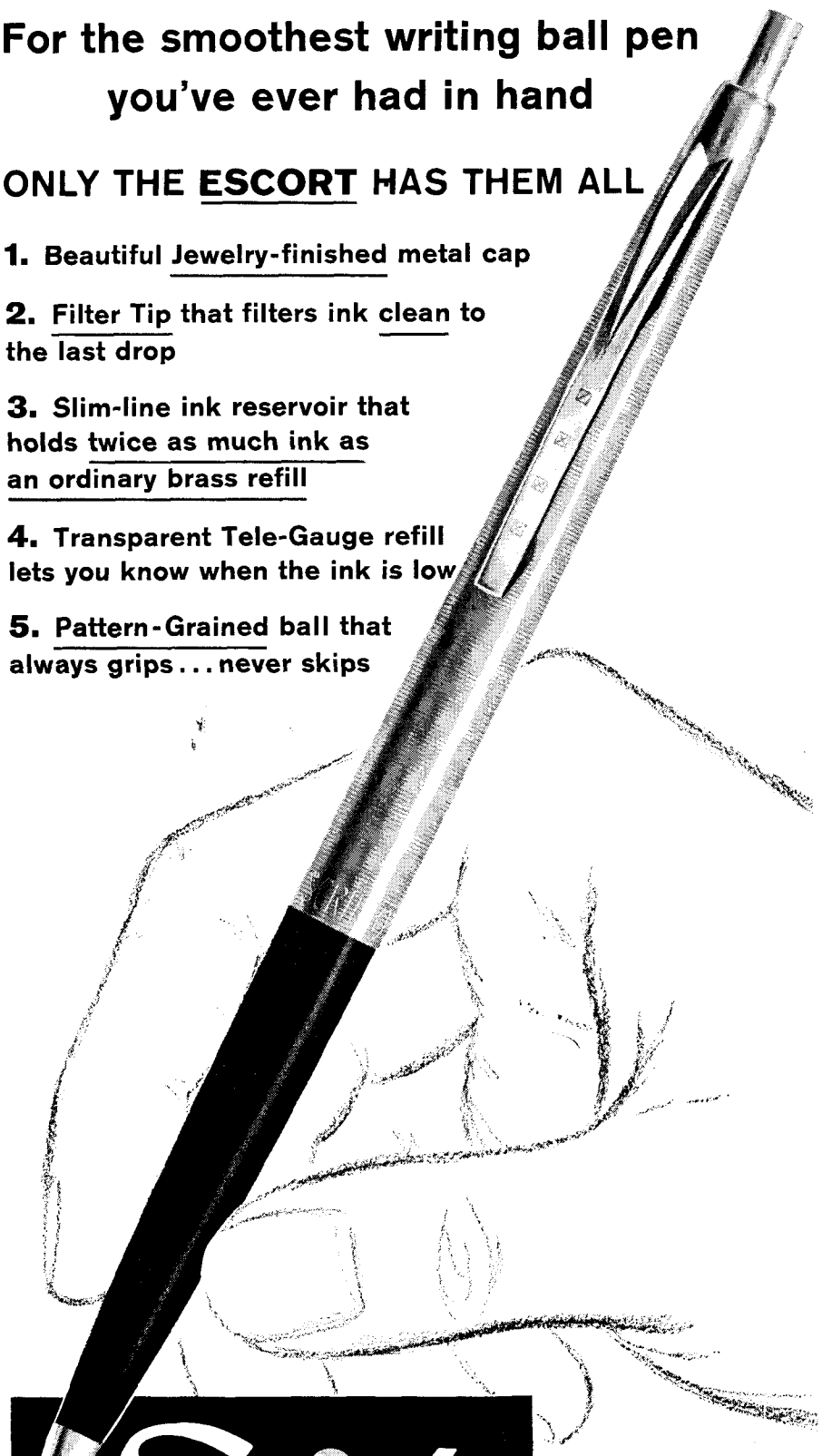

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Letters

Maurine and Money

Dear Sirs:

Re your article MADAME SENATOR FROM OREGON [by Robert Cahn, Jan. 7], Mrs. Maurine Neuberger may be very careful with her own money but, judging from the list of legislative proposals she advocates, she is not concerned about spending other people's money.

How much will her programs cost the taxpayers?

MARJORIE DONELAN
Annandale, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I am so glad you printed the picture of Maurine Neuberger's legs. I'd never understood what the voters saw in her.

Mrs. Neuberger

MRS. ELMER GRIFFITH
Ione, Oreg.

Enticed

Dear Sirs:

I had hoped you wouldn't mention it, as my wife didn't read Eric Hatch's serial MORESBY'S GODDESS [Nov. 12—Dec. 17]. Now your readers have let the cat out of the bag [concerning one of the serial's earthier passages, LETTERS, Jan. 14]. Most of the letters were from women, but only a man could appreciate that idyllic scene.

My wife burned my *Playboy* magazines, but if she asks you to cancel my *Post* subscription, please ignore her.

E. L. TICE
Rockford, Ill.

The Human Side of the Problem

Dear Sirs:

Your issue arrived today containing an article quite close to my heart. "OUR DWINDLING GOLD" [by Harold H. Martin, Jan. 14] is the one to which I refer. I certainly realize the seriousness of the situation, as do all other service wives I have talked to. However, you, as so many other publications, seem to pass off as of little consequence the order denying servicemen [on overseas duty the opportunity to bring their families with them].

My husband has had three overseas assignments in the eight years we have been married. Certainly he will have as many or more in the years to come. Then I shall be husbandless and my sons fatherless more than half of this time. We have dedicated ourselves to a country we believe in. Why then should our families be torn asunder?

Everyone is aghast at the idea of limiting the overseas tourism. Tourists spend many more times the amount of money on the economies overseas than service families. . . . Our families are especially important to us, for we can have no permanent home.

I feel that we have as much right to keeping our families together as the tourists have to spending money abroad.

MARILYN R. VARNER
Fort Devens
Ayer, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Harold Martin's article was rather interesting but, I feel, overwhelmingly alarmist when he tells the American people that foreigners have dollar claims against us totaling $720,000,000,000. I believe this figure to be $20,000,000,000.

FRANCES R. FIELD
New York, N.Y.

● *Just before publication, the author crossed out on the galley proofs his original figure, wrote the latest figure in the margin and drew an arrow to it. The printers interpreted the head of the arrow as a seven, thereby adding a whopping $700,000,000,000. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

OUR DWINDLING GOLD is readable, informative and almost ideally objective.

Please accept my congratulations on the presentation of an involved topic in a lucid and interesting fashion.

PAUL E. FENLON, *Associate Professor*
Colorado State University
Fort Collins, Colo.

Don't Marry That Girl!

Dear Sirs:

Regarding KNOW-IT-ALL by John Randolph Phillips [Jan. 14], please send this urgent message to the boy in the story:

Don't, I repeat, don't marry that girl! If you do you won't ever again call your soul your own. Keep your independence and wait for a girl who wants a man, not a trained mouse.

Don't say I didn't warn you.

VIRGINIA L. FETTE
Long Beach, Calif.

Shark Bites Man

Dear Sirs:

I read that Mr. Brodeur's leg [I LOST MY LEG TO A SHARK, by John Brodeur, as told to Si Liberman, Jan. 7] was given a good Catholic burial. . . . I've had three teeth extracted and my fingernails have been trimmed numerous times, but the best they got was an irreverent toss into the trash can.

ROGER ABBOTT
Glendora, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

In your article telling the story of the shark-bite incident at Sea Girt last summer, Ocean City comes in for casual mention as the scene of a similar but less treacherous bite later in the season. It is quite true that a young medical student

(Continued on Page 6)

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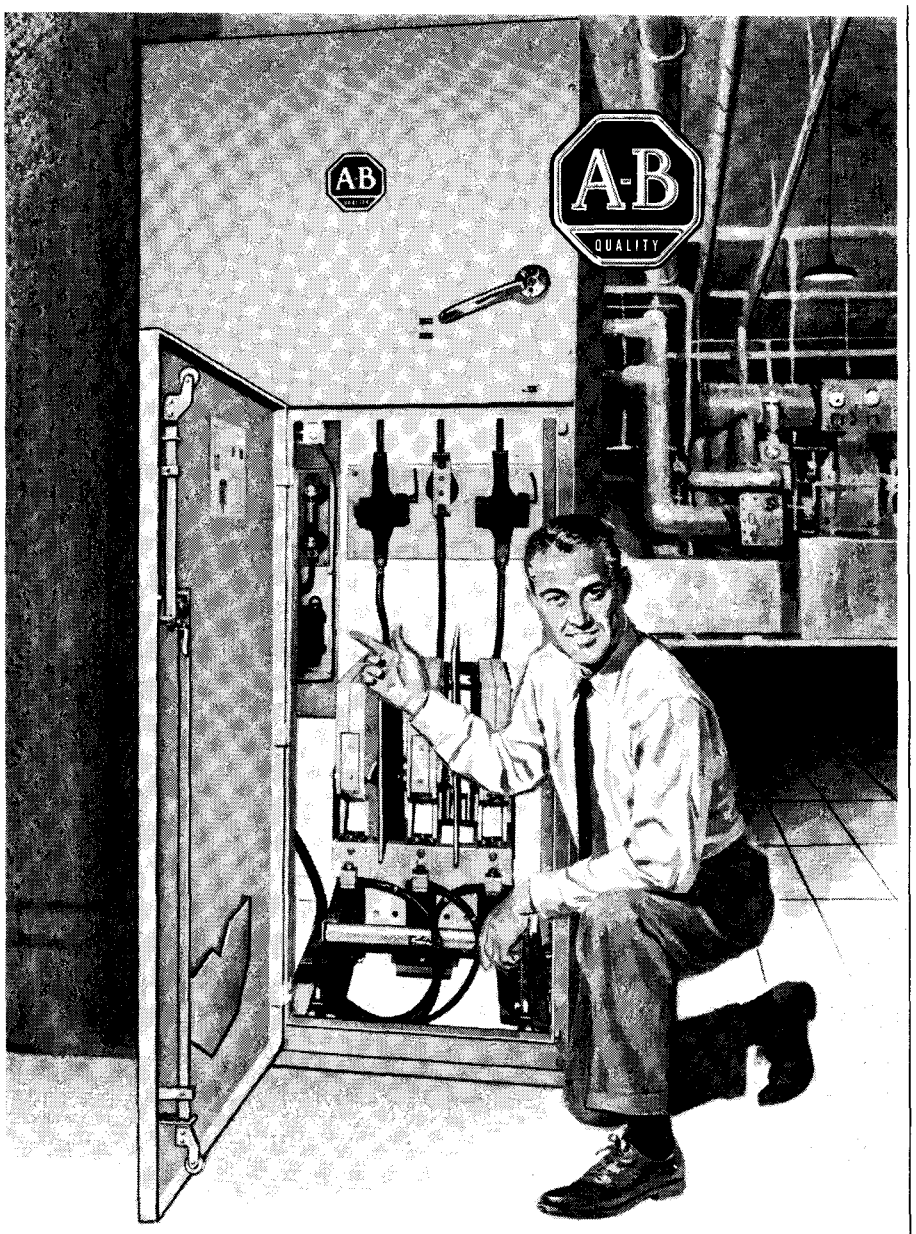

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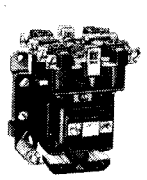
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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

was attacked by a shark while swimming off one of our beaches late last summer, but in fairness to our resort officials it should be mentioned that the attack occurred when he was more than a mile from the beach in very deep water. Furthermore, had it not been for the fact that he entered the surf after life guards had gone off duty, he would never have been permitted to venture so far from land. . . . Shark bites are rare indeed.

NATHANIEL C. SMITH, *Mayor*
Ocean City, N.J.

The First "Texas" Joke

Dear Sirs:

Your cartoonist [see cartoon, below, from Dec. 24–31 issue] may not have known it, but he has resurrected a one-hundred-and-twelve-year-old joke. The

"I said I hate taxes!"

war with Mexico ended in 1848, with the United States gaining undisputed claim to 900,000 square miles of territory in the South and West. But the expenses of the war came to many millions and the national debt was, many people thought, alarmingly increased.

As the resulting heavy expense had come through the annexation of Texas, people grumbled and said Texas was only taxes spelled a different way.

GEORGE MIHALJAN
Saugus, Mass.

"Long, Rocky Trail"

Dear Sirs:

Your ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series has been pretty good so far, but some of us cowboys out here think Owen Barfield is taking us awfully far out [THE REDISCOVERY OF MEANING, Jan. 7]. . . . We suspect he chose this long, rocky trail primarily to demonstrate his own skills and then got lost. We came on home without him after deciding that (1) he dislikes positivism because it relegates him to such an unimportant position, and (2) he belittles modern scientists because they've never tried to explain to him their own search for broader meaning.

TIO CLEBERG
Tucson, Ariz.

Pacific Moon

Dear Sirs:

Here in Oklahoma the moon always rises in the east. But in HEAL A WOUNDED HEART [by Peggy Simson Curry, Jan. 14] it says: "The moon rose red and full over the Pacific."

That's California for you!

MRS. ROY MANEVAL
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

I'll believe that when I see the sun set over the Atlantic.

LES LINDSAY
South Toms River, N.J.

Praise for a Poet

Dear Sirs:

I don't usually read those poems you have scattered throughout your magazine but one of them caught my fancy—LATE CHILD, by Herbert Merrill [Jan. 7, page 77]. A most amusing poem. I congratulate you on your taste.

MICHELE MITTON
El Paso, Texas

Dear Sirs:

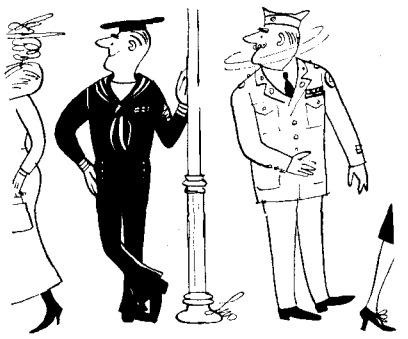
NORTH SHORE, by Herbert Merrill, in your Jan. 14 issue [page 70], confirms what I have been thinking for a long time: Here is a poet of stature.

HARRIET HAYES
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Man on the Corner

Dear Sirs:

John Falter's Jan. 7 cover of Park Street in Boston brings back many fond memories. As a sailor in World War I, I stood on that corner and watched the prettiest girls in the world go by—the Cloughers, Clancys and their kin, God bless them! The skirts were longer



then. . . . As a soldier in World War II, I also passed this corner frequently, but I was a grandfather then and used to legs.

Some of the prettiest girls in the world still pass that corner—the Cloughers, the Clancys, etc., etc.

COL. WILLIAM P. LAMBERT, U.S.A. (*Ret.*)
Matawan, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

The artist has cleverly touched up on the spirit of modern Boston by showing thirteen cars placidly parked in a tow-away zone.

M. M. THOMAS
Brookline, Mass.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Wide World. • 13–Gene Lester. • 14–Gene Lester. • 15–Gene Lester; Bob Landry (Pix); Gene Lester. • 16, 17–Gogyo Fujikawa. • 18–Two by Larry Keighley; Wide World. • 19–Wide World; Harris and Ewing; Wide World. • 20, 21–Paul Lehr. • 22, 23–Gus Pasquarella. • 24–Mike Ludlow. • 25–George Burns. • 26–Larry Keighley; anonymous; James C. Ramsey. • 27–Larry Keighley. • 28, 29–Gene Lester. • 30–National Archives; Culver. • 31–Mark Miller. • 32, 33–James R. Bingham. • 37–Ray Prohaska. • 76–Gene Lester. • 88–Gene Lester; Eamonn Murphy; Arthur William Brown.

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BUGLE CALL RAG
CARELESS
CARIBBEAN CLIPPER
CHATTANOOGA CHOO-CHOO
CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK
DEVIL MAY CARE
DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE
DOWN FOR THE COUNT
FAREWELL BLUES
FLAGWAVER
FOOLS RUSH IN
FRESH AS A DAISY
GLEN ISLAND SPECIAL
HERE WE GO AGAIN
THE HOP
I CAN'T GET STARTED
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY PLAN
IDA
IMAGINATION
INTRODUCTION TO A WALTZ
IT MUST BE JELLY
JAPANESE SANDMAN
JUST A LITTLE BIT SOUTH OF NORTH CAROLINA
KING PORTER STOMP
LADY BE GOOD
THE LAMPLIGHTER'S SERENADE
LET'S DANCE
LITTLE BROWN JUG
LOVE WITH A CAPITAL "YOU"
MAKE BELIEVE
MELANCHOLY BABY
A MILLION DREAMS AGO
MISTER MEADOWLARK
MOON LOVE
MOON OVER MIAMI
MY DARLING
MY DEVOTION
NAUGHTY SWEETIE BLUES
OH SO GOOD
ON A LITTLE STREET IN SINGAPORE
ONE O'CLOCK JUMP
PERFIDIA
RAINBOW RHAPSODY
RHAPSODY IN BLUE
RUG CUTTER'S SWING
SAY SI SI
SLEEPY TOWN TRAIN
SLIP HORN JIVE
STOMPING AT THE SAVOY
STRING OF PEARLS
SUN VALLEY JUMP
SWEET ELOISE
THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE
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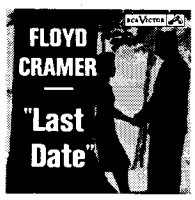


253. *Smoky piano hits* by the Nashville star. Album also includes, *Heart and Soul, Tennessee Waltz* and 9 others.

249. *Sentimental Me; Rag Mop; Naughty Lady of Shady Lane; You, You, You; Undecided;* more hits. *Monaural only.*

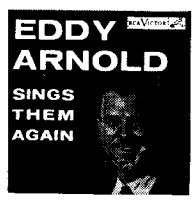
231. Mellow quartet vocals, Hugo Winterhalter arrangements of 12 pop hits. *Tennessee Waltz, On Top of Old Smoky,* etc.

14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own,* etc.

21. Cha-chas, hot and cool by Prado's crackling big band. *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee* and 9 others.

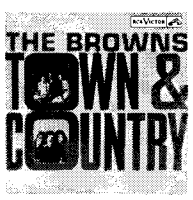
211. Driving, irresistible cha-cha rhythms, modern big-band sounds, colorful hi-fi effects. Ideal for beginners or experts.

214. Her best-selling album! *The Lady Is a Tramp, Someday, I'll Get By, Thou Swell, Goody Goody, Blue Skies,* etc.

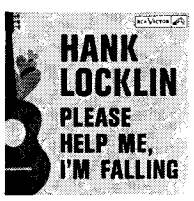


254. Brand-new recording of Eddy's 12 tops. *Bouquet of Roses, Lovebug Itch, Texarkana Baby, I Wanna Play House,* etc.

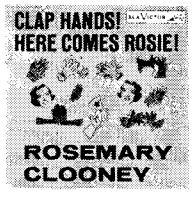
219. Varied vocal program by country-pop star. *Till the End of the World, Someday, A Fool Such As I* and 9 others.



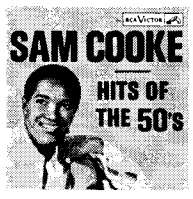
248. Trio sings a dozen favorites. *The Old Lamplighter, Red Sails in the Sunset, True Love, Cool Water, Scarlet Ribbons.*



255. Pop-country star sings his biggest hit. Also, *Why Don't You Haul Off and Love Me, Send Me the Pillow You Dream On.*

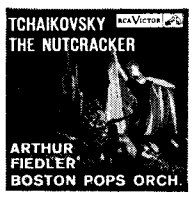


265. Sunny, swinging vocals, a dozen radiant ditties. *Everything's Coming Up Roses, Oh What a Beautiful Morning,* more.

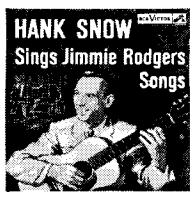


261. A decade of hits by the meteoric singing sensation. *Hey There, Too Young, Song from Moulin Rouge, Venus,* 8 more.

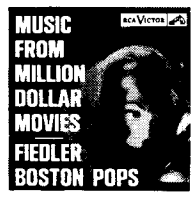
15. Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Tales from the Vienna Woods, Wiener Blut.*



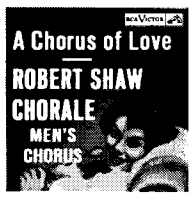
16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers,* etc.



216. Hank sings *The One Rose, Any Old Time, Moonlight and Skies, Blue Yodel #10, Roll Along Kentucky Moon,* etc.



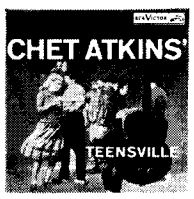
247. Sound extravaganza. *Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, Laura, Around the World, Song from "Moulin Rouge."*



256. First time in stereo for the velvet-voiced male chorus. Gorgeously sung mood music. Sumptuous wall-to-wall sound.

221. Their 12 all-time hits, freshly recut in hi fi and stereo! *Twilight Time, Don't Take Your Love From Me, Jalousie.*

20. Hi-fi remakes of his 12 biggest rumba, samba, bolero, etc., hits. *Green Eyes, Adios, Oye Negra, Mambo No. 5, Baia,* etc.



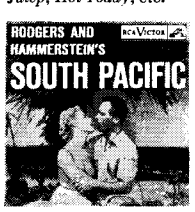
212. Mr. Guitar's first dance album. *Till There Was You, Night Train, Sleep Walk, One Mint Julep, Hot Toddy,* etc.

264. Original cast of the 1960 Broadway production. *How Are Things in Glocca Morra, If This Isn't Love, Old Devil Moon.*

246. The Rodgers & Hammerstein score sung by the family that inspired it. *Do-Re-Mi, My Favorite Things,* others.

8. Up-to-date production of the Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Howard Keel, Gogi Grant and Anne Jeffreys.

100. Two super-stars render 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. *Summertime, It Ain't Necessarily So.*



4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M. Gaynor, R. Brazzi.

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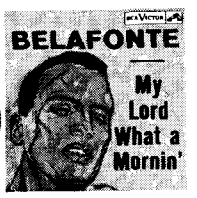
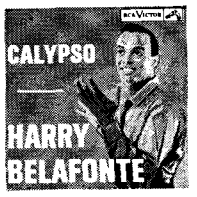
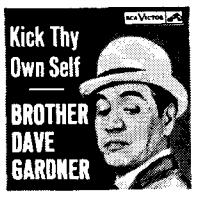


225. Harry with the Belafonte Folk Singers. 11 spirituals—moving, tender, sometimes exuberantly rhythmic.



234. Harry's biggest seller! *Day-O, Man Smart (Woman Smarter), I Do Adore Her* and more delights. *Monaural only.*

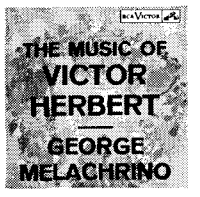


267. Smash-hit album—guaranteed to be the life of your party. Southern-fried humor done to a rib-tickling turn.

1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita.*

24. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine,* more.

262. A gem of a show-film score in a solid-gold setting by Melachrino Strings. *The Party's Over, Just in Time,* 9 others.



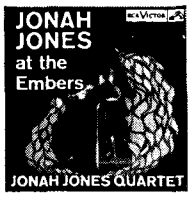
263. Lustrous strings, dazzling sound, 12 operetta favorites. *Indian Summer, Gypsy Love Song, Kiss Me Again,* etc.

228. One of the year's best-selling comedy albums. Live audience adds excitement. Paar TV guest. *Monaural only.*

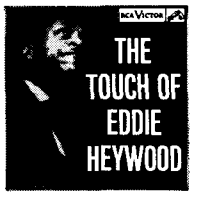
266. Dazzling sound, haunting melodies, exotic rhythms. *Hora Staccato, Hungarian Dance No. 5, Zigeuner, Csardas.*

19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, The Peanut Vendor,* etc.

102. 12 Dixieland classics in highest fi. *Muskrat Ramble, Tiger Rag, Tin Roof Blues, Panama, The Saints. Monaural only.*

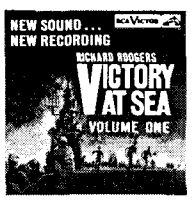


103. "Muted-jazz" trumpeter and quartet—in hi fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You, Basin St. Blues. Monaural only.*

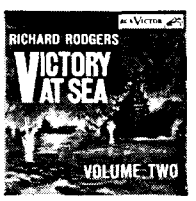


37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*

260. Biggest sound since D-Day! Rip-roaring musical salute by R. R. (*Victory at Sea*) Bennett. Full of fun and fancy.



7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.



91. 8 more sections of Richard Rodgers' dramatic TV score conducted by Robert Russell Bennett. Superb sound!

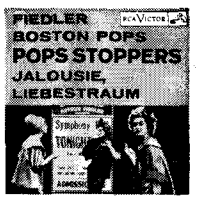
2. The original TV-action hit album. All-star modern "mood" jazz—combo and big band. *Fallout, A Profound Gass,* more.

203. Hot-selling, cool-sounding sequel stars Shelly Manne, other West Coast jazz giants. *A Quiet Gass, Spook,* etc.

245. The Sing-Along Spectacular! 33 all-time top tunes, song sheets for home harmonizers. *Heart of My Heart,* etc.

36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons.*

124. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation, Wanted, Because, Catch a Falling Star. Monaural only.*



12. Pops Stoppers, recut. *Ritual Fire Dance, Skaters Waltz, España Rhapsody, In a Persian Market, Stars and Stripes.*

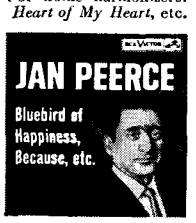
236. Entire night-club act. Outrageous corn-fed humor, insane parodies of hit songs, etc. Their very funniest album!

243. Tenor sings hits from Romberg operetta: *Drink, Drink, Drink; Serenade; Deep in My Heart, Dear;* more favorites.

258. Lanza's glorious tenor plus huge orchestra and chorus in Romberg's splendid score. *One Alone, Riff Song.*

202. Soundtrack recording from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio,* Schubert's *Ave Maria.*

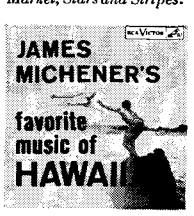
9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*



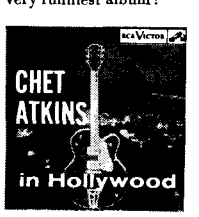
94. *Around the World, I Believe, Granada, September Song, Without a Song, You'll Never Walk Alone, Autumn Leaves.*

79. The teen-age singer-songwriter's hit versions of *I Go Ape, The Diary,* other originals—*Stupid Cupid,* 9 more.

204. *Hawaii in hi fi!* 12 authentically played all-time Hawaiian hits: *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song, Aloha Oe.*



227. 13 Hawaiian and Polynesian hits recorded in Hawaii. Includes full-color photos of Hawaii, vivid text by Mr. Michener.

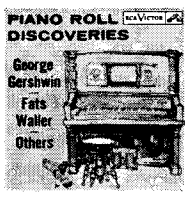


58. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves, Limelight,* more.

224. Recorded at the historic 1958 Carnegie Hall concert. "Cliburn has triumphed again!"—*HiFi Review.*

5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.

215. Long-awaited new Pops recordings of the *Rhapsody,* plus *American in Paris.* Earl Wild, piano. Spectacular new sound!



97. Gershwin plays his own *Rhapsody in Blue* in hi fi! Also vintage piano rolls by Fats Waller, Zez Confrey and others.

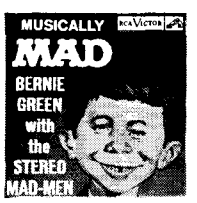
257. For collectors! Dorsey-Sinatra, Miller, Shaw, Prado, Sablon, Goodman, Waller, Gould, Suzuki. *Monaural only.*

238. STEREO ONLY. The best and funniest album to demonstrate your stereo set. Mad comedy, sound effects.

89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety.*

240. Hi-fi/stereo triumph stars provocative percussionists, colorful chanters in variety of pop Latin rhythms.

183. Artie's 12 biggest hits. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust, Frenesi, Nightmare, Temptation, Lady Be Good. Monaural only.*



48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmirk Suite; Anvils, of Course;* more.

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Editorials

Motorists Pay More Than Their Share of Highway Costs

As highways get bigger and cars get smaller, it seems time to look again at soaring gas taxes. In the 1930's the country began to want a new kind of superhighway that would run between cities without local cross-traffic. The dream was that a man might drive from New York to San Francisco without meeting a traffic light.

In 1956 Congress authorized the "National System of Interstate and Defense Highways." Forty-one thousand miles long, it was to be the biggest public-works program in human history, taking sixteen years to complete. It was to be designed to 1975 standards. It was to cost $27,600,000,000.

Congress loaded its entire $25,000,000,000 share of the cost onto highway users, four fifths through the Federal gasoline tax, which was raised to three cents a gallon. To handle the receipts, Congress set up a Highway Trust Fund.

Within two years the so-called "trust fund" was headed for bankruptcy. The official cost estimate was upped to $40,000,000,000. A small part of the rise was due to inflation, but most of it to bigger ideas. In order to meet the 1958 recession, Congress reached into the trust-fund cooky jar for another $1,200,000,000, most of it for antirecession road building.

To recharge the depleted fund, President Eisenhower in 1959 asked Congress to raise the gasoline tax to four and a half cents for five years. Congress raised it to four cents to June 30, 1961, after which for three years the shortage is to be met from part of the other Federal taxes which highway users pay on new cars and extras.

The first Federal gasoline tax, in 1932, was "temporary." It stayed so until 1941, when it became "permanent." In 1951, to help finance the Korean War, it was raised to two cents, "temporarily." The 1956 increase to three cents, for the duration of the highway program, was "temporary." So is the current four-cent rate.

Is it fair to charge highway users alone with all the costs of highways? The United States Bureau of Public Roads has told Congress that "there are real and extensive beneficiary groups, other than highway users as such, that reap the advantages of highway improvement." One such is the Defense Department. Already nearly $1,000,000,000 has been added to the superhighway program's cost, merely to raise bridge clearances to Defense standards. Should motorists and truck and bus operators pick up this part of the check?

About $450,000,000 of state highway-users revenues, including $180,000,000 from gas taxes, still go to nonhighway use, although Congress said in 1956 that "it is unfair and unjust to tax motor-vehicle transportation unless the proceeds are applied to the construction, improvement or maintenance of highways." Yet Congress still diverts more than $1,700,000,000 a year of Federal taxes on cars, tires and oil into the general fund.

The gasoline tax was once called the "painless penny," but now Federal and state gasoline taxes average over ten cents a gallon. It seems reasonable to us for Congress to stick by its 1959 promise and let the Federal gas tax go back to three cents. If the highway fund still needs money, let it come from the $1,700,000,000 of automotive excise taxes now going into the general fund of the Government.

Every American Is Sure He Knows Abraham Lincoln

The passing years serve to prove how truly Abraham Lincoln "belongs to the ages." All over this distressful world, men of good will—of all colors and nations—feel for Old Abe a reverence, trust and affection that they reserve for their truest friends. The memories of his gentle strength, his sadness and kindness—and his salty stories and searching humor, too—have invoked tributes by great artists and in the hearts of common men and women.

We have the brooding serenity of the Lincoln Memorial in our capital with its message of inspiration and hope, a shrine open for the contemplation of visitors who come by the hundreds just to sit and gain strength from the gigantic figure. But Mr. Lincoln would surely like best the memorial of liking and respect which all Americans have for him.

The greatness of Mr. Lincoln transcends even the greatness of art: he always steps down from his monuments and—plain, decent, wise, tolerant, good and great—puts out his hand to help us. We can understand the Chinese schoolboy who wrote only a few years ago, "I honor and venerate Mr. Lincoln as the greatest living American"; and the American businessman who said, "Sometimes, when I've been tempted to do a mean and petty thing, I've thought of Old Abe, and didn't."

It is probably true that the real sense of all the memorials and tributes to this great man—the great works of art, the poems and books, all the oratory good and bad and the best and poorest of editorials—only expresses what is in the hearts of people all over the world: Mr. Lincoln is our friend and neighbor; we know it and are grateful for it.

To "Catch Up With Russia" We'd Have to Go Into Reverse

Politicos and commentators never tire of telling us that we have lost to Russia the lead in the production of some item or other that Americans consider important.

It is, of course, smart to remain alert to the possibility that an unfriendly power as mighty as Russia might so far outstrip us in vital areas that we would be unable to withstand any military or economic onslaught. But it is also smart to keep the matter in perspective and not don the sackcloth and ashes every time Russia overtakes us, or says she has overtaken us, in some relatively unimportant field.

Bryce N. Harlow, a deputy assistant to former President Eisenhower, has taken a novel look at this second-to-Russia business. In a little-publicized speech at Chandler, Arizona, earlier this year, he put a reverse twist on it. To "catch up" with the Soviet Union of today, Mr. Harlow pointed out, the United States would have to abandon three fifths of its steel capacity and two thirds of its petroleum capacity. Two out of every three of our hydroelectric plants would have to be scrapped. We'd have to get along with only about one tenth of our present volume of natural gas and do without 95 per cent of our electric-motor output.

"Don't get around much any more" would become our national theme song, for in order to equalize our transportation facilities with those of Russia, we should rip up fourteen of every fifteen miles of our paved highways and two of every three miles of mainline railroad track, sink eight of every nine of our ocean-going ships and junk nineteen of every twenty of our cars and trucks.

The American standard of living would have to be slashed by three fourths, claims Mr. Harlow. This means, among other things, a whopping cut in your weekly pay check and the transfer of 60,000,000 Americans to work on the farm. It means destroying 40,000,000 of the nation's television sets, ripping out nine of every ten telephones and tearing down seven of every ten houses that now stand. It means, in short, that American business and home life must revert to its status of at least half a century ago.

In "catching up" with the Soviet on the military front, Mr. Harlow notes, we must assume and accept all sorts of gaps—in heavy bombers, medium bombers, nuclear submarines, overseas bases and allies. And, "We would see hostile troops maneuvering in Canada and Mexico; hostile air bases humming in Canada, Mexico and Puerto Rico; hostile missiles poised in Canada and Mexico; hostile missile submarines menacingly gliding off New York and Los Angeles; hostile aircraft carriers prowling the Caribbean, all armed with nuclear explosives of paralyzing power. Finally, we'd have an added discomfort—we'd know that the folks in Florida, Texas and California wished the rest of us were dead and could hardly wait to prove it."

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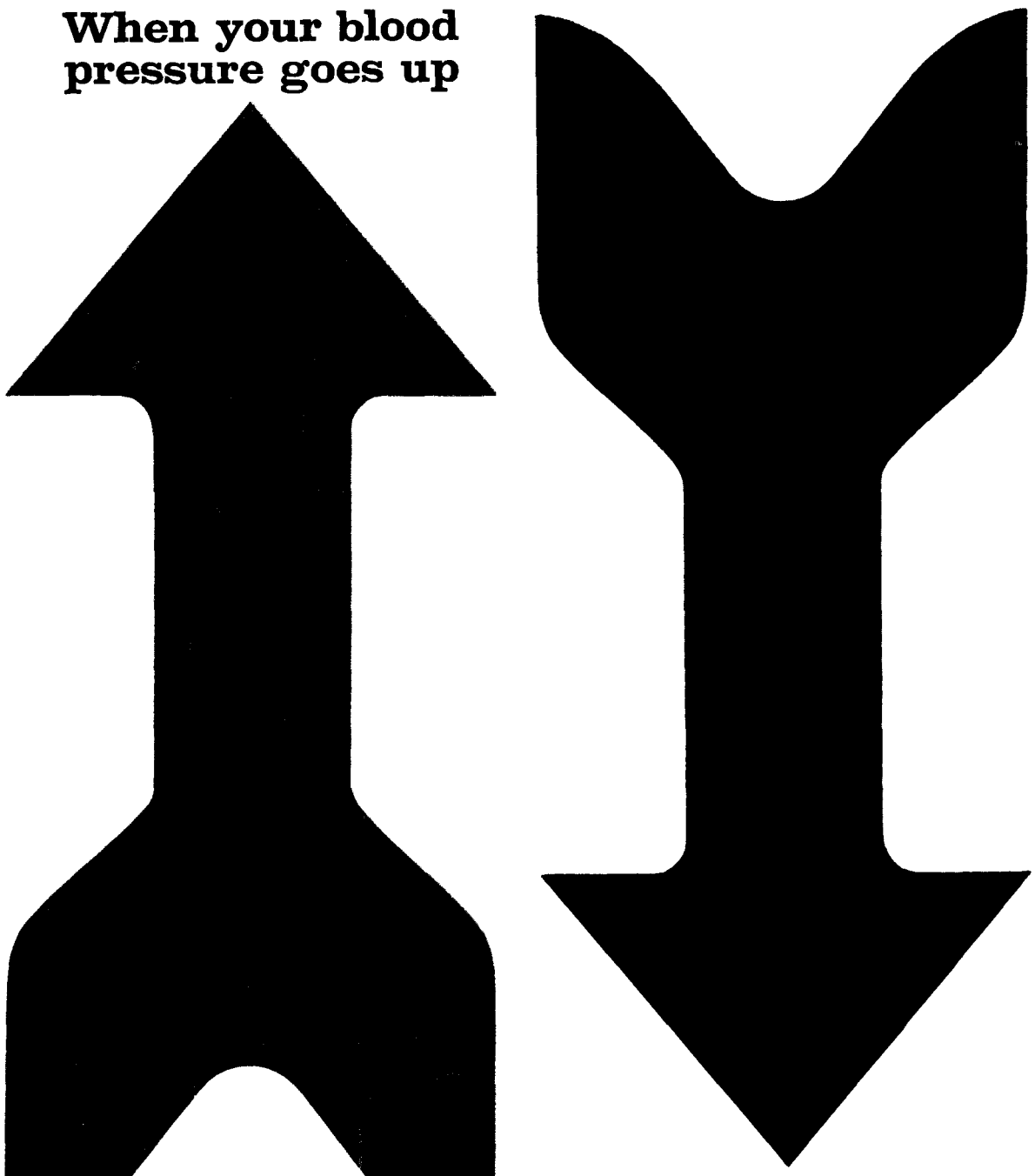
When your blood pressure goes up



here's how to help bring it down

THE OUTLOOK for most people who develop hypertension—or high blood pressure as it's commonly known—is better today than ever before. Only a few years ago, doctors could do little more than say to their patients: "You must learn to live with high blood pressure."

That advice still holds good. But nowadays there are specific treatments by which hypertension can often be controlled when not complicated by some underlying disorder. Your doctor will decide if such treatment is indicated in your case.

Many new drugs are largely responsible for helping to reduce the risks of this condition. These drugs, which must be prescribed by physicians, can lower blood pressure and may reduce the possibility of damage to the heart and blood vessels.

Since high blood pressure affects, to some extent, an estimated 6 million people in our country, according to the recent National Health Survey, you should know these facts about it:

1. Hypertension can develop without any warning symptoms whatever. It is, in fact, often discovered during a health examination—a good reason why everyone, especially those middle-aged or older, should have periodic medical check-ups. The earlier high blood pressure is detected, the easier it is to control.

2. Hypertension occurs more than twice as often among overweight people as among others. A combination of overweight and high blood pressure is a serious matter. So keep your weight down.

3. Anyone can develop high blood pressure. It is more common, however, among people who are subject to a great deal of tension and anxiety. Heredity is an important factor, too.

If you should develop hypertension, do exactly as your doctor recommends. Control your weight. Avoid, as much as possible, all situations that make you tense. Get adequate rest and sleep.

Many people with high blood pressure live long, useful lives through moderation in living habits, weight control and faithful observance of their doctors' instructions.

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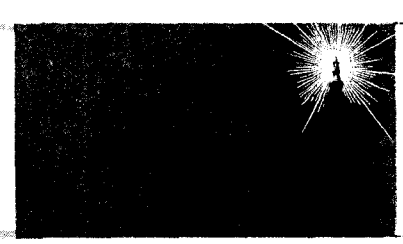

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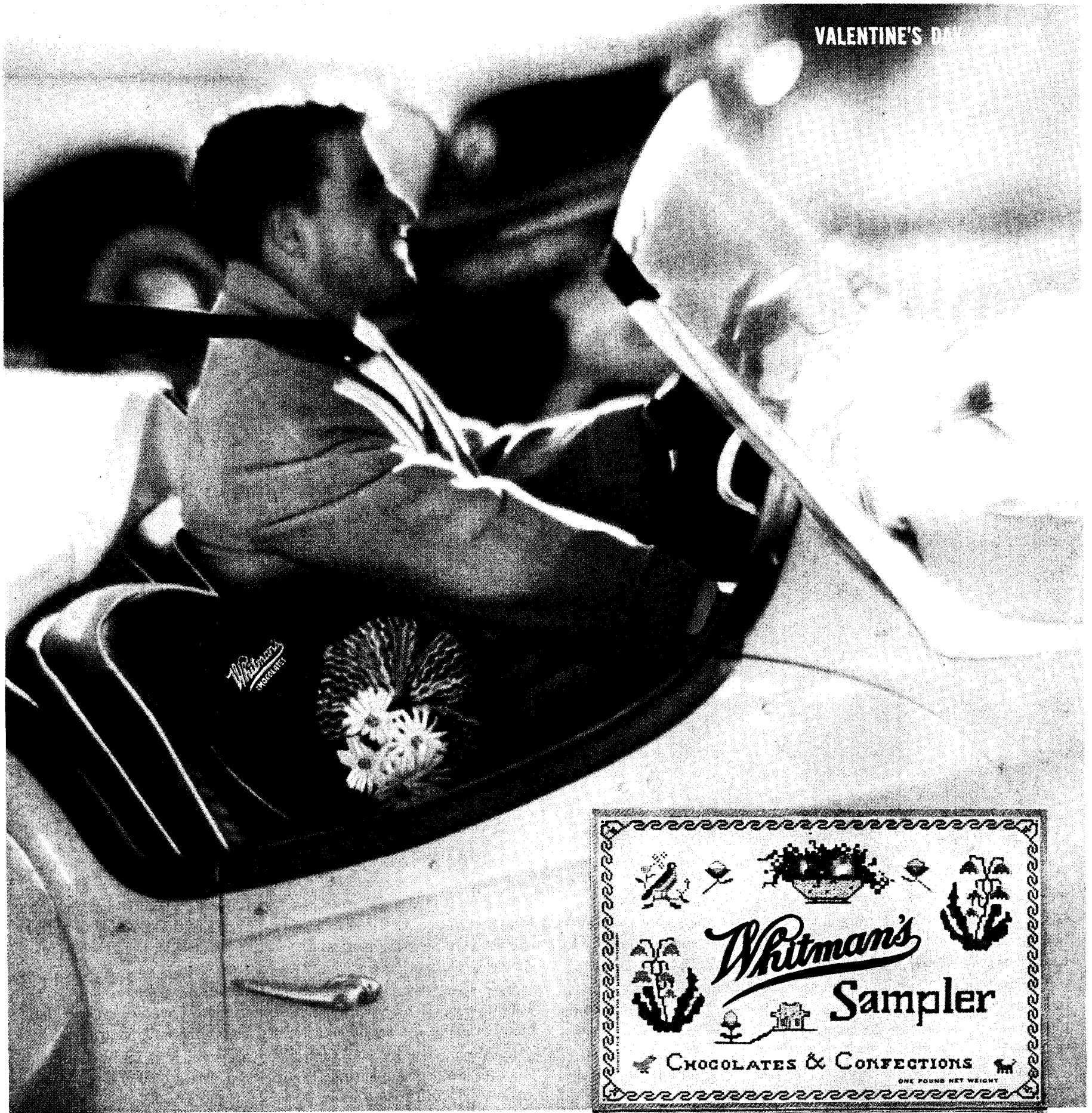

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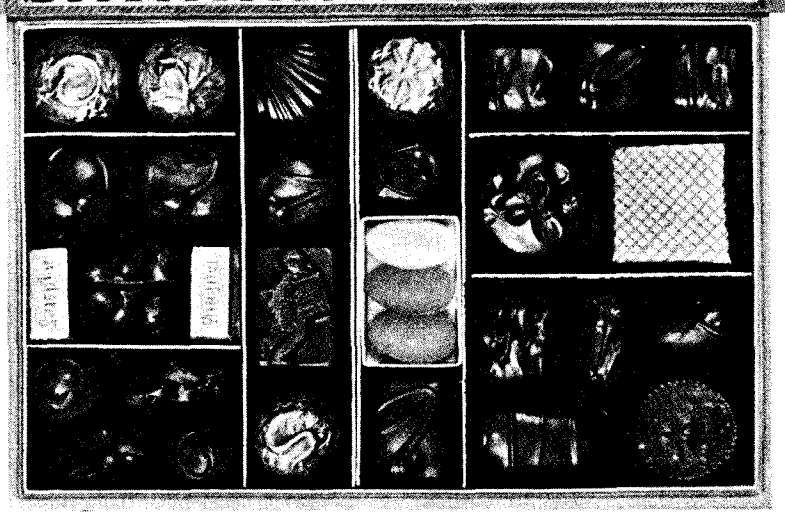

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS
THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

For his very special "heart of hearts" a wise man always chooses Whitman's Chocolates. The famous Sampler®, for example, has pleased more women—more times—than any other box of candy. One reason is that each choice piece in the Sampler represents a "favorite" of millions. The same is true of the wide selection of beautifully decorated heart packages. Most important, a Whitman's Sampler is recognized and appreciated as the finest box of chocolates in the world. Choose the Sampler in 1, 2 and 4 pound assortments at your Whitman's dealers—everywhere. Special Valentine hearts from $1.65.

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James Stew in Brackettville, Texas, on location for his forthcoming film, *Two Rode Together*.

JAMES STEWART

An actor looks at himself after his first 60 pictures.

PART ONE

By JAMES STEWART

as told to

Pete Martin

On my next birthday, May twentieth, I will be fifty-three years old. So far I have made about sixty movies. When you have made that many movies and lived that long and been through a war and been nominated for an Oscar five times—one win and four misses—you have a lot to remember.

Most easily recalled are two occasions in my life when the expected didn't happen. In one of these nonevents, I didn't win an Oscar for my acting in *Anatomy of a Murder*, although I had been nominated for it. In the other, I didn't lead a strike of 1500 bombers over Brunswick, Germany, although I was in command of those bombers as they circled at an assembly point over England.

Of course, I have memories of the past in which the expected did happen—and the unexpected too—but the trouble is in sorting them out. I might begin with the first night I appeared in a Broadway play called *Journey by Night*. After a disastrous first act, I was

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visited backstage by Josh Logan, the famous director. I remember asking him, "What am I going to do?" And I remember Josh answering quite simply, "If I were you, I'd shoot myself."

I remember, too, the first time I got to California. I moved in with Henry Fonda. We kept bachelor hall. His place was in Brentwood, not far from Greta Garbo's home. Then, as now, Miss Garbo kept herself unavailable and invisible. There was a white fence eight feet high around her place, and that barrier annoyed us. Hank and I asked each other, "Who does she think she is, the queen of Sweden or something?"

We were going to get a glimpse of her even if we had to dig a tunnel from our place to hers. In fact, we started a tunnel, intending to pop up in Miss Garbo's back yard and say, "Hi, honey!" The digging, begun late on a hilarious night, didn't seem such a hot idea the next morning. It was a long way to her house by daylight.

Another memory that sticks with me is the time Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. He left Long Island early one morning in May, 1927, on a nonstop solo flight to Paris. That night I was with my dad at our home in Indiana, Pennsylvania, tuning a radio to a heavyweight fight in New York.

Just before the main bout started the announcer said, "Right now, Charles A. Lindbergh is somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean. Let's all stand up and give him a moment of silent prayer."

It was a moment of great emotion. All the thousands at that fight in New York stood with heads bowed. Far away in our small town, dad and I stood up too.

Emotional tension of another kind grips me on nights when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences is handing out awards. When I was nominated for an Oscar as 1940's best male actor, for my part in *The Philadelphia Story*, I was doing two films at once. Since I was working at night and was bushed most of the time, I didn't feel like attending the Academy-awards dinner. *Anyway*, I thought, *all it means is that I'll spend several hours quivering and then be disappointed.* So I decided to skip it. If I hadn't won an Oscar the year before, for my work in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, how could I expect to win one for *The Philadelphia Story*?

As I saw it, my performance as Mr. Smith deserved an Oscar more than my part in *The Philadelphia Story*. Although *The Philadelphia Story* was slick, smooth and entertaining, *Mr. Smith* had more guts. But a funny thing happened. Somebody who claimed to "know something" called me up and said, "You'd better be there."

So I went to the Academy-awards dinner. That must have been before the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse was employed to count the votes and keep the results secret until award night. Since then, several people have suggested that I won my Oscar for *The Philadelphia Story* as a form of deferred payment for my work in *Mr. Smith*. It could be true. I've always thought that Bette Davis won an Oscar for *Jezebel* because she should have won one for *Of Human Bondage*. Other oversights, I suspect, have been made up in this way.

Last year, when my performance in *Anatomy of a Murder* won me a nomination, but no Oscar, my wife Gloria—we were married on August 9, 1949—sat with me throughout the Academy-awards affair. Gloria says it was a grueling experience; I'll let her tell about it.

"One of the protective devices the nominees use to soften the pangs of suspense is to crouch down in their seats muttering to themselves, 'I can't win. I won't win.' But last year Jimmy was quite honest with himself. He sat there saying, 'I just might win. In fact, if anybody else wins, I think I'll boo him.'

"I asked Jimmy, 'You mean it's going to be hard for you to be a good sport if you lose?' He said, 'That's right. I can't help thinking I've got a chance.' I had my hand on his arm, and it was like keeping in touch with a tuning fork. Thank heaven it was over quickly. As soon as Hugh Griffith won the supporting-actor award for his role as the sheik in *Ben Hur*, Jim and I knew it would be a *Ben Hur* sweep; so when Charlton Heston won 'best actor' it wasn't much of a shock—by that time *Ben Hur* had swept the board. I don't mean that Jim wasn't disappointed, but I was more emotionally rocked than he was.

"I felt that victory for Jim would have been appropriate, because that night came nearly twenty years after he'd won his first Oscar. His work in *Anatomy* had won the New York Film Critics Award, and often, when an actor wins the Critics Award, he wins the Oscar too. Jimmy got the New York Film Critics Award for his work in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, but that year he didn't win the Academy Award.

On the other hand, he didn't win the Critics Award for his acting in *The Philadelphia Story*, but he did get an Oscar for it."

To Gloria's version of events I'll add a footnote. The night I did win an Oscar my dad called me long distance from his home in Indiana, Pennsylvania. "You'd better send that trophy back to the store," he said.

Dad has a hardware store in Indiana, and my Oscar is there, displayed in a glass case that once held knives. There was a precedent for this exhibit. Dad has always had the notion that any rare, curious or noteworthy object connected with his family should be put on view in the Stewart Hardware Store, either in the window or in a display case.

My oldest sister studied art at Carnegie Tech and won high praise from her teachers. When she had done enough paintings to make a sizable bundle, she sent them home. Dad was so proud of her talent that he put the paintings in his store window. He wanted everybody to see them. When my sister's work advanced, she began to paint from the nude, and of course she sent these canvases home too. Naked women! Dad put them in his window, and I hear they caused quite a stir.

So when dad said he wanted my Oscar for his store, I sent it the next day. He's still got it. Since then that ex-knife-display case has become crowded with mementos. Among other items it contains photographs of my sisters, a picture of Gloria and me when we were married and the medals I won in the war.

I'd almost forgotten that my Oscar was in the old knife case when I was nominated for another Oscar for my performance in *It's a Wonderful Life* after coming home from World War II. I lost out in the voting, and when I reached home after the awards dinner, my phone was ringing. (Continued on Page 76)

Above: Jimmy at a Hollywood night club facing his wife, Gloria. At left: Jim's long-time friend, Henry Fonda.

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"I guess the word for her is 'thoroughbred,'" he says of Gloria. Their marriage twelve years ago ended Jimmy's long reign as Hollywood's most eligible bachelor.

The Stewarts in 1951 with their twin daughters, Kelly and Judy. Gloria also has two sons, Ron and Michael, by her first husband, millionaire Ned McLean.

Kelly, Jim, Judy and Gloria today. "He's a 100 per cent family man now," says his wife. But she admits he still has a bachelor's notion of how much it costs to run a house.

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Was the old man just telling a tall story—or was the mine really haunted by the tiny creatures?

THE TALE OF THE TOMMYKNOCKERS

By MARGARET CRAVEN

When the price of gold remained pegged and the most famous mine in the Northern Lode was forced at last to shut down, the newspaper in Grass Valley asked help for its Tommyknockers, a dispossessed and refugee people without a home.

The Sixteen-to-One and the Best Mines said they'd take a few, and men who had worked at the Golden Fleece in its prime sent back word from the Yellow Jacket, the Ely Witch and even from as far away as Flin Flon that the old mine could rest in peace, because they'd find room somewhere in their winzes and their stopes for every last one.

The Tommyknockers came to California with the Cornishmen in the latter days of the Gold Rush, and there were those who swore they'd seen them then—wizened little men scarcely a foot high who knocked on tiny anvils with hammers the size of darning needles to warn the miners of impending disaster. "Knackers" they were called in Cornwall, kin of the elves and the sprites. It is said their origin goes back in a folk memory to some ancient, forgotten race forced by the first Celt invasions to hide in the moorlands and the

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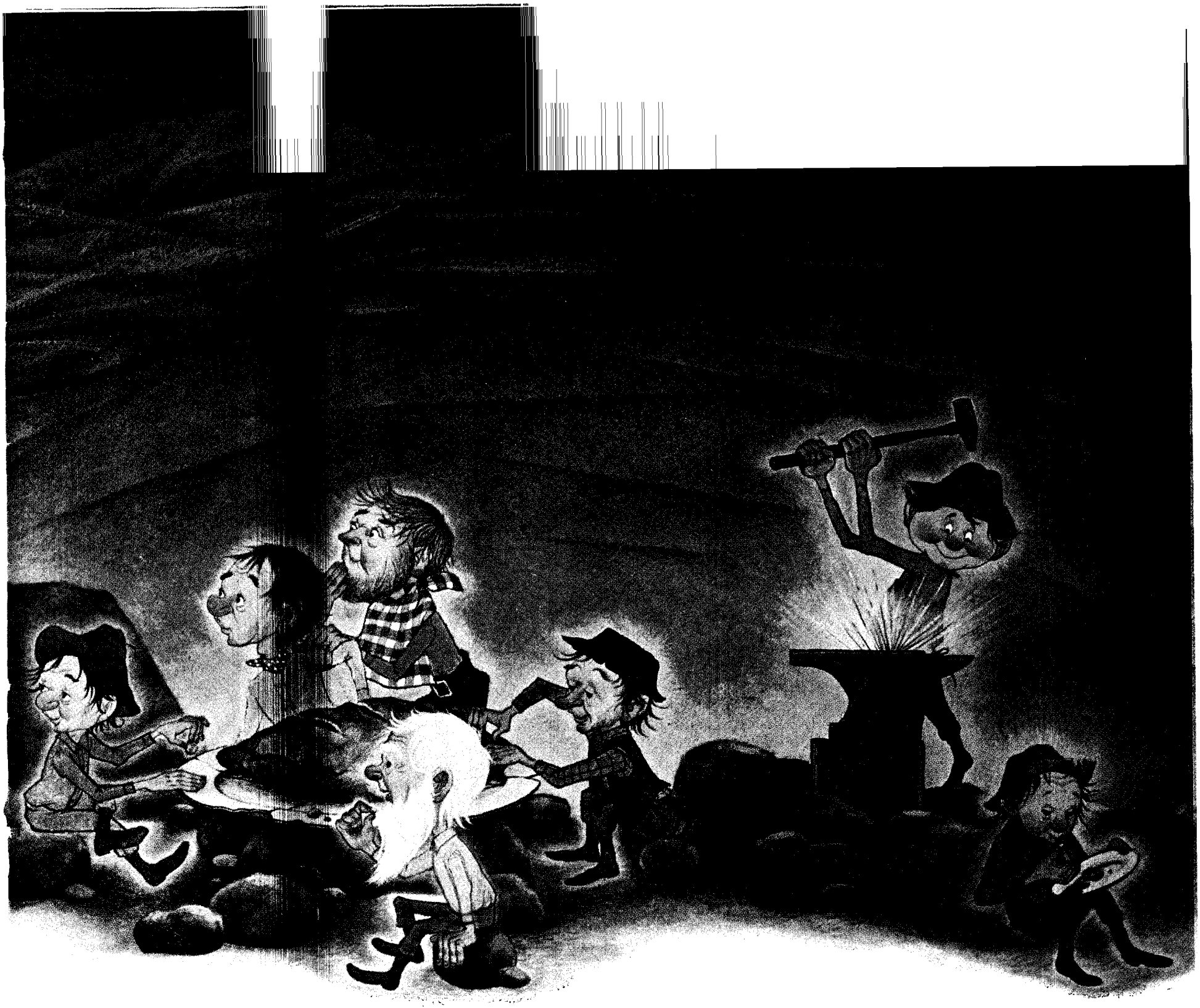

cliffs; but when John Wesley rode his horse from one Cornish village to another there were still many who believed they were those who crucified our Lord, destined to work out their doom forever deep in the dark earth.

When the knackers crossed the Atlantic and became Tommyknockers they were regarded with deep affection. There wasn't a Cousin Jack who didn't heed his wife and leave them a bit of his crust or his pasty—and they still do it. When the mules hauled out the ore and a "super" berated a miner for a bad tally, he needed speak only the simple truth: All night long the Tommyknockers had raised 'ell in the barns, pulling the mules' tails and blowing in their ears. His poor beast hadn't had a wink.

And even now up Grass Valley way if you ask a mining man if he believes in the Tommyknockers—and this is true wherever a Cornishman has worked in the dark and narrow stope—a strange little look will take his face, and he won't answer you directly. Like as not he'll tell you about the time he was working a mile down in the old Empire when he heard a tap-tap on the air lines and a persistent knock-knock on the sills, and he put down his tools and he said, "This hole's deep enough," and scarcely had he reached the surface before the rock fell in the stope he'd just left. Now, he could say that when a man spends his life underground he develops an uncanny sense that warns him of trouble coming, and he could say that the sounds he'd heard were only the old timbers complaining of their terrible burden. But he won't.

"The Tommyknockers were talking," he'll say quietly. "And when they talk, lad, I listen."

So the Golden Fleece was closed. The yellow leaves of fall mellowed it. The green of spring softened it. And all its Little People went away forever. At least everybody thought so until summer came and the car turned up the lonely road.

It looked like something to deliver orphans to an asylum, a light truck aping a station wagon. In it were the young Prescotts, their twins, their cat, their most choice possessions.

The gentle little ghost towns of the Mother Lode had been a delight. John's knee had stopped its aching. Susan's face had lost its fine drawn look of worry. The twins, aged five, had been noisy, naughty and fun. And atop the highest mound of luggage, Pansy had purred loudly because her family was together again and hope was riding with it.

Just once Robby had remembered the dreary city apartment near the hospital where the doctors were trying to fix daddy's knee. "Are we going home now?" he'd asked anxiously, echoed at once by Patty. "Is that where we're going now? Are we going home?" And John had said yes, in a way.

He'd explained that Grandfather Prescott had been born in this country they were seeing for the first time, and at the mine where his father had worked was a house he'd loved as a little boy. So when he was grown, he'd bought it, furniture and all. He'd permitted the original owner to live there until he should need it, and all his life he'd planned to return when he was old.

"And did he?" Robby had asked. John had said no, Grandfather Prescott didn't need a house where he was now, so he'd left it to them, and wasn't that nice?

It was only when they left Auburn in the Northern Lode—the (Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Gyo Fujikawa

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The Winning Ways of CLIFFORD CASE

By Sidney Shalett

New Jersey's liberal Republican senator won re-election by a landslide while his party lost the Presidency. Does his success foreshadow a new and different G.O.P.?

In the past national election the most dazzling success story among the ranks of the disconsolate Republicans was written by Clifford P. Case, United States Senator from New Jersey. The victory was rendered all the more spectacular by contrast with the senator's hairbreadth escape from political annihilation less than seven years ago.

In 1954, Case, a mild-mannered former Wall Street corporation lawyer, who had been a respected five-term congressman and one of the original "draft Eisenhower" Republicans, was accorded the G.O.P. nomination for United States Senator for New Jersey without opposition. A minister's son and a man who puts conscience above opportunism, Case, after receiving the nomination, became troubled beyond endurance by a turn in the then-current Army-McCarthy hearings. Though he knew it was political poison for him to speak, he issued a statement condemning the late Senator McCarthy for his bruising tactics.

Immediately there descended upon candidate Case's head the wrath of the conservative wing of the New Jersey Republican Party, augmented by vituperative attacks from assorted right-wing spokesmen and McCarthyites. He was called, among other things, a bogus Republican, a "pro-Communist Republicrat," and "Stalin's choice for senator." Some implacable enemies even called him a Democrat. It was only after a battery of esteemed Republican leaders, including President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon, came to his rescue that Case squeaked through to victory by the narrowest vote margin ever recorded in a New Jersey senatorial contest.

In last November's election, however, in which Republican Richard Nixon lost New Jersey's sixteen electoral votes to Democrat John F. Kennedy, the fifty-six-year-old Case ran nearly 121,000 votes ahead of the losing Republican presidential nominee to win his own election by a majority of 334,000. This was an all-time high margin of victory for New Jersey senatorial candidates, as well as the largest margin for any Republican candidate in contested senatorial and gubernatorial races throughout the nation. Consequently, the unassuming Senator Case is being hailed as the G.O.P.'s knight in shining armor and a potential "liberal" champion in the coming fight to determine whether the Republican party will gravitate to the right, to the left or to the center.

Senator Case is a man who thinks the Republican Party has a problem. "The greatest danger," he asserts, "is not that it will take drastic action but that it will drift. How to keep it from drifting is the problem."

He also is a man who believes in facing up to difficult situations, as indicated by his stand in the McCarthy controversy. Another example occurred in 1958 when his good friend, former Gov. Sherman Adams, then President Eisenhower's "chief of staff" at the White House, was under fire for accepting personal favors from Bernard Goldfine, an industrialist, who later went to jail. The situation greatly bothered Case and, while he was pondering it, he received a "suggestion" from a mutual acquaintance that Adams would appreciate his advice.

(Continued on Page 55)

An expert organist, Case worked his way through college as a church musician. Here he plays at St. Albans School in Washington, where his son is a student.

1954: Mrs. Case embraces her husband after his appearance on television to answer charges that his sister, Adelaide, was a Communist.

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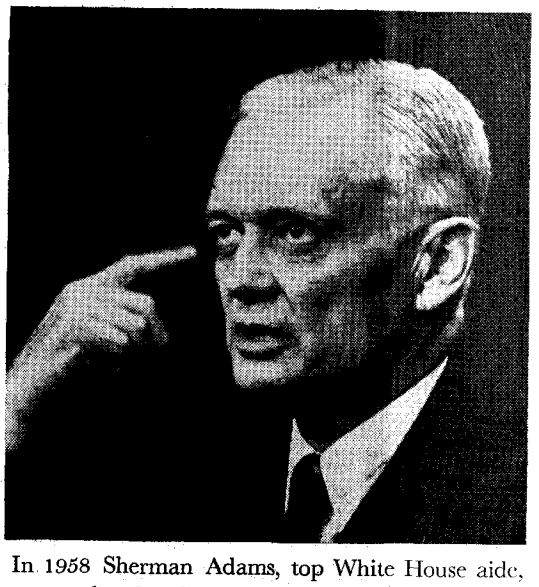
Senator Case (above, in his office on Capitol Hill): "There is plenty of life in the Republican Party—if it can shake that ultraconservative image."

Adelaide Case. In a confusion over identity, a newspaper had linked her with Communist-front groups.

The late Sen. Joseph McCarthy was at the height of his power as a Communist hunter when Case tangled with him. Case risked political ruin by issuing a scathing condemnation of McCarthy's methods.



In 1958 Sherman Adams, top White House aide, was under fire for accepting personal favors. By advising Adams to resign, Case lost him as a friend.

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Three men would drown... unless he dived...

CLOAK OF COWARDICE

By Patrick Fahy

There were four other Americans on the Galway steamer, two serious-faced boys with crew cuts and two dreamy girls. It shouted to the heavens that they were honeymooners, and I left them alone.

I've heard it said that the only company a newly married couple can bear is that of another pair in the same condition—I wouldn't know, myself.

Anyway, I didn't want to put it to the test. The thirty-mile sea journey was almost over, and the dark hills of Inishere loomed near.

The island has no pier, nor any landing place at which anything bigger than a currach can dock. The *Dun Aengus* stood out from the shore, cautiously clear of the snagged, undersea rocks, and we were transshipped perilously into one of those bumbling craft.

The rowers were two hardy, red-faced island men, and they made us kindly welcome in soft Gaelic. Then they saved their breath for the long pull to the beach. I got ashore without any more harm than wet trousers, and the honeymooners managed neatly enough, too, in spite of their abstraction.

It was when I was finished wringing the sea water out of my pants and looked up that I saw her. She was perched on a black, flat-topped rock, watching us, free-limbed and lithe in a yellow skirt. Her hair was a twisted hank of dull-shining copper above candid blue eyes and firm, full-lipped mouth. There was another girl with her, darker and not as tall.

She held my gaze calmly until I realized how ridiculous I must look, staring at her with half-open mouth, and I grinned sheepishly.

She said to the other girl in flat, rapid Gaelic, "Isn't he grand now, and that smig on him."

I had never noticed anything wrong with it myself. Admittedly, my chin did jut a little and it didn't take kindly to shaving, but there's nothing extraordinary in that.

The other girl said, with a world of soft mockery for my foolish grin, "Ah, but, Caitlin, hasn't he the lovely smile?"

"And isn't it easy for him with a chin like that?" Caitlin demanded.

Two could play that game. I looked at her blankly, taking care this time my mouth was firmly shut, and turned away.

One of the honeymooners claimed her attention. "Say, miss, how do we get to the village?" Caitlin giggled.

His new wife dragged at his arm, vaguely apprehensive before that wild beauty. "Come on, Joe. We'll find it ourselves. Those dumb girls don't even speak English."

I noticed the other girl then. She drew herself up, a small, dark queen, and said, "Not so dumb as to look for a village that isn't there." Her accent had a definite flavor of Brooklyn.

I managed a small grin to myself. The barren cliffs of Aran were never meant by the Almighty to give humans a living. But life had survived on the three islands for thousands of years because the islanders knew how to compromise. In these latter days the compromise was simple. You went, in your turn, to be a waitress in the Bronx or a tunneler under the Hudson; or you went to Colorado and helped to build a dam. When the store of dollars mounted to a sum which island experience told you would bridge the gap between the lip of starvation and the cup of existence for the years remaining to you, you came back. Or you didn't.

That is the way it is, you see. Some lived for the day they could get back to the islands, some for the day they could leave them. One of the results of this way of living was pretty, barefoot girls with Brooklyn accents.

I went on up the stony, winding track. The dark girl was right—there was no village on Inishere. The small, whitewashed cottages were dotted at intervals on the bare bosom of the island, each with its tiny field, the soil laboriously shipped from the mainland and spread thinly on the black rock.

I stopped at one of the cottages, perched alone high on a headland, and lifted the latch of its warped door. A woman (Continued on Page 46)

Illustrated by Paul Lehr

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Instructor Frank Ellis (left) with Eric and Connie Hatch. Just as this picture was taken, Hatch took a misstep and knocked his wife down with him.

I've Got Ski Fever

This is what happened when the author took up skiing at the tender age of fifty-four.

By ERIC HATCH

The "Hatch Crouch Christy," a safe and easy variation of a classic skiing maneuver. The basic idea: Stay close to the ground so you won't have far to fall.

I am a man who likes hot weather, the Caribbean Sea and summer all the year round. A few years ago circumstances caused me and my family to move to the Arctic Circle which, contrary to most geographic studies, actually begins roughly forty miles due north of New Haven, Connecticut. I didn't know this at the time.

To make matters worse, we rented a picturesque house that had been built by some homesteaders with do-it-yourself kits shortly before the American Revolution. I'm not sure that it was not houses like this that actually brought on the revolution. The people living in them were so cold and miserable that they had to blame somebody for their wretched condition, so they blamed the King of England. After all, he was making them spend money on taxes for his benefit that might much better have been spent on inventing the oil burner. This house did have central heating. One room in the exact center of the house could be heated to a livable temperature. The real trouble with the house was that it had no sense of fair play. In the summer it was so charming and gracious and generally lovely that you forgot what it was like in the winter. That was how I happened to take up skiing at the age of fifty-four. I knew I couldn't possibly be much colder outdoors—and I'd at least be doing something to take my mind off things. There *is* that political saying, "If you can't lick 'em, jine 'em." I couldn't possibly hope to lick those arctic winters.

The actual incident that led to my joining what Red Smith, who sometimes writes about sports and sometimes about prize fighting, calls "The Bed-Slat Set" seemed innocuous at the time. But I warn you, fathers and mothers of America, watch your step, because what happened to me could happen to you. It could happen so insidiously that you wouldn't even realize it was happening until thousands of dollars and dozens of sprains, wrenches, and Charley horses later, you find yourself one day standing alone on top of a towering white

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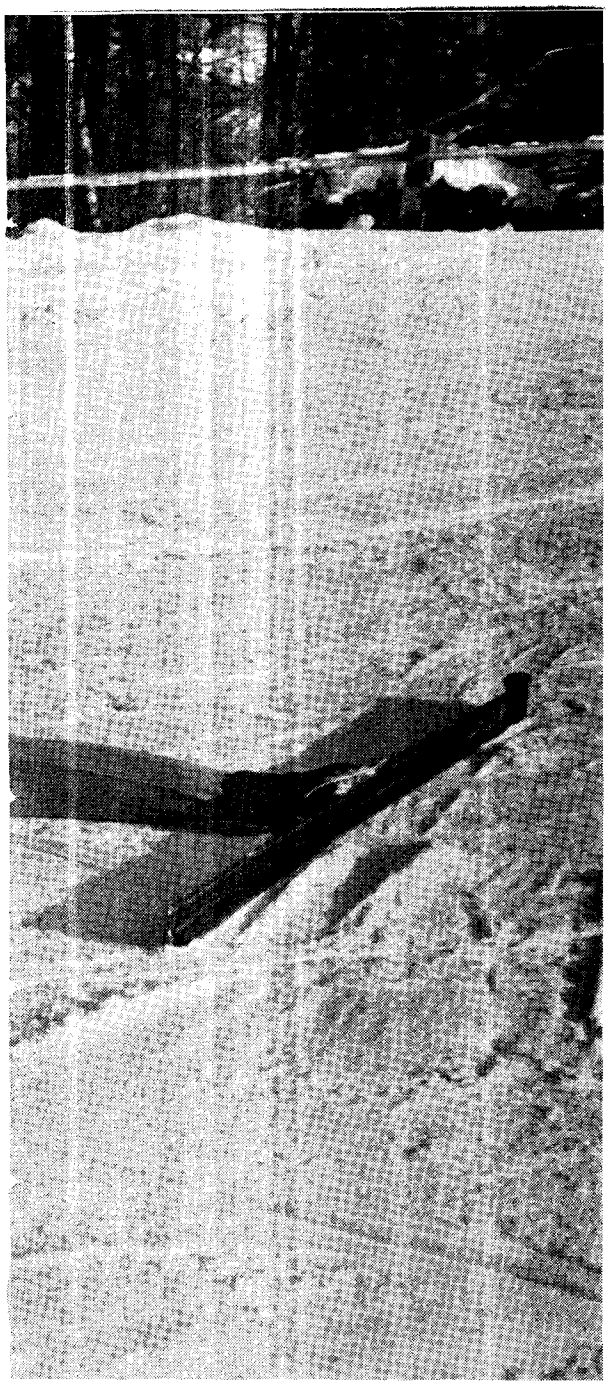


mountain in a blizzard with long slats inextricably woven onto each foot and no possible way of ever getting to the bottom, where the human beings are, except by sliding down a series of precipices and icy escarpments on these things. What makes this whole thing even more insidious is that if you do succeed in sliding down without breaking anything major, like your neck, you're so pleased with yourself that you can't wait to try it again.

Our two boys, Kent and Jonathon, aged ten and nine then, had been skiing around the front lawn and down little adjacent hills for a couple of winters. One Saturday morning there was a little domestic upheaval in the house. Kent, an embryo geologist, called down from his room, "Hi, Mom! Where's the old fossil?"

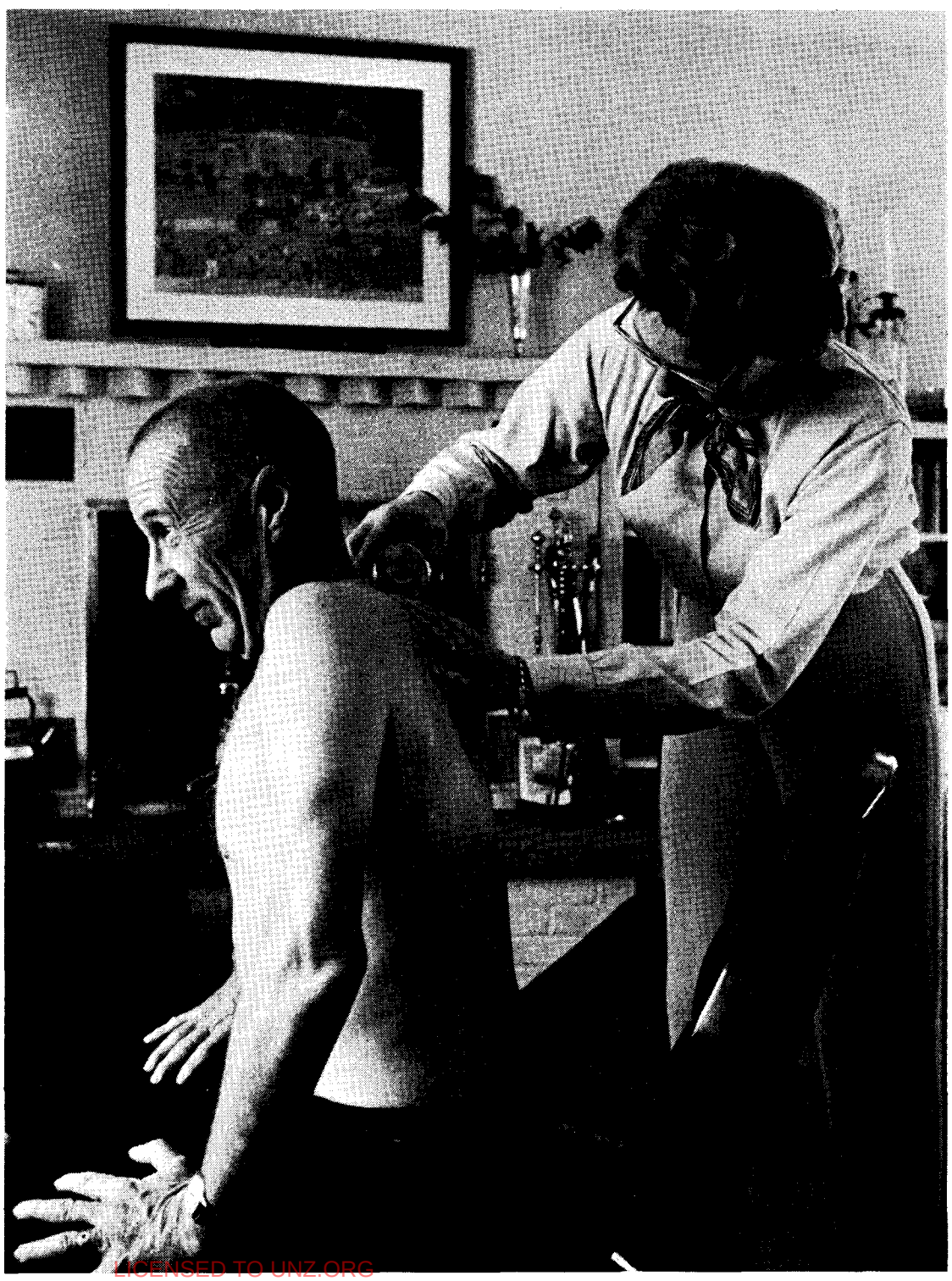
Connie hit the ceiling. "You come down here this instant!" she shouted back to him. "I will not have you speak that way about your father!"

Of course it wasn't until Kent had been clouted on the bottom that it turned out he was not referring to me, but to a prehistoric bone he'd found in the woods a few days before. (Come to think of it, I've only just this minute realized that maybe it wasn't quite nice of Connie to jump to the conclusion that he was referring to me.) (Continued on Page 80)

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

Above: The best part of skiing is after it's over. Here Eric (lying on couch), his wife Connie, their sons Jonathon (glasses) and Kent (dark jacket) and young friends thaw themselves out after a long cold day on the slopes.

Below: Connie rubs her husband's no-longer-youthful back with liniment. Despite the aches, pains and hazards of the sport, he confesses that some days "you're so pleased with yourself you can't wait to try it again."



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"Listen, I'm not going to wake up in the morning and see pastel pink walls. It's tough enough getting up to go to work without that."

When the Honeymoon is Over

Sometimes a young husband must go home to father to learn how to make marriage work.

By ROBERT W. WELLS

When the first quarrel came, it was Leonard who hurried home to father. Leonard was a tall, rather intense young man. He had just enough of his perspective left to smile wryly at himself as he opened the door of his parents' trilevel. He had picked an evening when he knew his mother would be away. It was a Thursday. As long as Leonard could remember, Elizabeth Cowper had spent Thursday nights at her club.

Martin Cowper had been loading the dishwasher. He came hurrying into the hall, wiping his hands on his handkerchief. He peered intently into his son's face.

"Two weeks after the wedding, and here you are. I'd expected you sooner."

"You expected me, dad?"

"Of course. I'd considered warning you ahead of time. But I knew it would do no good until your initiation into the fraternity. Once he's a member, I told myself, he'll understand, and then I'll do what I can."

"What are you talking about? What fraternity?"

"The brotherhood of married men, my boy. Now you are one of us, and eligible to learn our secrets."

Martin put an arm about his son's shoulders and ushered him into the study. He darted over to a bookcase. He took down a copy of *Remembrance of Things Past*. The pages had been hollowed out, forming a hiding place for the silver flask which Cowper extracted with a flourish.

"Fortunately your mother never acquired a taste for Proust. Get us two glasses from the kitchen, and we will settle down for a nice father-and-son talk."

Leonard did as he was told. When he got back, Martin poured two man-sized drinks and got out a box of cigars. His son took one. Cowper told him to put it back.

"Don't bother with those on the top layer. They're the ten-centers your mother thinks I smoke. You'll find the ones at the bottom of the box are considerably better."

Leonard laughed, but he was troubled. One thing he had clung to during the last two bewildering weeks was the thought of his parents' marriage. It had been—or so he'd assumed until now—an ideal union. No quarrels. No secrets. But obviously he had been wrong. His father seemed to sense what he was thinking.

(Continued on Page 38)

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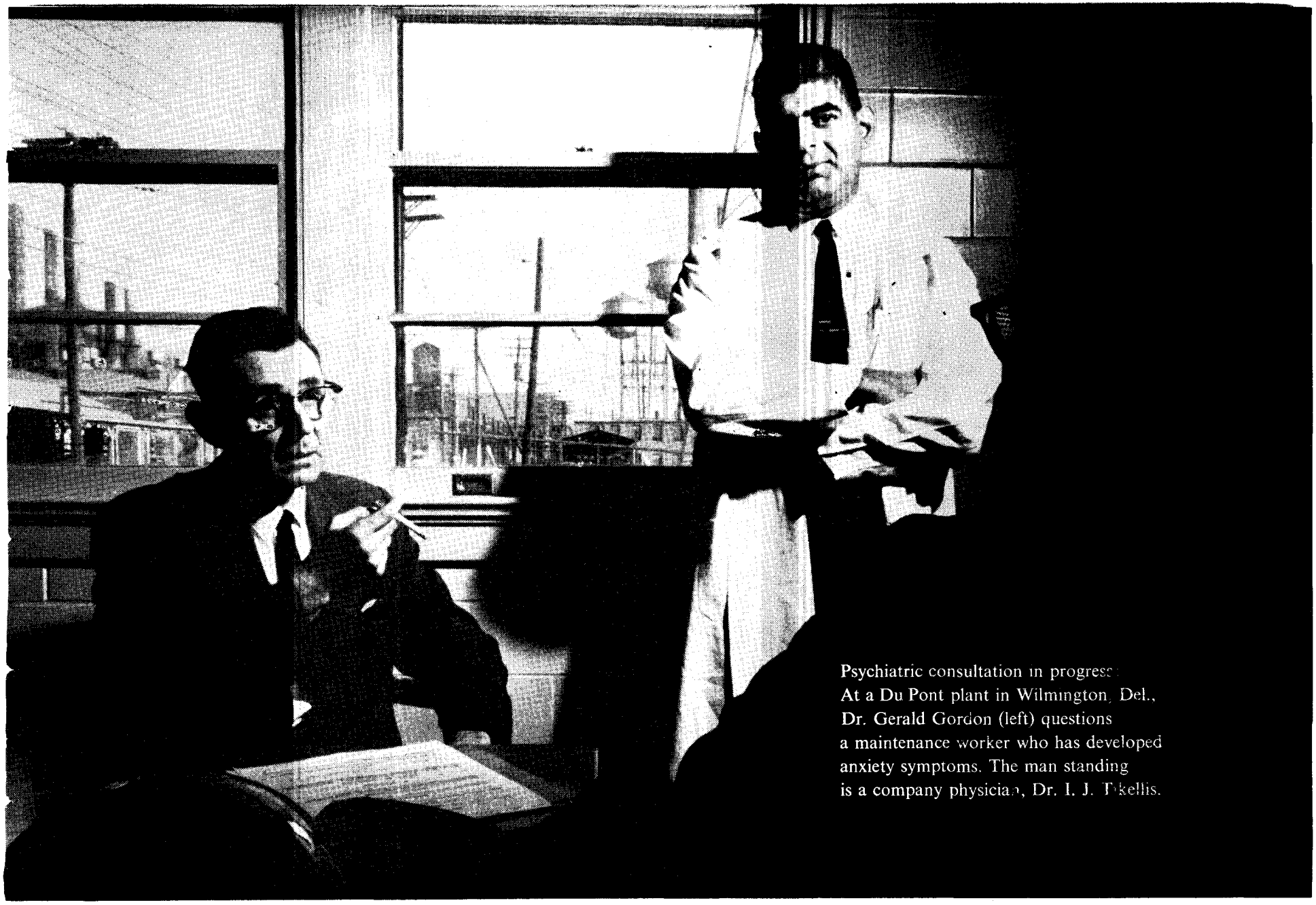

Psychiatric consultation in progress: At a Du Pont plant in Wilmington, Del., Dr. Gerald Gordon (left) questions a maintenance worker who has developed anxiety symptoms. The man standing is a company physician, Dr. I. J. Tekellis.

PSYCHIATRISTS on the ASSEMBLY LINE

By JEROME ELLISON

When a spot welder blows his top, or an executive suddenly starts drinking heavily, it's time for the industrial psychiatrist to take over.

Not long ago the operator of an overhead crane in a Midwestern foundry dumped a ladle of molten metal on a man on the floor below and incinerated him. When law-enforcement authorities later had the craneman's mental condition checked, they learned not only that the deceased had been visiting the craneman's wife but also that the crane operator was suffering from a serious mental illness. He had been in a dangerous frame of mind for many months.

Industrial psychiatrists—specialists whose job, in part, is to prevent such horrors—might cite the case as a near-perfect model of destructive discharge of emotional stress while on the job. Its violence, however, is not characteristic. The young executive who was found rigid, perspiring and marble-eyed at his desk one afternoon is more typical of emotional crack-up at work. For three tense and agonizing hours he couldn't decide whether a certain paper belonged in his "in" or his "out" basket; he was led to the doctor's office in tears.

Emotional disasters of this sort, and a wide variety of other sorts, add up to a staggering personnel problem for United States industry. An authoritative estimate sets the cost of employees' absenteeism from all causes at $10,000,000,000 a year and attributes 50 to 80 per cent of it to mental disturbance. The well-known figures on mental illness—more than 700,000 Americans now reside in mental hospitals, one person in ten will spend part of his life in one and 2,500,000 were treated for some emotional disorder last year—are particularly sinister when applied to industry. Erosion of mind and spirit in the productive labor force strikes the country where it hurts most.

The industrial psychiatrist is, so far, management's most effective response. Having survived the first backlash of doubt and suspicion among top management, having weathered the raillery of the boys in the plant ("head-shrinker," "skull jockey," "company brainwasher," "nutcracker") and having shown he can salvage much hitherto wasted human life, his services find an increasing demand.

Though psychiatry-on-the-job is still in its infancy—not more (Continued on Page 59)

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Indiana's Delinquent City

In shabby Terre Haute, progress is dead, vice flourishes, and the citizens don't seem to care. A *Post* editor reports on the decline of an American city.

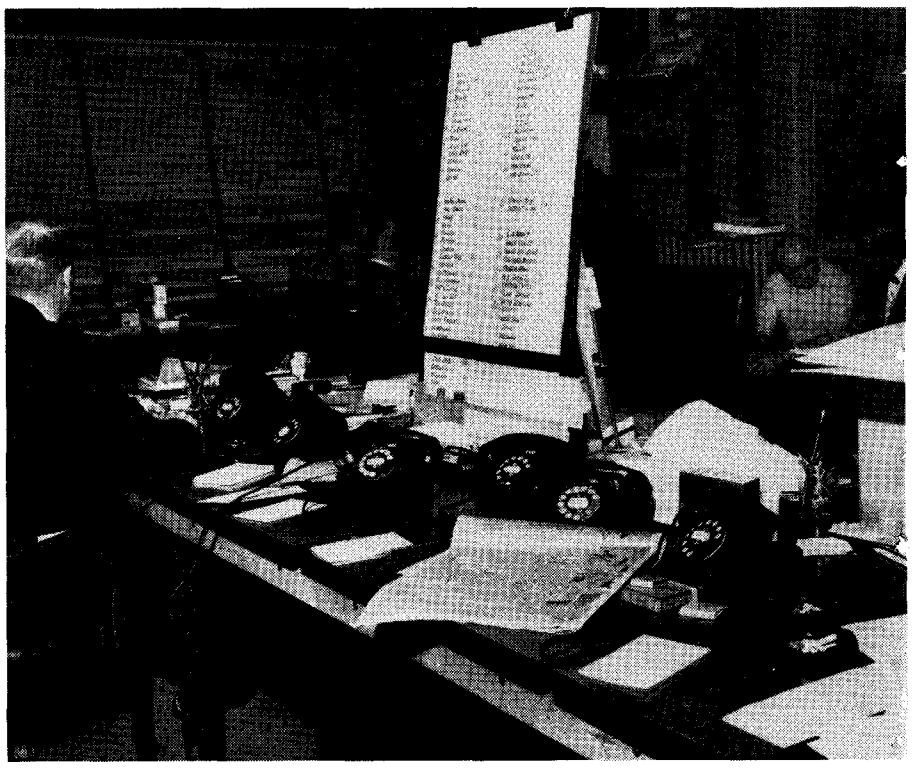
By PETER WYDEN

Downtown Terre Haute. This building was partially destroyed when a brewery company abandoned it in August, 1959. It still stands, a reminder of the general apathy toward improvement and the stagnant state of industry.

I had spent less than a day in Terre Haute, Indiana, when it became apparent to me that the town was—well, let's say unusual. In a decorous little night club on the main street, which is also U. S. Highway 40, I watched customers straining in concentration over a whirling roulette wheel. Farther downtown I climbed a short flight of steps right into a booming bookie joint. At other stops utterly respectable citizens assured me that there weren't "over a dozen" brothels operating any more. They were convinced that Terre Haute (pop. 71,851), the somber, tranquil-appearing seat of Vigo County, near the Illinois state line, really was a fine city—except for just a few flaws.

These citizens called the local newspapers "our daily tranquilizers," and complained that the town has no sewage-disposal plant, no civic auditorium, no public swimming pool and no effective two-party system in local government. Unemployment is chronic. On weekday mornings the offices of the mayor and the county commissioners are besieged by men hoping for a day's work. Except for one year during World War II, Terre Haute has been a "labor-surplus area," and often a critical one, ever since the town stopped growing back

A game of "Twenty-One" at the Pine Ranch club in Terre Haute. This photograph was taken last month.



Federal agents smashed an international gambling syndicate in this room on November 29, 1957. In the background, beyond the odds sheet, a T-man (wearing jacket) questions Indianapolis gambler Joey Jacobs.

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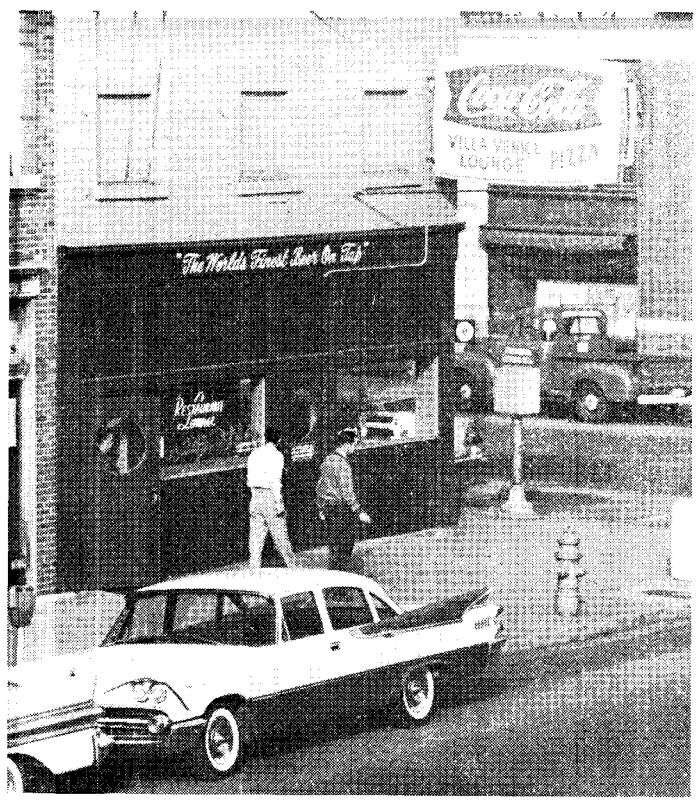
The Club Idaho, a remodeled movie theater on Hulman Street. In addition to delicious food and a floor show, it offers roulette and other gambling games in its rebuilt projection room and upstairs office.



A bookie parlor operated behind painted windows above this restaurant at Ninth Street and Wabash Avenue when the author visited it.

in 1919. Disastrous floods have plagued the area even longer. Paul Dresser, a native song writer who became famous, wrote nostalgically of the moonlight "on the banks of the Wabash, far away." Unhappily, the Wabash not infrequently overflows its banks and inundates the countryside.

High water, unemployment—these are hardships which can be met; other cities have done so. But what can be done for a city enfeebled by apathy? What is the cure for poverty of spirit? Terre Haute is a sharp reminder of recent warnings uttered by many distinguished Americans. In effect, our leading citizens have said we must think hard and work hard to achieve our national goals. But Terre Haute, it appears, never got the message.

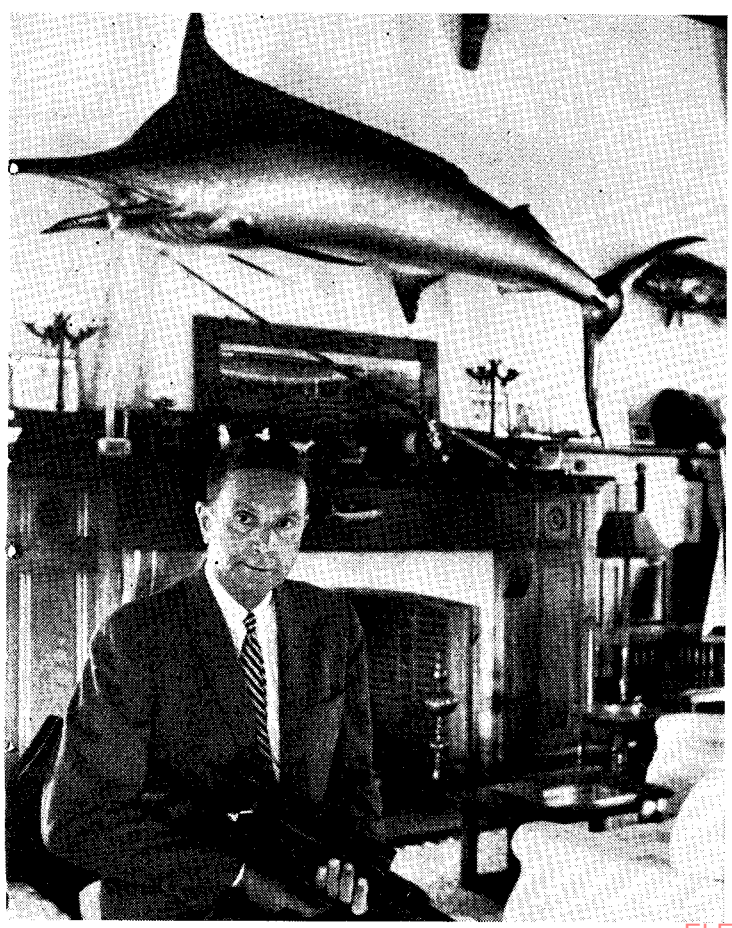
Bluntly speaking, folks there don't give a hoot. Other towns in Indiana, and elsewhere, too, have their headaches. But other Indiana communities are making progress—Indianapolis, for example, Fort Wayne, Kokomo. Some of Terre Haute's residents suspect that their city is "different," but they can't understand why. And few seem interested in making changes.

When I discussed gambling, for example, with Ralph Tucker, the four-time Democratic mayor, he said it was confined to "private clubs." He compared their operation to "a woman walking around in the nude in her home without the shade drawn. You could arrest her for indecency, I suppose."

Recalling that Terre Haute is known elsewhere in Indiana as "Hulmansville," I then inquired of its richest man, Anton (Tony) Hulman Jr., what he thought of his home town's future. "I feel the city will eventually make progress," he said. "When, I don't know. And again I may be mistaken."

When I asked John K. Lamb, the executive vice president of the (Continued on Page 63)

"The people just don't care," says John Lamb, executive vice president of the Chamber of Commerce.



Left: Millionaire Tony Hulman Jr. owns more Terre Haute real estate than anyone else and controls much of the town's business.

Four-time Mayor Ralph Tucker. "I believe in the spoils system," he says. "If there is any job a Democrat can't hold, I favor abolishing it."

Attorney Floyd Dix, chairman of the Civic Development Committee, blasted Terre Haute's indifferent citizens on TV two years ago—but they remained indifferent.

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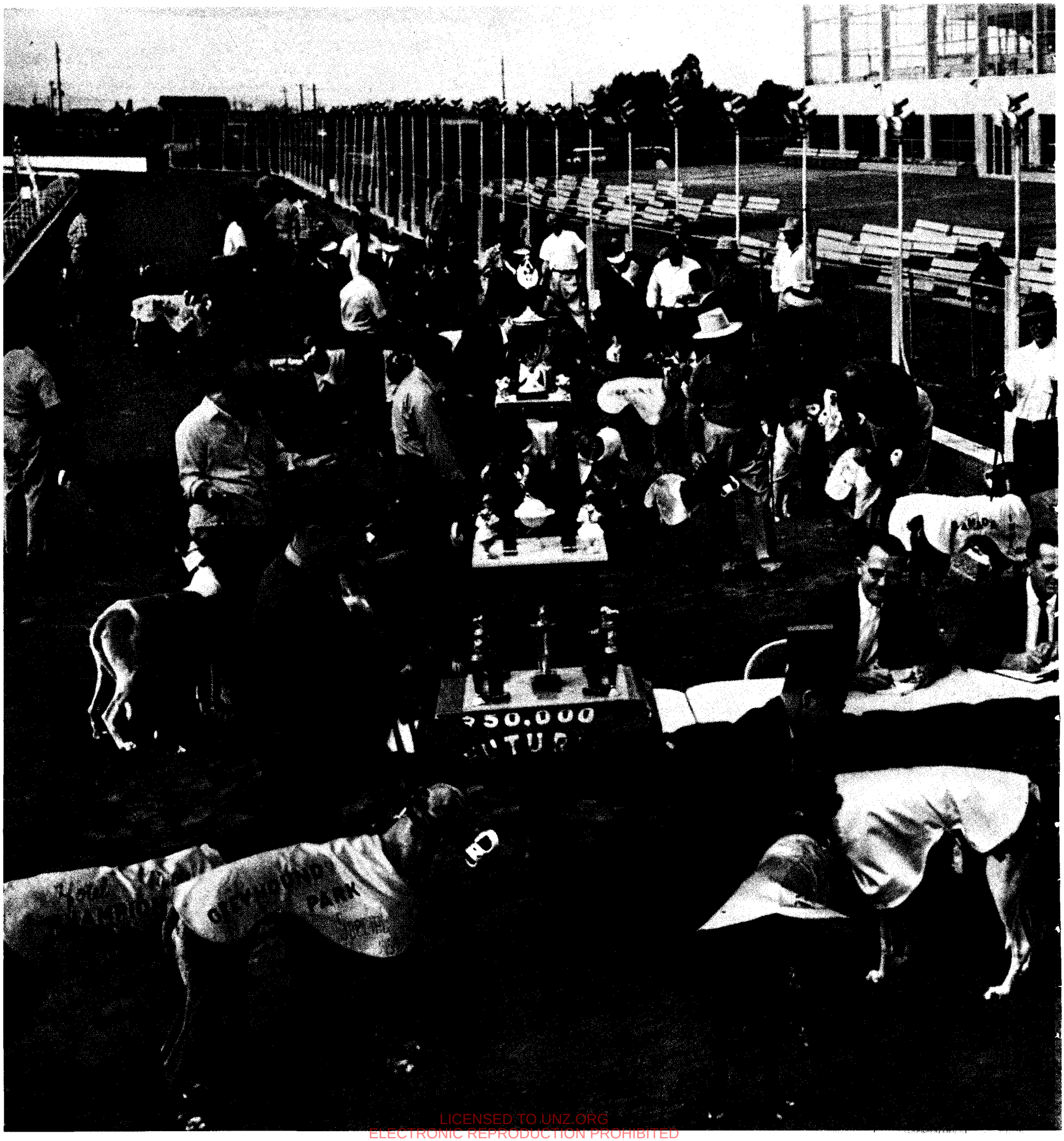
The Face of AMERICA

Rich Hounds

The lean and streamlined dogs shown congregating below will compete this week in the $50,000 Phoenix Futurity, richest dog race in the world. This track—Greyhound Park, at Phoenix—has drawn entries from as far away as Australia and Ireland, with a $20,000 prize for the winner; dogs which place, show and even also run, down to eighth and last in the field of finalists, take proportionately large sums. These lithe beasts are merely registering for



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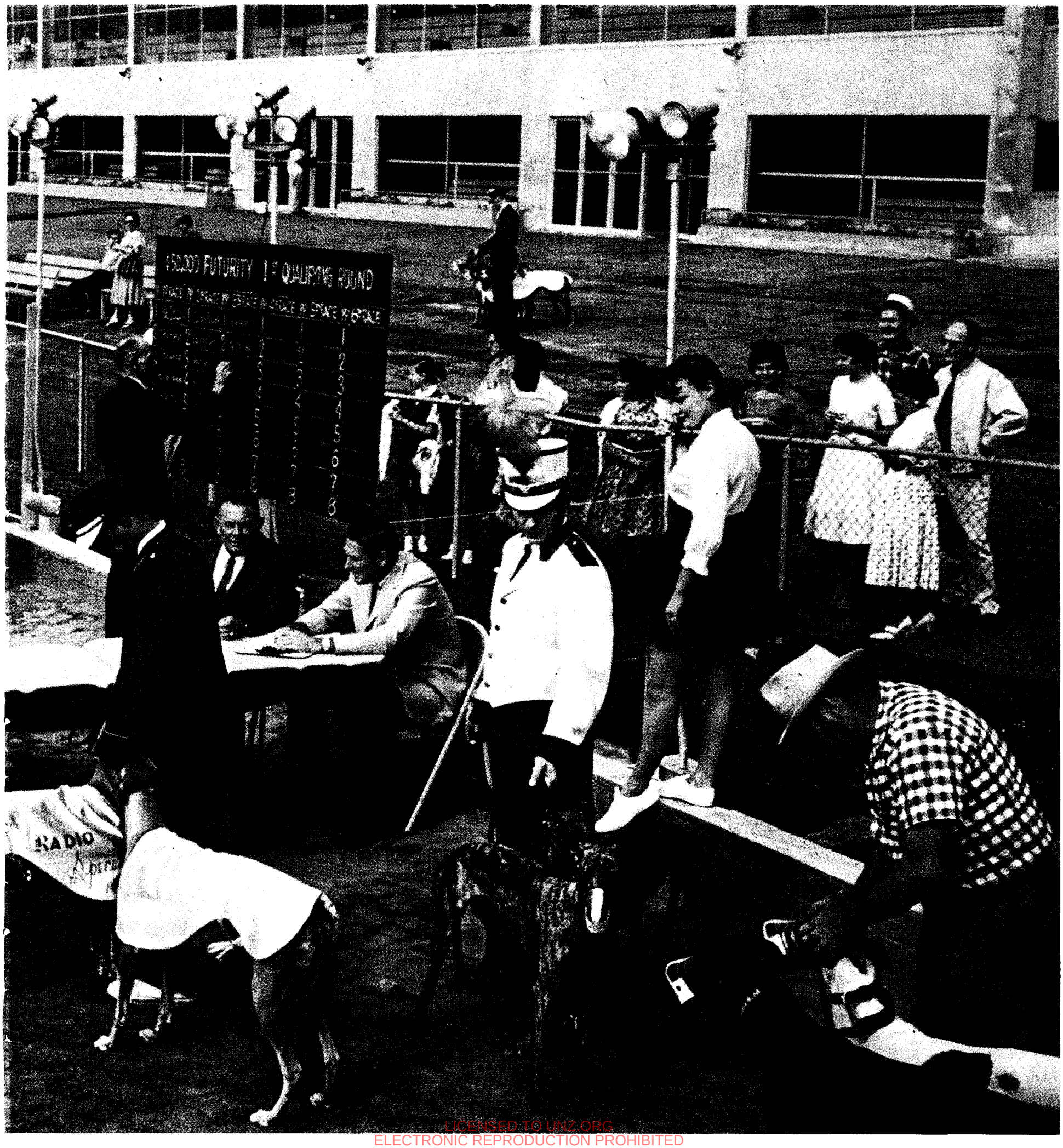
the race to come. Registration insures that only qualified dogs are entered and that no ringers are later substituted. (Racing greyhounds are listed at birth with the National Coursing Association; their pawprints are taken for identification.)

Dog racing is legal in only eight states, in which nearly $350,000,000 a year is wagered on the sport—compared with more than $3,000,000,000 bet on horse racing. The states take about $23,000,000 of this sum as their tax share of the dog wagers. Establishment of a track is always a controversial matter, of course, with hot opposition from clergymen and horse-track operators. The dogs themselves are indifferent: They can take racing or leave it alone. The five shown at right are $10,000-a-year dogs—their combined winnings for the 1960 season came to more than $50,000.

Photographs by Gene Lester



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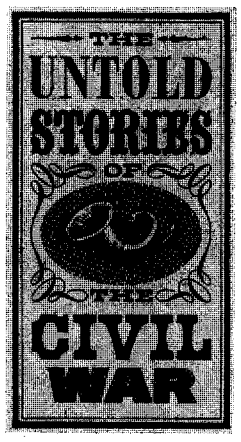
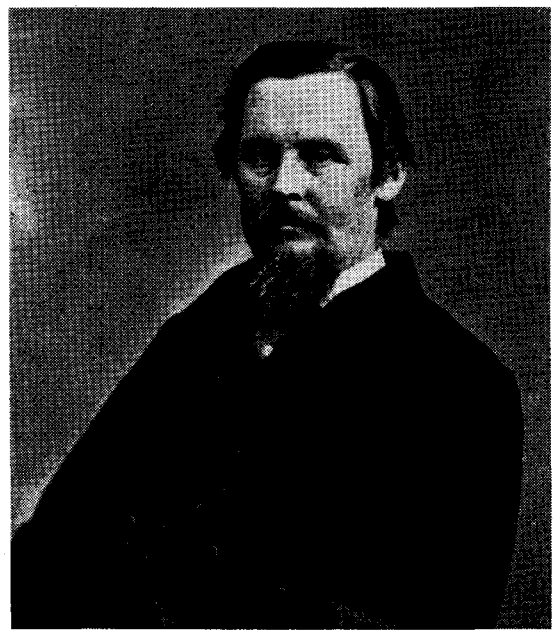
Third of a Series



THE MAN WHO ALMOST SIGNED HIS LIFE AWAY

By
HORACE KNOWLES



L. E. Chittenden's devotion to duty almost cost him his arm; he suffered for years after his name-signing ordeal.

Only an obscure Treasury Department official could prevent the sale of two ironclad warships to the Confederacy. But he had to sign 12,500 U. S. Government bonds in 48 hours to keep the ships out of Confederate hands.

From the very beginning, all Mr. L. E. Chittenden had wanted in return for his campaigning for Abraham Lincoln was the modest job of customs collector in his home town of Burlington, Vermont. It was a routine job, with no weighty responsibilities, and paid less than $2000 annually. It would just suit him.

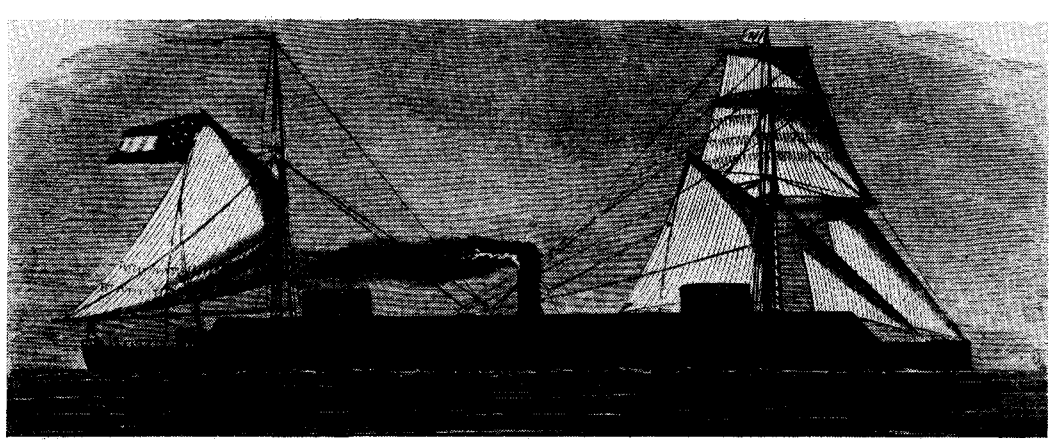
Mr. Chittenden went after it, not a doubt in his mind that his fellow Vermonters would support him for the appointment. The way he figured it, he'd been "treading out corn for a month—the Republicans would not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn—the laborer was worthy of his reward."

He was never more wrong. To a man, his friends begged off when asked for a letter of recommendation, each one claiming he had pledged himself to another candidate. Crestfallen, Mr. Chittenden went back to his law practice.

Then, on February 2, 1861, he was appointed a Vermont delegate to the Peace Conference in Washington, where a last-ditch effort would be made to avert the impending Civil War. There he formed a friendship with another Republican delegate, Salmon P. Chase of Ohio. A few weeks later President Lincoln appointed Mr. Chase Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Chase made Mr. Chittenden Register of the Treasury.

And now, just two years later, here was Mr. Chittenden, who had aspired only to be a minor customs collector, in his office in the Treasury Building, feeling as if the fate of the nation literally rested in his good right hand. And well he might. He faced the formidable task of signing his name to 12,500 Government bonds as fast as possible in an effort to eliminate a grave threat confronting the Union.

Poised on the ways of an English shipyard were two ironclad warships. They were being built for the Confederacy by the same shipwrights who constructed the swift raider *Alabama*, then busily destroying Northern shipping. But these were no hit-and-run commerce raiders. Their fighting power was awesome. In addition to being heavily armored, each had a beaklike iron ram on the bow for smashing the wooden ships of the United States Navy. The specifications also called for each ship to mount two big-gun turrets, fore and aft. Federal agents in England smuggled an artist into the shipyard where the "Anglo-Rebel rams," as one 1863 newspaper termed them, were gradually rising on the building ways. The artist's deft sketches left no doubt as to the grave menace.



To obtain this sketch of the "Anglo-Rebel ram," Federal agents smuggled an American artist into the British shipyard where the armored men-of-war were being built. The jutting iron ram on the bow of the vessel (shown in shadow, lower right) was capable of smashing and sinking the Union's wooden ships. The Confederate flag was the artist's own addition; no rebel banner ever flew on this ship.

The two ironclads would be able to outgun and outrun anything the North had. Together they could sink the Navy and raise the blockade of Southern ports. Worse, they might embroil Britain in the war. For the United States could not regard Britain as a neutral if its shipyards continued to build warcraft for the Confederacy.

To avert the crisis by peaceful means, a plan was afoot to outbid the Confederacy—just offer more money for the ships. The cash was needed immediately. The quickest way to raise it was by selling United States Government bonds to British financial interests. Every bond, regardless of denomination, had to be signed personally by the Register.

Mr. Chittenden received an urgent summons to the White House. There he found Secretary Chase and Secretary of State William H. Seward in "anxious consultation" with President Lincoln. The trio wanted to know how soon he could prepare a $10,000,000 issue of a certain series of bonds. He estimated carefully and (Continued on Page 86)

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The Professor is a Beatnik

By
PEGGY SIMSON CURRY

His eccentricities were overlooked until the night he was kissed by a beautiful student.

When he came to teach in the small junior college, he arrived in an old car with a lean dog riding beside him on the front seat. They got out and stood together in the amber sunlight of September. And it was as though the feel of impending autumn touched man and dog; it was as though the nostalgic air and the haze on the near mountain said, "They've come a long way, and they've been looking for something a long time."

The dog, mostly hound, put his thin cold nose in Dan Montgomery's hand, and the man smiled and murmured, "Good boy." Then they went up the front steps and into the one-story building, the dog padding softly beside the man. They walked along the polished halls to the office that was partly open to the hallway, with windows that could be closed at night.

Dan Montgomery was thirty, but he had the kind of face that said he could be forty and that he probably would look the same at sixty The lines around his mouth and eyes were not bitter; they only said that life had got to him.

He looked with pleasure at the students moving about the halls, aware of their youth and their anticipation. Classes had not begun, but there was registration. He stopped at the office, looking across the broad, tablelike section that faced the hallway, leaning casually against it. He was completely unaware that he wore dusty jeans, a travel-stained blue shirt and that his hair hadn't been combed for some time. His clothes clung to him as though he shaped them to himself and extended beyond them. He felt that the college hall and the office before him took on the aura of his life, (Continued on Page 49)

"Y'know," she said, "it's your voice that gets me. It makes me feel like going out and living in sin."

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THE CASE OF THE SPURIOUS SPINSTER

First an impostor duped Mason's client. Now someone had framed her.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

A woman purporting to be Amelia Corning, owner of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company, arrived unexpectedly from South America at the company's main office. She asked Susan Fisher, the company manager's secretary, to open the company safe while Susan's boss, Endicott Campbell, was away from the office.

Then Miss Corning disappeared, along with the company records she had taken from the safe. It was also possible that a lot of money was missing.

Perry Mason, Susan's attorney, suspecting that "Miss Corning" was an impostor, asked private detective Paul Drake to station some of his men at the airport.

"You think Miss Corning took a cab back to the airport and is leaving?" Drake asked.

"No," Mason said, "I think she's coming; and within two hours after Miss Corning shows up, Sue Fisher will be arrested for embezzlement of about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

III

Sunday morning at eleven-thirty Mason's unlisted phone rang, and Paul Drake's voice came over the wire. "O.K., Perry, you win."

"She's here?"

"At the airport. My man's getting things all lined up for her, and he's going to take her to the Arthenium in an agency car as soon as possible."

"O.K., Paul, thanks," Mason said. "I'm on my way."

"You want me there?"

"No. Phone Della's apartment, ask her to get there as fast as she can. Tell her to bring a notebook and her feminine charm. Something seems to tell me this woman may be a little suspicious of men, but Della should be able to win her over. At least she can try."

"O.K.," Drake said. "I'll wish you luck, Perry."

"I'll need it," the lawyer said.

Mason called Susan Fisher's apartment. "I'm just alerting you," he said, "to be ready for action."

"What sort of action?"

"I may want you to go someplace."

"All right," she told him, "I'll be ready. Anything you say, Mr. Mason."

"Keep near the telephone and be dressed to go out," Mason said and hung up. He got his car from the garage, drove to the Arthenium Hotel and waited in the lobby fifteen minutes before Drake's detective showed up, solicitously squiring an angular woman in a wheel chair, a woman who wore glasses with large blue lenses, who had high cheekbones, a prominent jaw and a firm mouth.

Mason approached the woman. "Miss Corning?" he asked.

She raised her head and moved it from side to side, peering from behind the heavy blue glasses, trying to get some picture of the man whose voice she had heard. Then, after a moment, she answered shortly, "I'm Miss Corning. What is it you want?"

"I'm Perry Mason," the lawyer said. "I'm an attorney and I want to talk with you on a matter of the greatest importance, a matter concerning your holdings here. I think it's quite important that you hear what I have to say before you get in touch with anyone."

She hesitated a moment, then said, "Very well, I'll be glad to hear what you have to say, Mr. Mason. I believe a suite has been arranged for me here—at least, that's the information I've been given by wire."

"I understand your company is expecting you," Mason said.

"Well, they did a better job of it than I thought they could. But I still don't know how they found out when I was coming. I am not scheduled to appear officially until tomorrow. However, the trip up is a long, hard one, and I decided I'd get here a day early, just stretch my weary bones out and rest."

Drake's operative, who had approached the desk, came over to the wheel chair with a registration card and the desk clerk.

The operative glanced significantly at Mason and said, "The hotel wants Miss Corning's personal signature on the registration card."

"Certainly," Mason said.

Miss Corning stretched out a bony hand and reached for the card which the clerk was handing her, but her fingers were some six or eight inches over the card.

The clerk tactfully withdrew the card, then pushed it right into her fingers. "Just sign here," the clerk said.

"Where?" Miss Corning asked, holding the pen.

"Right here." The clerk put his hand over hers, touched the pen to the paper, and the woman immediately wrote "Amelia Corning" in an angular, cramped but prominent handwriting.

A bellboy said, "Right this way, Miss Corning."

"You have only the two suitcases and a handbag?" Mason asked.

"Good heavens, how much did you expect? Do you know what excess baggage costs on those planes? Of course, comfort is something; but after all, a dollar's a dollar. Now, let's go up and find out what it is you want, Mr.—er ——"

"Mason," the lawyer prompted. "The name is Mason."

"Oh, yes, Mason. All right, I'm not much good at names, but I'll try and remember. You have a nice voice. I think I'm going to like you."

The lawyer walked beside the wheel chair as they approached the elevators. Colton C. Bailey, the house detective, who had evidently been alerted by the clerk, appeared on the scene, shook hands with Mason and said quietly, "Introduce me."

Mason said, "Miss Corning, may I present Mr. Colton Bailey. He's connected here with the hotel in an executive capacity; and if there's anything you want, he'll be only too glad to try and see that you are accommodated."

"That's very nice," Miss Corning said. "I'll go up and take a look around at that Presidential Suite. The probabilities are I'll want to be moved into something more modest. There's no need for me to be rattling around in a lot of room I don't need, and those suites cost money."

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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The little entourage went up to the Presidential Suite. The bellboy opened the door, and Bailey, Mason and Drake's operative wheeled Miss Corning into the main room.

She looked around and sniffed. "I'll bet this costs a hundred dollars a day," she said.

"A hundred and thirty-five," Bailey said apologetically.

"All right, I want to move out and get into something smaller."

"The rental has been arranged, I believe," Bailey said.

She sniffed. "That's Endicott Campbell for you—spending company funds on a luxury that I don't need, trying to impress me. By the way, where is he?"

Bailey looked at Mason inquiringly. Mason glanced at his watch and said, "Apparently he hasn't arrived yet, Miss Corning, but you can probably expect him."

Bailey said, "Now, Miss Corning, there's a certain formality that we have to go through on account of security reasons. You'll probably be wanting to cash checks here at the hotel, and we'd like to establish a line of credit. Of course, the financial end of it is all taken care of; all we need is a complete check on identity. I'm wondering if you'd mind letting me see your passport."

"Humph!" she said. "I haven't asked you for anything yet except smaller quarters."

"But," he said, "if it's all the same to you, we'd like to see your passport, Miss Corning."

"Well, of all things!" she said. She opened her purse and took out a passport.

Bailey carefully inspected the picture on the passport, the signature, then nodded to Mason and returned the passport.

"Well," he said, with a voice that plainly showed his relief, "there's nothing more I can do here, Miss Corning—at least at the moment. I'll withdraw and leave you and Mr. Mason to talk things over."

Drake's operative said, "And I have discharged my duties, Miss Corning. I guess there is nothing else you need of me."

As they opened the door, Della Street, neatly tailored, calmly efficient, came walking into the room.

She sized up the situation, moved over to the chair and said, "How do you do, Miss Corning? I'm Della Street. I'm Mr. Mason's executive secretary, and Mr. Mason asked me to come here so that I could be of any assistance possible. In case there's anything that's in the feminine department, I want to do everything I can to make you comfortable."

Miss Corning twisted her head with a distinctive, birdlike gesture, tilting it from one side to the other as though hoping to get a better view through the heavy lenses. "Well, my dear," she said, "I can't see you very clearly, but I can see you have a very trim figure, and your voice is wonderful. As my eyes get worse, I depend more on my ears. I rely a great deal on voices. I certainly like yours."

"Thank you. Thank you very much indeed," Della Street said.

"Not at all. Now, Mr. Mason, you're a lawyer. If your time isn't valuable, you aren't a very good lawyer. If you're a very good lawyer, your time is worth a lot of money. Neither of us wants to waste it. So let's get to the point. Just what is it you want?"

"It's not what I want," Mason said. "It's something one of my clients wants."

"Well, it's the same thing," she told him. "Now, go on. Start talking. Sit down, make yourself comfortable and have that delightful young secretary of yours make herself comfortable."

"You're all right in the wheel chair?" Della Street asked. "You don't want to move into a more comfortable chair?"

"I'm all right, right here," Miss Corning said.

Mason said, "I'm not going to take time to try to be diplomatic, Miss Corning. In a matter of this sort I have only one approach, and that is to put the cards right on the table."

"Face up," Miss Corning said.

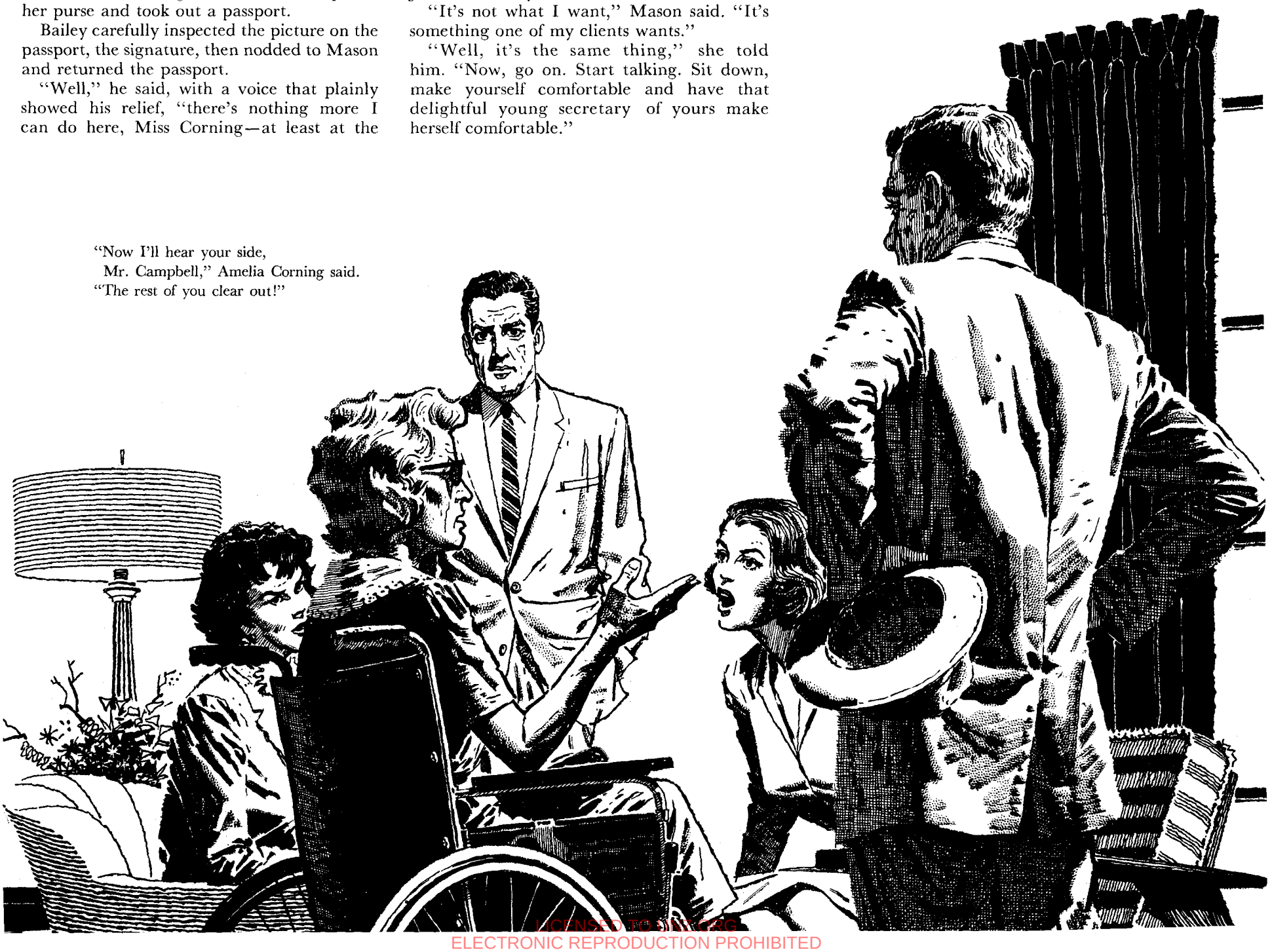
"Face up," Mason said, smiling. "Now, the first thing that I have to tell you—and which may come as something of a shock to you—is that yesterday a woman who claimed to be you appeared at the airport and telephoned the offices of the Corning Mining, Smelting and Investment Company."

"What!" she exclaimed.

Mason nodded. "That's right," he said.

"Well, go on," Miss Corning said. "What happened?"

"There," Mason said, "we get into the realm of speculation. I can't tell you exactly what happened. However, I can tell you this much. This woman telephoned the company offices. A young woman by the name of Susan Fisher, who acts as confidential secretary to Endicott Campbell, the manager, and who was called upon by Mr. Campbell to get certain things in readiness for your arrival, was working overtime there and answered the telephone. (Continued on Page 70)



"Now I'll hear your side, Mr. Campbell," Amelia Corning said. "The rest of you clear out!"

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Post Scripts

Where Are They Now?

Fame is fleeting. Today's hero may be tomorrow's forgotten man. In response to questions from curious readers, here is a report on some of the men and women who were the headline-makers of yesteryear.

Q. What has become of George Sigafoos of Lynn, Massachusetts, who vowed in 1949 not to shave until Boston won the American League pennant?

A. Sigafoos lives quietly on a beard farm near Walpole. If Boston takes the pennant next season he can sell out for a fortune.

Q. George S. Alley has been the crony of three Presidents. He fished with Roosevelt, played poker with Truman and played golf with Eisenhower. What is he doing today?

A. Taking lessons in touch football.

Q. In the early '50's the starlet, Diana Dillard, was being acclaimed in Hollywood as "tomorrow's Greta Garbo." What is she now?

A. Today's Diana Dillard.

Q. Four or five years ago there was a crackpot professor in California who claimed he had perfected a space ship which would carry him to another planet. Where is this nut?

A. Living on Mars.

Q. In 1948 Frank Follansbee of Park Station, Illinois, swore that if Truman was elected President he would push a peanut from Chicago to Los Angeles with his nose. Where is he today?

A. Seventeen miles east of Joplin, Missouri, on Route 66.

HOWARD UPTON

Middle-Aged Me

I still stay out late when I choose to;
I go in for dancing and such,
And have as much fun as I used to,
But I just don't enjoy it as much.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Enfeebled English

The After-Dinner Speakers

Frenz . . . Frenz . . . Frenz. . . . May yi have yer addenshun. As you wall know, we have gathered deer thiz evening to whonner one of vower leading sidizenz. A man new as spend mosed—no, ALL love his free dime to aid ower grade siddy.

I'm nod gonna gilda lily. You wall know wad a wunnderfull perzon he yis. So, withoud any morra dew . . . I give view your frenn dan mine . . . ROBBIRD TEE BARRNED!

Thang yew . . . thang yew . . . thang yew. Mizzer jairman, disingished guests, layeez in gennemen. Ahm nahgunna taig ub a lod of dime with a long speege. Ahl be breeve an tooda poind.

Bud firz, lemme tell you a very humeris thing thad happind to me on the way to thiz bang-wid. . . .

HERB GOCHROS

I'm Glad You Asked Me That Question

(Or, Why I Got a Dress for My Birthday)

"Big time at our house, yesterday. Evelyn really went all out for my birthday. Chicken dinner, cake, all the family —— Oh, Sue gave me a sport shirt, Anne got me half a dozen golf balls, and socks and tie from Linda. Not a bad haul for an old —— From Evelyn? She gave me—well, ha, ha, maybe I'd better explain. You see, we worked out this scheme. It used to be that I'd get her something, and she'd have to take it back, then she'd get me something and I'd take it back. Anyway, we decided that on my birthday she would buy whatever she wanted and on hers I buy what I want. Yesterday, she gave me a pink dress. It —— Whose idea? Oh, we sort of mutually agreed, although I guess that orange sweater—it was on sale and she couldn't exchange it—more or less brought matters to a . . . ah, point of mutual agreement. Really we —— Her birthday? I got her a shotgun. A little twenty-gauge double; boy, what a quail gun! The stock was engraved —— Gee, I wish I could, Don, but I don't have it here. It had —— Well, as a matter of fact, I took it back. Beautiful gun, though, especially with that —— Oh, I traded it for some other merchandise. Let me tell you about this selective trigger —— Why? Well, we had a tough break about that time. The washing machine went haywire, and I was a little short of cash. Evelyn said that, under the circumstances, she simply wouldn't think of keeping such an expensive gift. But she —— Last year? Why, let's see, Evelyn got me some earrings, I believe. Sort of green gismos, with —— Her birthday last year? Oh, we hadn't started the system then. In fact, it was the very next day that she raised so much—or, that is, we decided to ——"

JACK SWEZEY

Back-to-School Night

Last Thursday evening we parents of eighth-graders met for a sample of the education our children are receiving. Through active participation in the following classes, we learned a lot.

Geography: Mr. Carl Pearson, an expert on Europe since he and his family returned from a summer tour of seventeen countries, was asked, "In what country is the Tiber River?"

Mr. Pearson floundered around in Spain, Portugal and Sweden before the teacher told him the answer was Italy. "The Grand Canal is there too," Mr. Pearson declared, reluctant to step down from his status of expert.

General Mathematics: Mr. Ralph Nelson, a banker, was called on to explain compound interest rates to the class. "That's *my* business," he stated flatly. It was obvious that Mr. Nelson was not going to give away any professional secrets.

Home Economics (Child Care): When the teacher asked Mrs. Donald White, mother of five children, what should be done with a two-year-old who throws food, Mrs. White replied, "Feed him in the bathtub." The teacher objected to this answer, and the discussion that followed was so lengthy, we missed making cocoa.

American History: A slight contretemps occurred when both Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Dirks waved their hands wildly to answer the question, "Who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death'?" Mrs. Dirks said, "Patrick Henry"; Mr. Dirks said, "Me."

English: I was disconcerted when the teacher asked me to use the word "abrogate" in a sentence and I was unable to do so. But when I got home and looked it up, it was easy. "How's this?" I asked my husband. "Back-to-School Night should be abrogated."

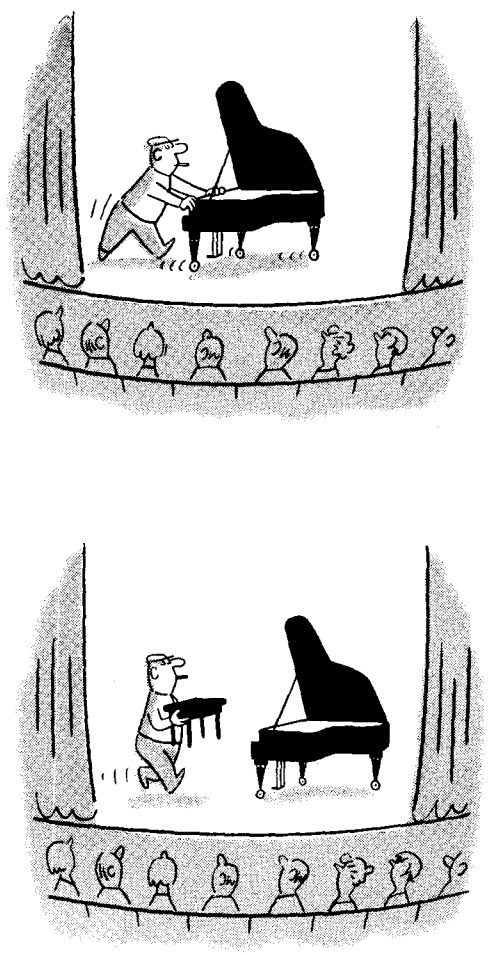
"Fine," he said.

KAY NELSON

Spectator Sport

Here's a candid report
On fashion gone wrong:
When a skirt looks too short,
A man looks too long.

WILLIAM W. PRATT



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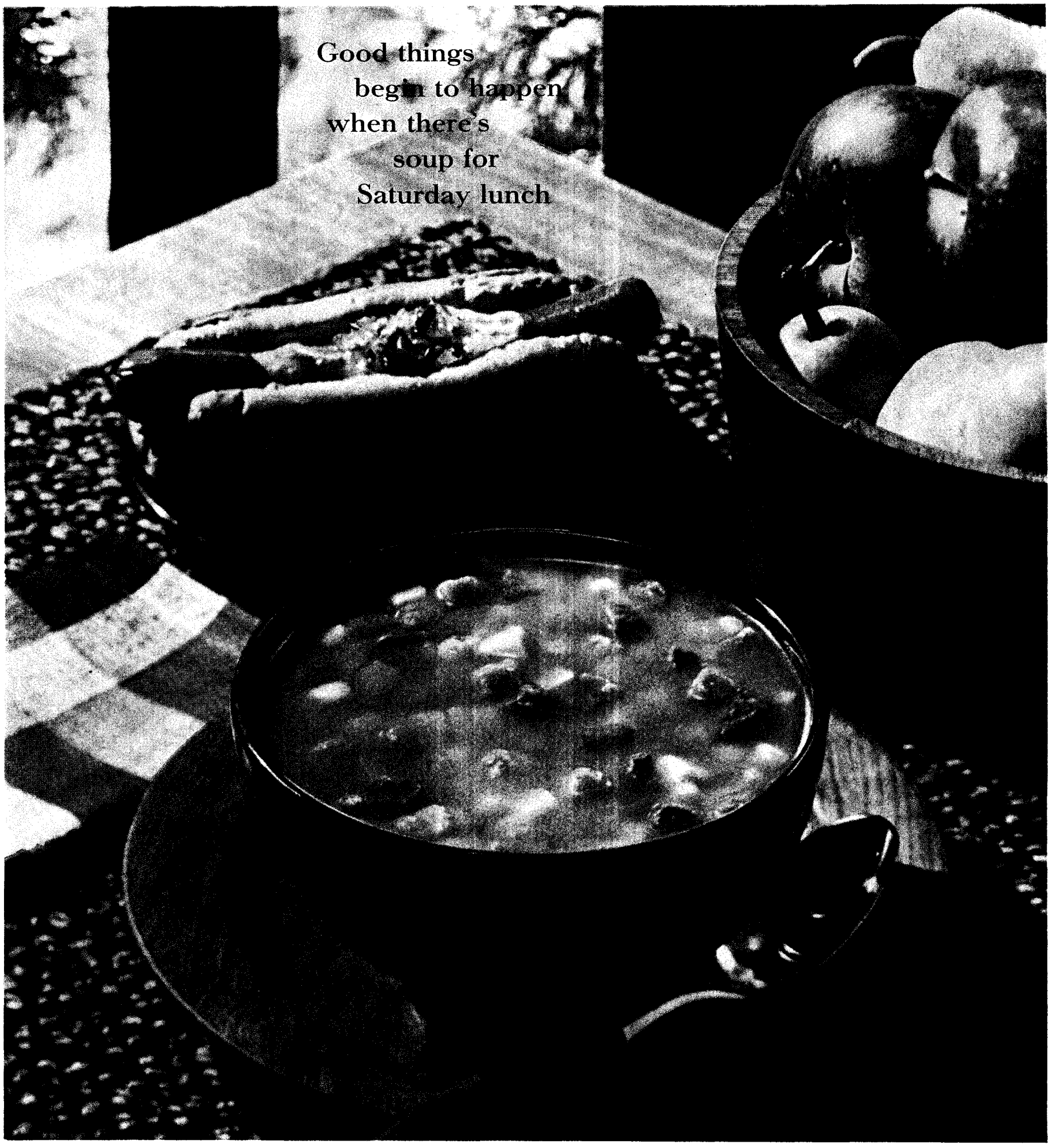

There's good substantial nourishment in a lunch like this. For Campbell's Vegetable Beef Soup gives you 7 prize Campbell vegetables, picked ripe from the sun. Tender lean beef. Delicious, warming beef-and-vegetable broth. Soup makes every lunch a better lunch. It smells good. It tastes good. And it gives you the wholesome goodness of natural foods, to make you feel good, too.

Have you had your soup today? **Campbell's** (M'm M'm! Good!)

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A FULL-SIZE **DODGE** PRICED MODEL FOR MODEL WITH FORD AND CHEVROLET

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If you are thinking of buying a new, low-price car, consider this. For the same money you can own a Dodge. The 1961 Dodge Dart is actually priced model for model with Ford and Chevrolet. In addition, Dart offers you advantages its major competition cannot match. A unitized, rust-proofed body. An alternator-generator that will make the battery last far longer than usual. A torsion-bar suspension system (Torsion-Aire Ride) that has been repeatedly called the "best in the industry." The Dodge Dart is available in 23 individual models. There is no better value on the market. For conclusive proof visit your Dodge Dealer.

DODGE DART!!

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"All right," Don said, with Palmer's check in his hand, "match this."

Captives of the STORM

By JOHN REESE

No price was too high for the chance to escape from the valley before the others.

Only Don Cloyd, a college geology student, could save Edith Santana and the four aged men, Jerome Talley, Sir Joseph Farrand, David Palmer and George Kriptetarchos. Each of the four was a multimillionaire who had come to British Columbia to explore and file a reservation on the same untapped oil field. But then a violent snowstorm marooned Don, Edith and the men for several days without food. When the snow stopped, Don wanted to go for help alone. But Jerome Talley demanded to go with Don and offered him ten thousand dollars. Don turned him down, realizing that these ruthless adventurers would do almost anything to get the oil field.

Then Don remembered he had lent his knife to Mr. Kriptetarchos.

CONCLUSION

Not twenty feet away, Mr. Kriptetarchos was waiting in the fog, sitting on a flat rock, the knife dangling from his hand. He smiled. "I knew you would come for the knife," he said in his gentle voice. "Now we can talk."

Don shook his head. "I get it! The answer is no. Nobody goes out until you all go out."

Mr. Kriptetarchos stood up on the rock, holding the knife behind him. "This is all so simple! I alone am strong enough to accompany you."

"Don't kid yourself, sir—you're not strong enough. Besides, I work for Mr. Talley"

(Continued on Page 82)

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When the Honeymoon Is Over

(Continued from Page 24)

"You're wondering why I've hidden the good cigars and this excellent brandy from your mother. Am I right?"

"Why, yes. How did you know?"

"Masculine intuition, my boy. It is an ability you will have to develop to get along in this new world you have entered. Don't worry. It will come with practice. The day will arrive when you'll be able to tell what Alicia's thinking before she knows herself—simply a matter of self-preservation."

Leonard leaned forward. "But I've left her, dad."

Martin nodded thoughtfully. He sipped his brandy. "Of course, you have. And you must tell me all about it. But first let me explain about the brandy and cigars."

It was not, Cowper said, that Elizabeth minded his smoking or was against drinking in moderation. She took one cocktail herself before dinner—a complete waste of gin and vermouth, for one cocktail is not enough to make any difference and is no more than a gesture. A typically feminine gesture, Martin added, leaning back in his chair, the smoke from his cigar rising.

"The thing a man does not understand before marriage is that matrimony is not a partnership—not even one, as you may have assumed, where the male has been relegated to the status of junior partner. It is a competition. Suppose, for example, that I smoked these thirty-five-cent cigars openly. Can you imagine what would happen?"

"Why should anything happen, dad? You can afford them. As vice president of one of the biggest padlock makers in the nation ——"

Cowper held up his hand. "Affording or not affording has nothing to do with it. As you may have noticed, I am in the habit of having one cigar after dinner and an occasional one during the day. Let's say I smoke five hundred cigars a year. At ten cents, that would amount to an annual expenditure of fifty dollars. But at thirty-five cents, it amounts to one hundred seventy-five dollars. Can you imagine what would happen if your mother was aware that I smoked up such an impressive sum of money?"

"She'd be angry?"

"On the contrary. She would be delighted. It would put me in an impossible bargaining position during any discussion of the household economy—the kind of discussion that might arise, say, after the purchase of a darling little hat for a mere sixty-nine dollars and ninety-eight cents."

"And the brandy—you hide that so she won't know you're drinking such expensive stuff?"

"I have an even more basic reason than the economic one. This amber liquid"—he held his glass aloft and sighted through it toward the light—"was bottled in France by men whose grandfathers and great grandfathers understood grapes and loved them. It was created by experts in the craft of brandy making. It was aged a full ten years before it was put on the market. It is, in a minor way, a work of art. And do you know what would happen if I left it with the cheaper stuff in the liquor cabinet?"

"Mother would mix it into cocktails for a bridge party?"

"Precisely. Your answer does you credit, Leonard. You are beginning to acquire the wisdom you will need to exist in this dangerous new world you entered so innocently just fourteen days ago."

The young man's glass was empty. His father handed him the flask. Leonard poured himself a generous drink. Neither the brandy nor the conversation was making him feel any better. He had come to talk, and all he had done was listen.

"You are thinking that I ought to quit rambling on and allow you to tell me your troubles with Alicia," Cowper said. "You are right. Although, frankly, I know what you are going to say before you say it—not the details, but the overall picture. You have made the startling discovery that marriage means one thing to you and another to your bride?"

Leonard put his glass down. His cigar had gone out. He relighted it, his hand trembling a little. He gripped the arms of his chair.

"She doesn't love me. That's the terrible, basic issue. I am married to a girl who doesn't love me."

"Nonsense. Why shouldn't she love you? You are a little too good-looking, I suppose; but on the other hand, you shamble when you walk, and your suits are always rumpled, so she won't hold your profile against you. And best of all, you aren't as intelligent as she is. Of course she loves you. How could she help it?"

Leonard jumped to his feet. "Now wait a minute, dad. I've got troubles enough without you ——"

"Sit down, son. Maybe you are as intelligent as Alicia. The important thing is, don't let her know it. Ask her silly little questions. If she gives you some simple task to do, bungle it. Women like to feel superior. We must use all of our little masculine tricks to make them feel that way. Have you ever watched me in action at a party?"

"You're always starting to tell a joke, then forgetting the punch line."

"You are an observant boy. And who comes in for the kill, not only supplying the missing line but gaining an extra laugh at my expense?"

"Mother."

"Now do you see the technique, my boy? Let me spell it out for you." He leaned forward. He spoke slowly and impressively. "I have never really forgotten the punch line to a joke in my life."

"And you allow mother to —— But for heaven's sake, dad, why?"

Cowper shrugged. There had been a time, he said, when he used the technique of drinking too much—or, actually, pretending to drink too much. That gave Elizabeth the satisfaction of talking him into giving her the car keys and then driving him home. But this method often gave him a headache the next day. Then he'd tried the old masculine stand-by—wearing a lamp shade or putting on one of the women's hats at a party. But so many generations of husbands had utilized this technique for catering to the feminine whim of superiority that he had decided it was unworthy of him. Now he used the simple method of punch-line forgetting—hardly an original ploy, of course, but a satisfactory one that no woman would see through.

"It is all so very elementary, my boy," Cowper said. He blew a smoke ring and watched it glide softly toward the ceiling. "I suppose to a rookie in the game it seems confusing. But you will be all right if you remember this rule. Write it down, if you like, but then burn the paper before Alicia goes through your pockets."

"What rule?" Leonard asked a little crossly. "What rule is that?"

"The rule that says that every wife, deep down inside, thinks of her husband as an oaf. A nice oaf, perhaps. Possibly even a lovable oaf. But an oaf."

Leonard had started to make a note on the back of an envelope, but he scratched it out and threw the pencil down.

"I am not an oaf, lovable or otherwise. I am a man with an I.Q. of a hundred and twenty-three, a past member of the second-string football team, a future vice president of my company. I will not pretend I'm something I'm not—marriage or no marriage."

Cowper studied him, frowning. Being a father was almost as complex a matter as being a husband. He remembered the same stubborn look on Leonard's face when the boy was ten and had announced that he was going to resign from the fifth grade because he had learned all he wanted to know and preferred to stay home and practice football. Then Martin had merely passed the buck to superior authority, and Elizabeth had seen to it that Leonard went to school. But now, this was not a problem where a woman, even such a capable woman as his wife, could help. He sighed and glanced at his watch.

"We still have an hour before your mother comes home, son. Tell me about you and Alicia. And then I will tell you of my own marriage. It is the sort of thing a father seldom tells a son, but there comes a time when even such an ancient rule must be broken. Was there a quarrel?"

There had been, Leonard admitted. It had arisen over a little thing. Martin said this was customary and to go back to the beginning. The beginning, Leonard said, was the day they got back from the honeymoon.

The apartment was waiting. He had rented it a month before the wedding to make sure everything was ready and he had bought the basic furniture. She had hinted that she'd like to help furnish the place, but he wanted to have it as a surprise for her, and she had rumpled his hair and kissed him and said she was such a lucky girl to have such a thoughtful future husband. ("This was before the wedding," Leonard said, and his father said, "Of course.") And then when they got back from Hot Springs, he picked her up and carried her over the threshold, feeling proud. She made a quick inspection of the four rooms as soon as he put her down.

"Honey, it's just wonderful," she told him. "You've done awfully well—for a man."

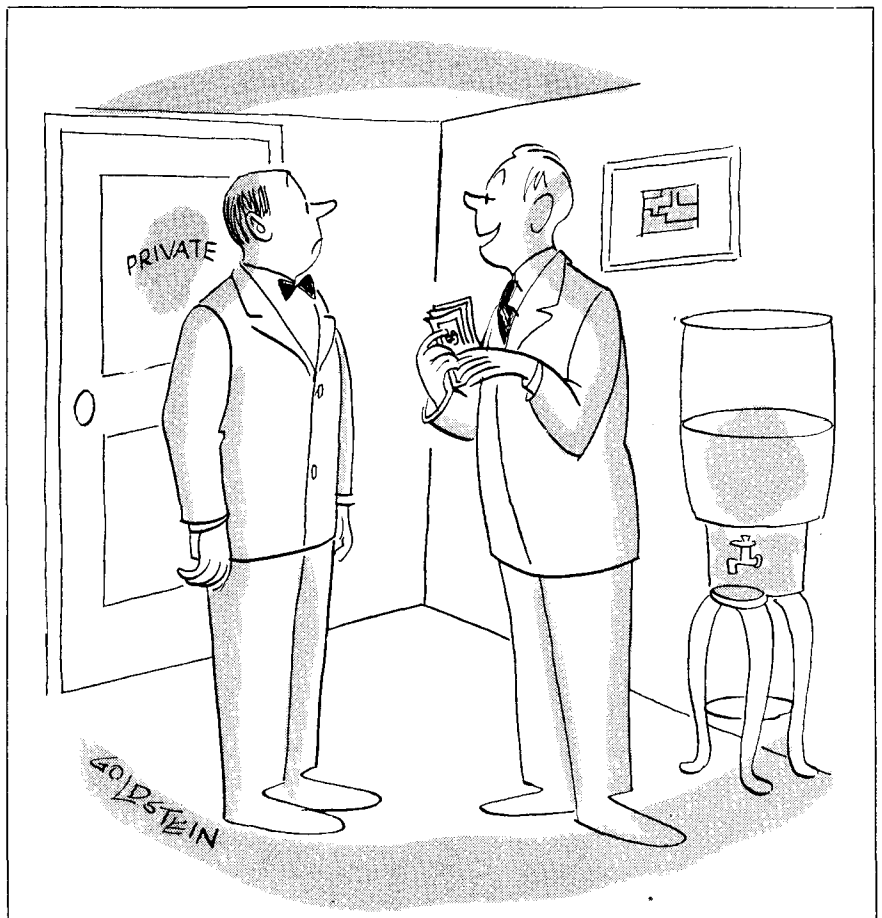
He thought so too. The next day he went grudgingly off to work, counting the hours until he'd return. The day finally passed. He walked back through the hall door into an apartment that was entirely unfamiliar. The leather easy chair in front of the window was gone, and in its place was a butterfly chair that made his back ache at the thought of sitting in it. The framed picture of the second-string football team had been replaced on the living-room wall by a Picasso print. There were other changes—plenty of others—but these were the ones he saw first. He turned to protest, but she threw her arms around him.

"The place just wasn't us," she said. "But now it is."

He let it go. He told himself the surroundings didn't matter as long as she was there with him, and he allowed her to lead him to the butterfly chair and persuade him to trust himself to it while she finished preparing dinner. The meal was straight out of the women's pages of the newspaper—shredded cabbage in pink aspic was the main course—and it looked so pretty he couldn't very well complain of the taste. He made a mental note to eat larger lunches from here on.

He had planned to spend the evening basking in the knowledge that now they were married and he wouldn't have to kiss her good night and go home, but she had invited two other couples who lived in the apartment building to drop over and get acquainted. One of the couples was named Rentbaum or Maxwell or something—he never did catch the name—and did very little but eat potato chips; but the other couple, whose name was Lafferty or Cornwall or something, turned out to be quite congenial.

The husband, Mike, knew the batting averages of everyone who'd played for the Pittsburgh Pirates since 1908, and while he was demonstrating (*Continued on Page 40*)



"I'll remember your generosity, Finwick, long after you've given up trying to get this back."

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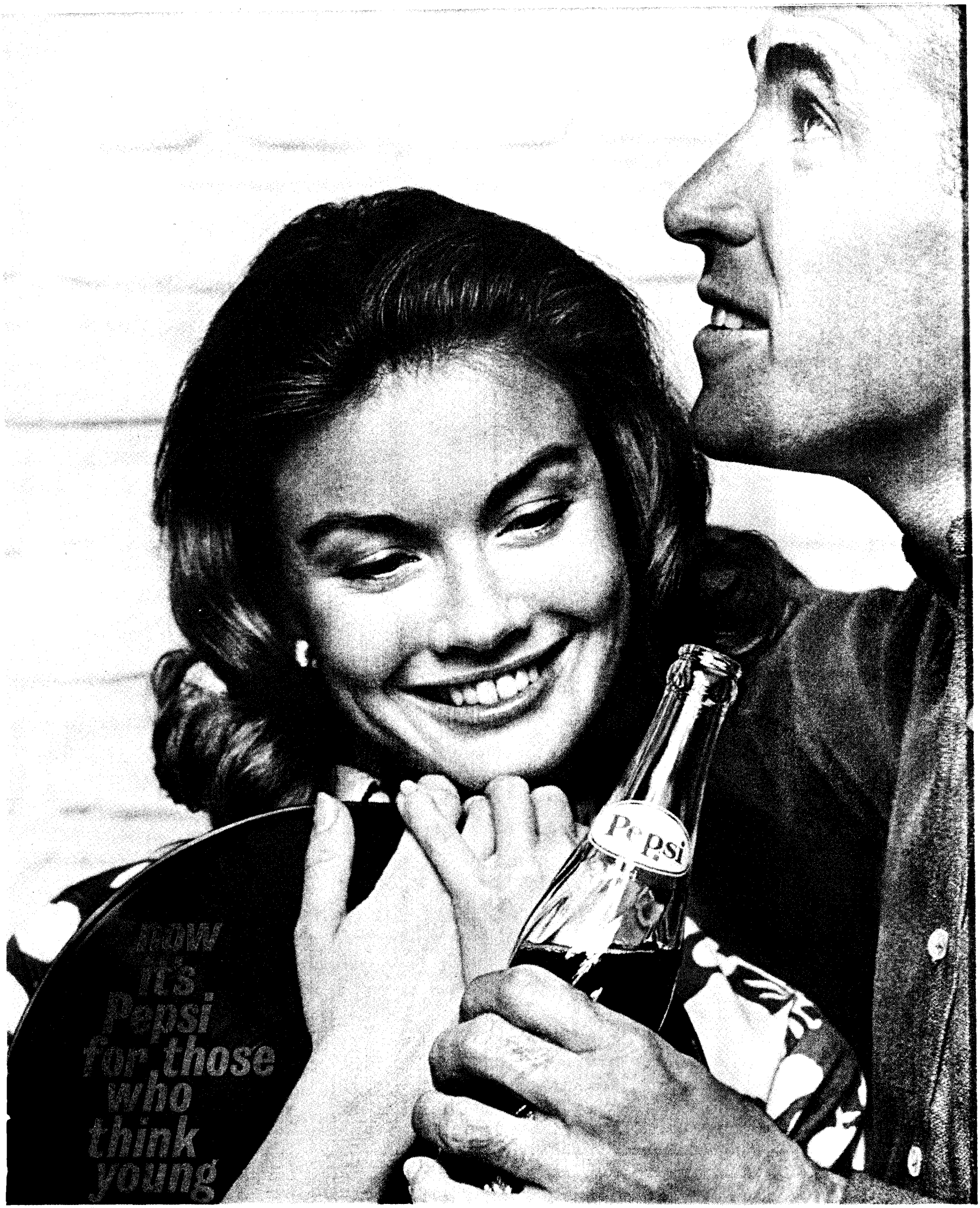

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(*Continued from Page 38*) this aptitude, Leonard could hear Alicia being the life of the party with the rest of the group. Alicia was describing in great detail how embarrassed Leonard had been when they went to the hotel in Hot Springs and how he had put down only his own name on the register and the clerk had called him back and made him put down Mr. and Mrs.

The evening finally ended, and the next day he remembered to have a full-course meal at noon, so it didn't matter that when he got home she had fixed a casserole. He'd had a busy day. It was pleasant to think of sitting around the apartment, even in the butterfly chair, and exchanging small talk until it was time to call it an evening. As it turned out, though, the Cornwalls or Laffertys—he still wasn't sure of the name—were coming in for bridge. He hadn't realized Alicia played. It gave him a little glow of pride to think that for the first time in his life he'd be playing with a partner who was also his wife. She said she'd learned at the sorority house in college, where the girls had developed a number of bridge conventions that not even the life masters had discovered yet. He patted her on the head and started to take her on his knee, but thought better of it because he was sitting in the butterfly chair.

"I'm a pretty good player myself," he said, because he felt he ought to warn her.

It developed, however, that his years of card playing had not prepared him for her game. The conventions she and the other girls had worked out included a refinement on the Goren point-count system, in which nines and tens counted a quarter of a point each, and an ace in the first bid suit was given a plus value of five. Then there was the Walfoort convention, named for a former dean of women. As near as Leonard could figure it out, it meant that an opening bid of five clubs was a demand that your partner respond in one of the red suits unless he had a one-eyed jack, in which case he should jump at once to seven spades.

The Laffertys or Cornwalls showed up, and Mike suggested a cent a point to make it interesting. Leonard managed to talk the stakes down to a tenth of a cent, and it was a good thing. By the end of the evening, he and Alicia were several thousand points behind and had long since quit speaking to each other except when it was their turn to bid. On the very first hand, Alicia had opened five clubs, and Leonard, forgetting about the Walfoort convention, had passed. It developed that Alicia had only the seven and nine of clubs in her hand and went down six doubled, which got the evening off to rather a poor start.

They kissed and made up before he left for work the next morning, and when he came home, Alicia had fixed something especially nice for him—eggplant stuffed with diced pineapple and topped with Roquefort-cheese dressing. He sneaked a couple of quick Martinis while she was sipping one and managed to get through the meal. They took their coffee into the living room and removed their shoes and sat cross-legged on the floor—it was his suggestion, for he wasn't prepared to try to balance a coffee cup on his knee in the butterfly chair. But, of course, he didn't tell her that because she loved the chair, although he noticed she never sat in it.

She said, "Isn't this cozy?" and he said, "This is really living," and she said, "Stretch out, honey, and put your head right here," and he said, "M'm'm, m'm'm," and she kissed him on the forehead and told him she'd been talking with the building owner, and he didn't mind a bit if they painted the bedroom walls pastel pink.

"Pastel pink!" Leonard jumped to his feet. "Pastel pink!"

"I've bought the paint and as soon as you've rested a little, you can take a brush and go to work. Won't it be fun?"

"Listen, I'm not going to wake up in the morning and see pastel-pink walls. It's tough enough having to get up and go to work without that."

And so one thing had led to another, Leonard told his father. He stared morosely at his empty glass and the dead stub of his cigar. Somehow, he said, the argument over the pink walls had veered around so that he was defending himself for not having sent her roses on her birthday five years ago, although the fact was he hardly knew her five years ago, and it had never occurred to him to send flowers to someone who was practically a stranger. And that, of course, had sent her crying into the bedroom, with the door slammed behind her—because here she was married to a man only two weeks,

Song to the Ski

By Gilean Douglas

Skis, sing softly down this hill,
Glide and croon
On the sleepy snow of dawn
While the moon
Is a flower, white and still,
In a sky where dreams have gone.
Speed and hum
Through the quickened silver dust;
Through the chrysolite of day
Track away
Till the wide plain is a crust
Gnawed by shadows, and the wind
Is a gray moth, caught and pinned.
Softly sing and softly come
Down the last, slow-sighing way.

and already he was forgetting her birthdays and calling her a stranger, and after she had tried so hard, copying down all those recipes out of the paper and fixing up the apartment and trying to make friends and, anyway, any fool ought to understand such a simple little thing as the Walfoort convention.

The silver flask from *Remembrance of Things Past* had long since been emptied. Now Martin Cowper arose and fumbled around in the bookcase. He opened a copy of *Great Expectations* and extracted a tube of anchovy paste from it—Elizabeth, he pointed out, loved the stuff, and it was necessary to cache it here to have some on hand when he wanted it. Leonard brought back some crackers from the kitchen, and the father and son took turns spreading the paste on the crackers, sharing an unspoken sympathy.

"And so I'm through with marriage before I've really started," Leonard said finally. "I have only two choices left—drink or another woman."

"And neither, my boy, is the answer. Drink perhaps. I have nothing to say against drink, except it doesn't do any good, and the next day you have a headache. But there is no other woman. There is only one 'woman' and no matter what her name may be, the results are the same." (*Continued on Page 42*)

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All parts and service labor guaranteed by Philco Corporation are available from authorized Philco dealers or authorized independent service men.

TV's most efficient and skillful service

To back up the Philco TV Total Guarantee, Philco has a nationwide association of nearly 30,000 independent dealers and service men, who operate under the Philco Factory Supervised Service program. They are thoroughly trained technicians able to bring you the most efficient and skillful service.

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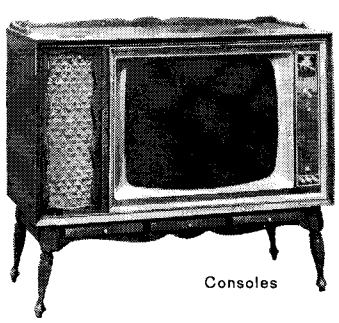
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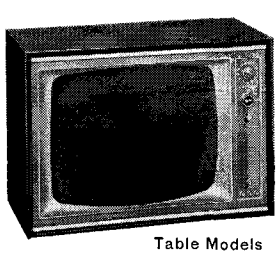
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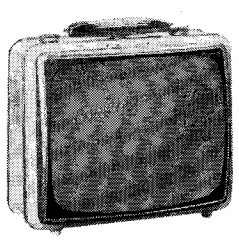
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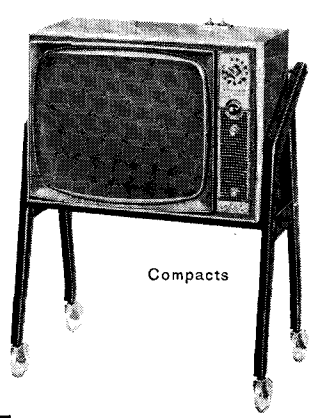
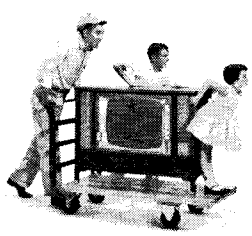

Compacts

When a Philco moves in



your TV troubles move out!

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(*Continued from Page 40*) "I wish I'd stayed a bachelor. Why did you let me get married?"

"Bachelorhood isn't the answer either. Then, instead of dealing with one woman, you must deal with a terrifying succession of women. That is even worse. With a single opponent, you have a fighting chance of keeping one jump ahead of her, at least now and then. With all of the feminine world baying on your trail, you have no chance at all."

"Then what shall I do?"

"There's only one thing to do, son. Go back to Alicia. Tell her you're sorry you forgot the roses on her birthday five years ago and that you will spend the rest of your life trying to make amends."

"I won't do it. A man has his pride."

Cowper stood up and took a turn about the room. How could he put it? True, a man had his pride—his secret, inviolable core of pride that no woman could understand. Still, he told his son, it was time he faced facts. He was a member of the fraternity of husbands, and subject to the same inexorable laws as the rest.

"Women outlive us, Leonard. Women control three fourths of the nation's wealth—more than that, I suppose, when you consider that all civilized men are, by definition, controlled by women. But statistics aside, what is the point in pretending we have equality? We haven't had equality for two or three generations, if we ever had it."

"We could revolt!"

"Now you're talking nonsense. If we revolted, they would simply turn their backs and walk away. They don't need us any more. They only keep us around because we amuse them. It makes them feel good to know there's someone bumbling around the house, someone they can feel superior to. But they could replace us with another species. Possibly Irish setters or great Danes."

"Dad, you're exaggerating."

"I'm not in the least. I'm just being realistic. Once you've faced the truth, you can go back to your four-room apartment and live with it. Shall I tell you about the time I walked out on your mother?"

The telephone rang. Martin walked quickly into the hallway. Leonard heard him making soothing sounds into the receiver.

"That was Alicia," Cowper said when he came back. "I told her you were sorry. She's coming to get you."

"She *is*!" shouted Leonard eagerly. But then he remembered and sat back down. "I won't go."

"You'll have no choice. That time I walked out on your mother, she ——"

"What do you mean I have no choice? She may be smarter than I am. She may be a better insurance risk. But I'm stronger."

Cowper considered the statement. Yes, he admitted finally, that was probably true—in the short run. But there was no use fighting the inevitable. That, he said, had been his motto: Never fight the inevitable. And he had acquired this wisdom when he was about Leonard's age and had been married to Elizabeth for a year and a half.

They lived then in a little house on the edge of the city—a bilevel, it would be called now, with a living room and kitchen down, and a couple of bedrooms and bath up. They had decided that they wanted to put down roots. That is, Elizabeth had decided, and he had gone along with it. They had managed to raise a down payment and had bought the little house, which was thirty-two years old when they acquired it. Elizabeth had said the place had charm and was just what she wanted. Being young and foolish, he believed her.

"We moved in and were ecstatically content for several hours," Cowper said. "Then your mother decided to move the stairway."

"She did what?"

"Decided to move the stairway—turn it around, in fact. It went from north to south, and Elizabeth got the notion that if it went from south to north instead, we could put a closet into the space that was saved and have a place for guests to store their galoshes. I put my foot down. I told her I wouldn't pay half a year's salary to some carpenter to move the stairs. She agreed with me at once—even then I was wise enough to know this was a bad sign. 'Of course, we won't pay a carpenter to do the job,' she told me. 'We'll do it ourselves.'"

Cowper fumbled in his pocket and brought out a handkerchief. He wiped it across his forehead. It had been a bad time, he said. It might have been different if he'd been a man who knew one end of a hammer from the other, but his talents lay in other directions. He had no more notion of how to tear down and rebuild a stairway than he did of how to construct the Golden Gate Bridge. He explained all this very carefully to Elizabeth, and she kept nodding her head and smiling at him, and the next day there he was with a saw in one hand and a hammer in the other, ripping down the stairway.

Once he got started on the project, it acquired a certain morbid fascination for him. There was something satisfying to a man in smashing boards and knocking out plaster. Even when his foot slipped as he was swinging the hammer and it went crashing through the partition into the living room, he kept his sense of humor. That night the stairs were down. He and Elizabeth climbed a ladder to the second story to go to bed, and the next morning he climbed down it again and went off to work. But then, right in the midst of an important conference on padlocks, a chilling thought struck him—he hadn't the foggiest notion of how to rebuild the stairway. He went home that night and told Elizabeth they'd have to sell the house. She told him that was nonsense.

"Nobody's going to buy a house without a stairway to the second floor, dear," she pointed out, and he was back where he'd started.

He tried. Leonard should believe him, he said, when he testified that he had tried. He bought enough lumber to build several stairways. He spent long hours in the library hunting for diagrams of stairways. He used up every spare hour for weeks working on that blasted stairway. And finally, by some miracle he still didn't understand, he was finished. None of the steps were exactly the same height, but that was a small matter. The stairway had been built. He called in Elizabeth to see it, trying to hide the pride he felt in his accomplishment. She cocked her pretty head to one side and then the other. She told him she was sorry he'd gone to all that trouble because now she could see it had been better the way it was before.

"What!" he cried. "What did you say?"

"I don't know why you insisted on turning it in the first place, dear. But no harm done. You can just put it back the way it was."

That, Cowper told his son, was when he walked out. He got a room at the Y.M.C.A. He took up handball. But then a telephone call came for him. Elizabeth told him she'd finished turning the stairway, so he could come home now. Besides, she said, she had something else to tell him.

"I wouldn't have gone back," Leonard said. "Not after an experience like that. What could she possibly have said to make you face marriage again?"

"Oh, nothing much," Cowper told him. "Nothing terribly important. It was just that she told me she was planning to have you."

The two men sat staring at each other, silent in the face of such unanswerable feminine logic. The doorbell rang. Neither of them stirred. It rang again, sharply.

"That will be Alicia," Leonard said. "What shall I do?"

Martin Cowper put a hand on his son's shoulder. "Go back to her, boy. Accept the inevitable. It is the beginning of wisdom. And once you've learned the tricks, once you've mastered the little masculine wiles handed down from father to son through the generations, it may even work out all right."

The doorbell sounded once more. Leonard jumped to his feet. He started for the door. Then he came back.

"She is a pretty little thing, isn't she? Do you know when I decided to marry her? We were walking in Lake Park, and she came out from under a sycamore tree into the sunlight, and I saw I had no choice. Isn't that funny?"

"Hilarious," Cowper said sadly. "Simply hilarious. Good-by, son. Remember, if you ever need a good man-to-man talk, your dad's here waiting."

He watched through the window as his son and daughter-in-law walked down the sidewalk—stiffly at first, a little apart; but then, before they got to the corner, arm in arm. He went back to the study and cleaned up the evidence, putting the crackers away and the books back where they belonged. When Elizabeth came home, he was reading the evening paper. He told her Leonard had come over and he'd had a talk with him and sent him back to Alicia.

"Well, I should hope so," Elizabeth said. "That poor little girl." She patted him affectionately on the head. "You men never know when you're well off."

Cowper smiled to himself. After a while he yawned and said he thought he'd turn in. Elizabeth watched him go. She wished she could have overheard the conversation with Leonard. She was willing to bet it had been a beaut. But never mind. Men were hard to understand sometimes, poor dears, but they did the best they could. She hoped Alicia appreciated her responsibilities.

The water was gurgling in the bathroom, where Martin was taking his shower. It was a pleasant, homey sound. She walked into the kitchen and found the box of crackers. The anchovy paste was where she knew Martin hid it, in *Great Expectations*, but the silver flask in the volume of Proust was empty. She sighed. Men were so unreliable. After she'd finished eating, she filled the flask from Martin's secret supply of ten-year-old brandy and went on to bed.

THE END

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Returning from a north-country hunt, Rob, a hardware-store owner, saw a big buck deer tethered outside a resort as a pet. He bought it and shipped it to his store. There he staked it outside as an attraction. Although secured by a leather collar and long swivel chain to an iron pipe driven into the ground, the deer broke loose and went on a rampage. Policeman Hoolihan pursued and cornered the deer, but was butted, gored and pawed. Later he sued Rob for damages.

"It is well-recognized law that anyone who keeps a captured wild animal is responsible if it escapes and hurts persons or property," the policeman's lawyer argued. "Therefore Rob should pay for my client's injuries."

"If Officer Hoolihan had been an innocent bystander when attacked, he would be entitled to damages," Rob's attorney conceded. "But the fact is that he was trying to subdue and recapture this deer. He took his chances on getting hurt, like tangling with a buzz saw. He has only himself to blame."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to the policeman?

• •

The policeman won. The court said it was his duty to protect the public by catching the buck. It added, "Whatever danger he was exposed to was an official risk . . . and his right of recovery for damages, because of his official status, should not be proscribed on the ground that it was his own fault that he got hurt."

Based on a 1959 Louisiana decision.

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28 CARS WANTED IT!

TEMPEST WON IT!

(Motor Trend's CAR OF THE YEAR Award goes to Pontiac's Tempest!)

The Motor Trend Magazine Car of the Year Award to Tempest marks the second time in three years that the Pontiac Motor Division has received this honor. The editors who selected it are (left to right): Robert Ames, Associate Editor. James Miller, Managing Editor. Don Werner, Editor.

These men edit America's leading automobile magazine—Motor Trend. What they know about cars can help you buy your next new car with complete confidence. They study all the different makes. Compare. Drive. Then they make one award for the year. The Motor Trend Car of the Year Award. This year these editors voted solidly for Pontiac's newcomer —the Tempest. The one car that will give the car buyer top performance, ride and economy for his nickel. Read what these experts say!

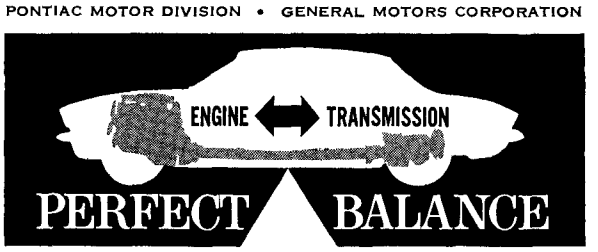
Don Werner—"We studied the design features of 28 American cars. The Tempest pulled ahead of the whole crop of '61 cars. The flexible drive shaft is a fantastic innovation. It's the most sensible, dependable power train we've seen."

Bob Ames—"Equalizing the weight on the front wheels and the weight on the rear wheels (with the front engine/rear transmission) gives the Tempest great traction and ride. Pontiac engineers scored a great breakthrough with the Tempest."

Jim Miller—"The Tempest 4-cylinder engine and the triple alloy steel drive-shaft team up as a smooth, going combination. I had to look under the hood to convince myself they hadn't sneaked in a V-8. And that 4-cylinder engine should do wonders for gas economy."

Take it from this group of sharp automobile experts. They don't throw roses unless they mean it. Tempest took the Car of the Year Award because it's a winner. Check the facts! 110 to 155 h.p. from a gas-saving 4-cylinder engine! Big car balance = big car ride! Independent wheel suspension. Rear transmission. 15-inch wheels at no extra cost! Priced with the compacts. See your Pontiac dealer.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



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The ultimate in convenience: liquid Metrecal, ready to drink. Simply open the can and pour.

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More good news about METRECAL™ —now in liquid form, ready to drink

Now it is easier and more convenient to control your weight with Metrecal. You simply open the can and pour a 225-calorie meal. Metrecal liquid was developed to meet the same exacting nutritional standards as Metrecal powder.

Metrecal was introduced in powder form a little more than a year ago. Its aim: to provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience. Our continuing admonition: consult your physician concerning the problems of weight control.

New Metrecal liquid, ready to drink, has the same nutritional balance as famous Metrecal powder—the original dietary for weight control. Naturally, it is every bit as effective. You'll like the convenience that lets you continue your reducing program wherever you go. You'll welcome the delicious taste and smooth texture.

Most important of all, however, you know that you can use Metrecal with complete assurance. For Metrecal, the new concept of weight control, is supported by long-term clinical validation.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of caloric intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing program; *and* Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

Metrecal has the flexibility to meet the needs of the individual user. For rapid weight loss, Metrecal may be used as the total 900-calorie daily diet. Metrecal is a most useful aid in the long-range maintenance of desirable weight, as part of a well-balanced diet. To lose weight more gradually, or to maintain a desired weight, the amount of Metrecal used may be increased, it may be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days.

Why Metrecal is distinctive

Factors that set Metrecal apart include:

The new concept—The measured calories of Metrecal provide, for the first time in one product, a complete formulation designed expressly for weight reduction. Hence Metrecal supplies: the means to achieve effective weight loss through accurate control of caloric intake on a program that is nutritionally sound, appetite satisfying, and convenient.

Clinical validation—Before Metrecal was introduced, its effectiveness was proved in extensive, long-term clinical studies, all conducted under strict medical supervision. Continuing studies are providing ever-increasing evidence of the value and versatility of Metrecal.

Quality of product—The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to exacting pharmaceutical standards. Metrecal powder, for example, is subjected to a total of 396 separate quality control tests.

Range of choice—Metrecal is available nationally in both powder and liquid form, in a selection of sizes and flavors tailored to the needs of your taste, method of use, and purse.

What Metrecal can do

Overweight persons lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they lose weight safely without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. Users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger. The appetite is satisfied.

Clinical studies under the careful supervision of physicians have shown that at the 900-calorie level, the use of Metrecal resulted in highly satisfactory weight loss.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. For example, it cannot provide the necessary will power for weight reduction and maintenance. However, it is not difficult to stay on such a diet with Metrecal since little, if any, hunger occurs after the first day or two.

How Metrecal is available

Metrecal is available nationally both as a liquid and as a powder. The liquid is in handy eight-ounce cans, ready to drink. Each can of liquid provides an individual 225-calorie meal.

The powder is in ½-pound cans and economy-size 3½-pound cans. One-half pound of powder, when mixed with water, provides the total daily diet in the 900-calorie program.

Metrecal comes in a variety of delicious flavors: chocolate, vanilla, butterscotch, and the new orange.

The importance of the physician in problems of weight control

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, persons with diseases of the heart, blood vessels or kidneys, and persons with other medical disturbances such as diabetes or liver disease, should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight-reducing program.

Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.

Edward Dalton Co.
A DIVISION OF
MEAD JOHNSON & COMPANY

Quality products from nutritional research

Tune in each Sunday evening for "WINSTON CHURCHILL: The Valiant Years," presented by Edward Dalton Co., on ABC television.

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Cloak of Cowardice (Continued from Page 21)

was thumping vigorously at a pile of dough heaped on the scrubbed deal table. Beside it an iron, three-legged pot with a cracked lid stood waiting.

I said softly, "Did you not get rid of that old pot yet?"

She whirled and came at me, the youthful vigor of her stride belied by the seamed, kindly face. "Tom! Oh, son of my heart, you've come home!"

I went into those old, well-remembered arms, and she murmured to me, crooning the old phrases of love I had known in childhood. And then, while she held me back to look her fill at me, she asked the question that the islands have heard a thousand times. "Are you home to stay, Tom?"

I said, "I don't know, mother."

She took in my downcast, undecided expression and dismissed her disappointment as a matter of no importance, turning to put the kettle on the hook above the vast, open peat fire.

Fifteen years ago it had been my turn to go to the States. It is a rigid tradition that the family roots must not leave the islands. The little whitewashed cottages must always remain the nucleus of the family no matter how far-flung the orbits of its sons and daughters. I was fifteen then, and the only child, and old enough to venture.

I went, high hope in my heart, knowing my duty. Cousins would meet me in New York, they would find me a job and a room in a boarding house. I would live on as near to thin air as I could manage, and there would be a money order in the tiny post office on Inishere for my mother every month. The rest I would save against the vision of the shining black gem set in the green waters of Galway Bay.

I kept the vision brightly before me through the steamy years in Roesenbloom's Bakery. In the bitterly cold nights before Pyongyang it rose warmly in my mind to comfort and sustain me.

Afterward, in the disinfected military atmosphere of the hospital ward and through the dreary years of night school, I held on to it grimly. When I discovered I had a flair for advertising and persuaded other people I had it, too, and moved smoothly enough upward through the proliferation of executive distinctions, the vision softened, became more alluring and utterly unattainable.

At least, I had become used to thinking of it as unattainable. The monthly money order had become a fair-sized check. The tone of my mother's letters changed, became less hopeful and more pleading. I knew the bulk of those checks was being placed in an account in my name in a Galway bank, against my home-coming. It had happened before on Aran, the salving of consciences with lavish remittances and the unspoken reproach of the conscientious bank account. A keen mind and a tough instinct for survival are commonplace on the islands; in the right place they are the qualities that make for success. I wasn't the only well-fixed New Yorker with an accusing account in a Galway bank.

And then, one night after a soul-destroying and garrulous conference and the inevitable ceremonial "night on the town," as I smoked a last meditative cigarette before bed, I saw suddenly that Inishere wasn't unattainable at all. When I stubbed out the cigarette, I called an airline. They could fit me in the following week, they said. As simple as that.

There was a ceilidh in our house that night, for my home-coming. Caitlin was there and the dark girl who, I learned, was Maura. They were sisters—Caitlin and Maura Joyce.

Seamus Rua came with his melodeon, as incredibly old and as impossibly gnarled as when I left fifteen years ago. There was Tom Joyce, the fiddler, a cousin of the girls. There were all the old neighbors and school friends, the light of welcome in their faces. I couldn't believe the broad-shouldered giant with the lop-sided grin was the same Paurick Flaherty I had fished for mackerel with when we should both have been at school.

My mother had used the three-legged pot to good purpose, and there were huge cart wheels of oven bread and thick slices of pink ham washed down with draughts of heavily sugared tea, dark brown with the weak goat's milk. And afterward plenty of strong black porter and the fiery poteen and the melodeon whine and fiddle scrape and the slap of cowhide slippers on the stone flags.

I edged my way over to where Caitlin was and grinned at her deliberately. She saw that grin and tossed her copper mane at me.

"'Twas not fair in you, Tom Whelan," she said. "Letting on you were a Yankee and that you didn't know the Gaelic."

"How could I say anything, and you admiring my handsome chin?"

She looked consideringly at the offending feature and said, "Oh, now, I don't know that it is that handsome altogether!"

We both laughed then, and the ice was broken between us. Later when the dancers tired and we gathered round the fire to hear Liam Moran tell the old, thrilling story of Maeve of Connacht and the White Bull of Cooley, I put my hand lightly about her, and she sat without moving, though Paurick Flaherty's eyes gleamed red at me in the leaping firelight.

When I woke next morning and lay looking up at the black rafters, it was Caitlin I thought of first. From the moment I had set my foot back on Inishere I knew I was one of those the islands called in vain. I was born, as others had been, into an environment that didn't suit my nature. I had escaped the islands and discovered that simple fact and tried to ignore it, holding the memory of the granite crags and violent seas as a talisman against my loneliness.

But that memory could not live with the reality. I was not built to wring a living from this hungry speck of land. I had not the instinctive knowledge, the fixed determination of those like Paurick Flaherty and the Joyce girls, with roots as deep into the treacherous Atlantic as those of the island itself. Nor, my mind told me before I could wriggle away from the thought, had I the courage. I had known for a long time that I hadn't the courage, and maybe that was the true reason for the fat checks and the empty promises.

It was a long time since I had faced up to that thought, and I looked at it squarely now. I couldn't, in spite of my knowledge, convince myself it was entirely true. The forlorn grandeur of Inishere couldn't hold captive a lively mind in a thirty-year-old body, and that was the truth of it—and no nonsense about courage. And then I thought again of Caitlin's wide-lipped smile and copper-gold hair and I didn't know what to think.

There was a knock on the door downstairs, and Paurick Flaherty's voice came booming up. I dressed hastily and went down to him.

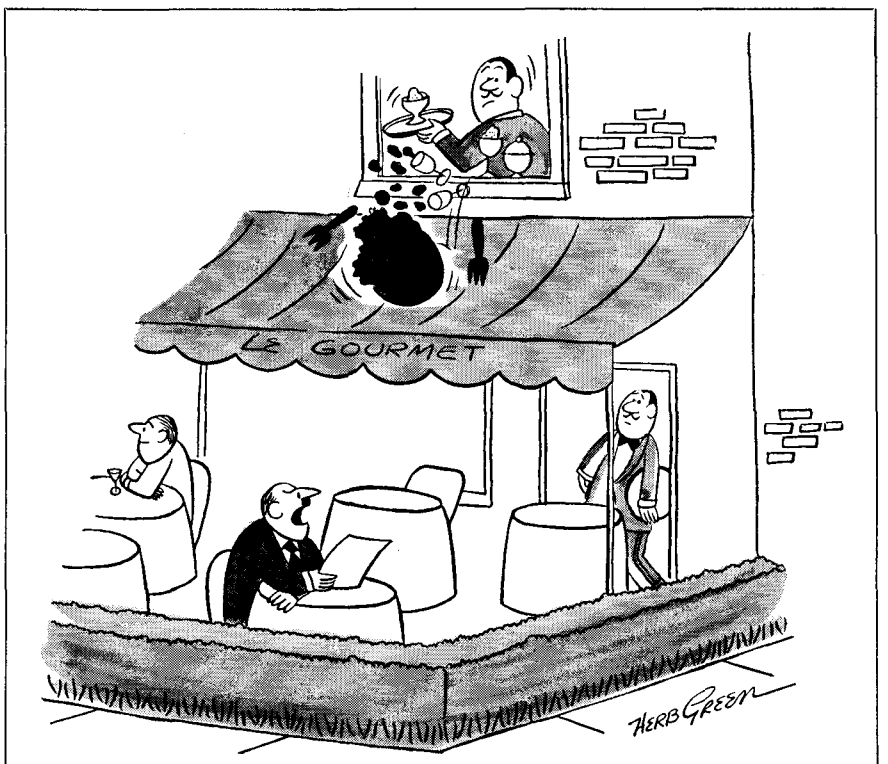
"I was thinking," he said, "seeing the fine day that's in it, we might take out the currach and go trolling for mackerel."

I agreed heartily, glad to be back on our school-days footing, but my mother started fussing about breakfast, and it was an hour before we set out.

The waves were barely whiting, and the sun sparkled off the Cliffs of Moher on the Clare coast. We took Paurick's currach on our shoulders and launched it from the beach. It bobbed on the water, a frail contraption of sun-dried cowhide and thin laths. Paurick stepped aboard, and I followed more clumsily. My leather shoe tore through the cowhide, and the currach sank in four feet of water.

I came up spluttering and floundered wildly to the beach. Paurick followed me, his laughter echoing in the cliffs and setting the sea gulls squawking. I had forgotten the fundamental fact—what even a child of three knew instinctively. You didn't wear shoes in a currach; you wore pampooties, the crudely made slippers of soft hide, or you wore your own bare feet.

Paurick stopped laughing when he saw how shaken I was and said kindly, "It doesn't matter, Tom. It's only a business of a small patch. I'll take her up at low tide."



"Waiter! How about a little action around here?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I knew that. For all their frailty, currachs are practically indestructible, but it took another minute before I could control my voice enough to say, "Sorry, Paurick. That was stupid."

He didn't say anything, but looked at me with a curious expression of unbelief on his face. We went back up the cliff path in silence, the steam rising in the sunlight from our sodden clothes. At the top, Paurick shaded his eyes with his hand and said with deep pleasure, "Well, now, there's another with little to do of a bright morning."

It was Caitlin, standing pensive, a wisp of saw grass between her teeth. She turned at our coming and said, "I thought you were to go fishing?"

Paurick said, the laughter held inside him, "We had a little accident with the currach."

Caitlin looked from my red face to his grinning one and waited.

"It seems Tom here," Paurick explained elaborately, "thought he was still on the *Dun Aengus*. The man doesn't know his own strength."

"So?"

"He put his foot through the bottom of the boat."

"And you not stopping him."

"Stop him! Girl, dear, a regiment wouldn't stop him! He came charging down like Manannan Mac Lir, the sea god, and jumped in as if he were going to scull her straight to Long Island."

"But he didn't."

"No, he didn't at all. But he showed himself a very fine swimmer." And a faint maliciousness edged out the laughter in his eyes, and I knew he was thinking of my frenzied dash to safety. "And why shouldn't he be? Isn't he an island man, like any big *shafoid* that walks away and leaves a boat on the sea bed?"

She was wrong there. I wasn't an island man any more, and Paurick wasn't a shiftless stupid lummox. He was an intelligent man and he was in love with Caitlin Joyce and he knew she knew it.

Paurick shrugged. "I'll get her up on the turn of the tide," he said easily. "But there's nothing to stop Tom having a swim—I feel like one myself."

He began to strip the damp shirt from him and paused to look at me, the maliciousness now plain. "Just like old times, Tom!"

I knew what was in his mind. The cliff edge on which we were standing towered a hundred feet above the sea. As boys, it had been one of our favorite diving places, and there were others even higher. Its base was fringed with rocks, and nerve and cool judgment were needed to dive safely. It was not really much of a trick for those raised in wary familiarity with the sea.

I shook my head. "I've had enough swimming for one morning, Paurick."

"Ah, come on, man, or you'll have us thinking you are afraid!" I didn't answer him, and he said in a tense whisper, "I wouldn't believe it unless I saw it with my own eyes."

When I still refused to answer, he turned in disgust and went off the cliff edge in a long clean dive. Caitlin stood watching me with that same look of curious disbelief that Paurick had shown on the beach below.

I turned my back on that humiliating stare and then, in spite of myself, looked back. She was gone, and her yellow skirt and blouse were a crumpled heap at the edge of the cliff.

Far below, I saw their two heads bobbing as they swam for the beach. She kept her distance behind Paurick, carefully not sharing his triumph.

I went back to the house and found Mrs. Joyce and Maura there, talking to my mother. (*Continued on Page 48*)

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OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS

President Washington and his First Cabinet, 1789. Left to right, Edmund Randolph, Attorney General; seated, General Henry Knox, Secretary of War; Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of Treasury; Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State. Painting by E. P. Ottendorff.

"A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands."

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

The final measure of a man's achievement is not the post he has won or the power he wields. It is rather his success in choosing honorable and capable men to serve—and then to guide, inspire and coordinate their efforts with his to reach righteous goals for the good of all.

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(*Continued from Page 46*) There was a flurry of greeting while Maura eyed me thoughtfully. The Joyces were holding a ceilidh that night. It was in honor of my return, Mrs. Joyce explained, and no excuses would be taken for my absence. I agreed to go and walked across to their cottage with them.

"How's tricks on Madison Avenue?" Maura asked. We chatted about New York for a while until I began to get homesick for all I had left over there. The steamer only called to Inishere once a week, its next visit would be on Tuesday, five days off. I resolved to be on it.

Caitlin came in while we were talking and went silently upstairs. I said good-by to Maura and left, a sick hopelessness in my mind.

It was very nearly the same crowd that gathered at Joyces' ceilidh that night, for Inishere is the smallest of the islands, except that Paurick was missing. He came in later, after the dancing had started, and he was poteen-drunk.

You can get a good spell in jail for making poteen, but there's no penalty for drinking it, except the father and mother of all hang-overs. It's whisky with everything left out but the alcohol and it is sometimes left to age for as long as a month. It is a murderous drink and murder has been done because of it.

He came over and put his arm roughly around Caitlin, sitting beside Maura, just beyond me. With equal firmness she took his hand from her waist and gave it back to him, saying nothing to light the spark of violence in him. But he needed nothing.

"So, I'm not good enough for you—now that you have your straw man!" The venom sizzled in the sibilance of the Gaelic phrases.

"I haven't you or anybody else, Paurick Flaherty," she told him in a voice high with anger. "Now, take yourself off. I've enough of your heroics for one day."

"Ah," he said softly, "so you don't like heroics? You prefer straw men. And isn't that strange? Because I don't like them at all."

He came for me in three catlike steps. In his hand was a *sgian*, the short, black-handled knife that is as much a part of an Aranman as his teeth. I had barely time to get to my feet before he leaped, and then I was down, and he was on top of me. I tried to catch his arm, but he was too strong for me. The knife flashed in the lamplight, and his breath came hotly to me, reeking of sour drink. The knife came closer and became a bayonet, and his eyes slanted, and his face yellowed, and I screamed in mortal terror.

Then there was a thud, and Paurick's weight rolled off me. Caitlin was standing over him, an iron pot in her hand. Her face held that same disbelieving expression, and there was complete silence in the room.

For the next three days I kept to my room, smoking and reading. I heard Maura's voice in the kitchen two or three times and Caitlin's once, on the third day. I heard her again on the following day and decided I had done enough sulking. After all, what did it matter now? I would be leaving the island tomorrow anyway.

I came into an atmosphere of tension that had nothing at all to do with me. Caitlin was talking anxiously to my mother. She was more beautiful even than I remembered her, in a blue cotton frock with her hair in bronze coils, and my heart twisted in me.

I asked, "What is it, mother?" and Caitlin turned to me, the anxiety plain in her eyes.

"There's a boat out, Tom."

I knew the tragedy implicit in that phrase. Once, I remembered, there had been six boats out, until they drifted bottom upward onto the Connemara coast. The sea had taken thirty men that time. There had been occasions when it had not given a receipt at all. A currach would set out on the broad Atlantic and never be heard of again.

"How long?"

"This is the third day. They went after shark—Paurick Flaherty and two others."

"The day after the ceilidh?"

"Yes." There was no accusation in her eyes, only anxiety for Paurick. I should have remembered that, I thought bitterly. No one accuses a straw man, for he can't help his cowardice. That was what Paurick branded me that night, and I had helped him prove it. The island was not ashamed of a coward, fear was more or less a constant companion with the sea for a ruthless neighbor. But a straw man was an act of God, as much to be pitied as a lunatic and as unaccountable for his failings.

I said, "I'll walk back with you."

We went in silence, for there was nothing I could say to her. Besides, it was no time to talk of our own affairs. When a boat was out, the life of the island came to a standstill.

By common accord we went to the cliff that had been the scene of my ignominy, to look southward over the sea's gray-white sparkle. There was a fresh sea running, and the waves frothed high against the base of the cliff. Caitlin saw the boat first as it came out from the sun's glare.

It was fairly close in, wallowing sluggishly in the trough of the waves. We could see only one man, trying to scull her with an arm hanging by his side. Sculling is an art which requires two good arms at the best of times to propel the currach and steer her at the same time. Not even Paurick Flaherty could do it with one; and as we watched, the oar slipped from his grasp and was lost in the sea.

Immediately the unstable boat spun like a teetotum. I could see the other two men lying between the thwarts, dead or senseless. The currach wouldn't live five minutes in this sea, and there was nothing anyone could do about it; she would be swamped before another boat could put out.

There is little accounting for what a man will do in a crisis, especially if he loses his head. I went over that cliff and into the fretful sea like a sped arrow. I couldn't have done anything more stupid if I sat down for half an hour and thought about it.

Maybe it was the hopelessness that had appeared in Caitlin's eyes, or the desperate little fumble she made at the neck of her dress, reminding me of a crumpled yellow skirt on that bare clifftop. Maybe it was the memory of my humiliations and that here was a chance to redeem myself. Or it might have been only the generations of island blood in me, unable to concede victory to the hereditary enemy without at least making an effort.

Whatever it was, the cold waves slapped sense into my head, and I made for the boat in the secure knowledge that not only was I a fool but that I would shortly be a dead one. Only a fool would continue that puerile swim, a wiser man would turn for the beach, conscious of the futile stage heroics.

There were three men lying silent now. Paurick had fallen across the other two, spent. And there was I, battered and breathless, hanging on to the madly dancing boat, as helpless as any of the three.

I managed to clamber aboard, careful this time of her frailty. There was nothing I could do but wait for the end with the others, and I felt foolishly proud that at the last Caitlin would know I wasn't altogether a straw man. And then I thought of the oar that had slipped from Paurick's fingers.

It would have suited my bruised body better to sit and wait for a hero's death, but I stood up and looked, reluctantly, for it. Against my wishes, I saw it—bobbing in the water a hopeless distance away.

It was my own exasperation with such a cruel joke that threw me into the water after that tantalizing piece of wood. I battled my way to it in a confident rage and made its buoyancy help the return journey. In token of surrender the sea ripped the remains of my shirt from me as I struggled aboard, and the currach paid its tribute to my cleverness by fetching me an almighty wallop in the face with its forward thwart. But the oar was inboard, and I still knew how to scull, even if I had to peer through my own blood to see where I was going.

The beach wasn't far now, and the rest of the business was routine. But when I dragged the boat ashore, Caitlin screamed at the sight of my gallant wounds, and I made my exit as a hero should by falling senseless at her feet.

When I came round, Paurick was sitting up, his arm across his lap, grinning at Caitlin, whose air of excessive concern was highly gratifying. Then I discovered that my head was still singing and that her attention was directed elsewhere—the ugly, red scar that stretched from my collar bone almost to the butt of my belly. I sat up quickly and said, "Hey, give me something to cover myself with, for the love of Mike!"

She looked at me as if I were the devil himself, and Paurick guffawed. She was very angry with him. "Kind for you to laugh, and Tom after snatching you from the jaws of death! You and your poteen-mad friends."

But Paurick only laughed the more and I mumbled, "It's all right, Caitlin. I only got a small bang on the head for myself."

"But that awful cut ——"

"That's an old wound. All I have now is a pain in the head." I had too.

"It's a fearsome scar, all right," Paurick admitted. "The Korean war?"

"Souvenir of a Chinese bayonet there," I said.

Caitlin sat back on her hunkers, the light of discovery in her eyes. "So that was why you wouldn't dive from the cliff! You didn't want to take your shirt off. Do you know this, Tom Whelan? You are the second biggest fool on Aran!"

Paurick took his cue and said, a bit shamefacedly, "It's no wonder you got a bit disturbed when I started acting the idiot the other night. I'm sorry about that, Tom."

I said, "It doesn't matter any more, Paurick." One of the other men groaned then, and there was no time to say anything more.

My headache was gone next morning, and I was able to help the honeymooners embark for the *Dun Aengus*. The week on the island had deepened their tans a little, but they still wore that expression of beatific abstraction I didn't find so funny any more.

I waved good-by to them and turned my back firmly on the sight of the small, squat ship. I said to Caitlin, standing beside me, "I believe Sean Donn is off to the States next month."

"And what about that?"

"Well, there's none of them left now, since his mother died; and it's a fine cottage ——"

"Don't be talking through your hat, Tom Whelan!"

"But I meant ——"

"I know well what you meant, but do you think I'm gom enough to keep you on Aran? You're not meant for the islands, Tom; that's plain. If your mother can see it, we all can. You're going back to New York, *mo bhuachaill!*"

Her "boy" stood gaping while she went on dreamily, "We'll be married in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and I'll be in a white dress and a veil. Siobhan Carney is going out shortly, it's her turn, and she will be bridesmaid. And Maura knows of an apartment ——"

Some kind of strangled sound must have escaped me, for she opened blue eyes very wide and said, "Well, isn't that the way it's going to be?" I nodded dumbly.

"And no more silly chat about Sean Donn's cottage?"

I nodded again, like an ass in harness. I'm afraid where Caitlin is concerned, I'll always be a bit of a straw man.

THE END

"What did I do with myself today? Well, first the maid gave me breakfast in bed, then I had my hair done at Antoine's, lunch with the mayor's wife. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Professor is a Beatnik

(Continued from Page 31)

or he embraced them with willing heart and spirit.

He asked for the dean of the college, and the office girl, obviously a student, said, "He's busy now, but you may see Miss Bevan. She's the registrar and the dean's assistant."

"I'm not registering. I'm teaching," Dan Montgomery said.

"Still, you better see Miss Bevan. Come into the office. Her private office is at the back." She indicated a closed door.

He moved along the counter and around the glass windows and into the office and to the closed door. The girl opened it for him and said, "Miss Bevan?"

He stepped inside with the lean dog close by his legs. He paused, and the dog pressed closer. He looked at the woman sitting behind the big desk. She stood up, and he saw that she was tall and wore very high-heeled shoes. *Either she's not ashamed of being tall,* he thought, *or she's being defiant about it.*

... ...

For Cardinal

(In February)

By Anne Blackwell Payne

Small and sumptuous
You appear;
A flash and suddenly
You're here.
What other lovely
Refugee
Could so become
A winter tree?

Are you some rare
Exotic fruit,
Intrepid flower
Or scarlet flute?
Or, just delivered
To the pine,
An ardent, airmail
Valentine?

... ...

She was looking at him but not really seeing him. *Not beautiful,* he thought, *but with a sort of innate quality—class.* Good blood, like a fine race horse. Nervous too. His large expressive mouth moved in a smile. "Good morning, princess," he said. "Dan Montgomery reporting. I thought the dean might like to know I got here."

"Oh. I'll tell him, Mr. Montgomery. And please put your dog outside. We don't ——"

"He's a gentleman, and he enjoys college. He always attends my lectures. Sit down, Blue. Do you know the ballad about the good dog Blue? That's what he is." Blue obediently sat down. "If I had my guitar, I'd sing the ballad for you. It's a nice song."

She was seeing him now, her teeth gnawing at her lower lip. "I'm afraid I haven't time for ——"

"There's always time for something like a song or a sunset." He smiled at her. "I'm going to enjoy working here. Nice to meet you, princess."

"My name is Miss Bevan," she said, "Emily Bevan."

"But you do look like her, you know."

"Like whom?"

"Princess Margaret. . . . Come, Blue." And he smiled at her again and wandered from the building and through the sunlight to the old car. He drove across town to where he had rented a small apartment an hour before and began to unload his possessions—two battered suitcases, an easel, paints and stacks of canvases. Last, he took the guitar from where it lay on the back seat and carried it into the apartment. He sat down on the faded brown davenport and began to strum softly.

The window was open, and he could smell the warm grass and the leaves that were losing their juice. He heard the cars go by, and somewhere a child was laughing. The laughter fell around him like chips of the September sunlight. The dog curled at his feet, like a thin gray-blue puddle on the dingy brown rug. Dan Montgomery's gray eyes looked far away into yesterday and into something more, into a dream he held in his heart. "Poor princess," he said to the autumn day. "So lonely and so afraid."

He remembered her black suit and the white collar and her hair so smooth and dark and shining and her face as white as the collar of the suit and the way her mouth held firmly together. And he wished he could have been an artist himself, instead of one who tried to make artists of other people. "I would paint Miss Emily Bevan," he said to Blue, and Blue opened one eye and looked at him in what Dan Montgomery thought must be pity.

He did not see her again for almost a month, because his work began in day school and he had classes in art three nights a week. He was busy, and he

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moved lightly through the days in a sort of gentle happiness, for he saw his students begin to understand, and he felt himself drawing out of them that which was theirs—a way of feeling and of being.

The second time he met Miss Emily Bevan—it was in the hallway—he was carrying a pile of old bones to his classroom. He paused and said, "Bones, rocks, wood, old wheels, old rusty stove lids. Basic. Wouldn't you like to sign up for one of my classes?"

"You're spilling dirt on the floor," she said, "and I'd think you could put on a white shirt for a change—and some pants that have been pressed. We're very proud of our college."

"I'd like to see you unpressed," he murmured. "I'd like to see the wind do things with your hair. I'd like to see you cry or hear you swear."

She turned and walked stiffly away, and he carried the old bones on to his classroom and let them fall on a piece of cloth that looked like tired earth. He said to his students, "Paint what you feel about this. And never, never ask me what I feel. It's you—it has to be." And while they worked he laughed deep inside about what Miss Emily Bevan had said to him, but that afternoon when classes were over he went downtown and bought two inexpensive white shirts and an iron. He scorched one of the shirts, and he worked an hour with a pair of pants. There was a tie in one of his suitcases, binding together a pile of old letters. He let the letters fall loose and pressed the tie.

The next morning he stopped by her office. The dean was talking to her. The dean was harassed-looking and wore polka-dot bow ties and liked to talk about fishing. The dean said, "I keep telling them we don't have enough room. I keep trying to convince the board of trustees that we need an arts-and-science building." He turned to Dan Montgomery. "You know it's true. You haven't room to do anything in that dinky classroom of yours."

Dan Montgomery nodded. He was still looking at Miss Emily Bevan, and at last he said, "There's a deer on the mountain, and she's very tame. She loves chocolate-covered peanuts. A taxi driver I know takes her peanuts every night about eleven o'clock. Drives up when he gets off work. Don't you want to go with us tonight?"

She stared at him, her dark eyes widening, and then she seemed to forget him. She said to the dean, "If we don't get another building, we'll lose students. We'll lose all we've worked for. Oh, the fools!" Then she looked into space and said, "I think of how we started—a dozen students on the top floor of the high-school building. I think of how you've worked, and I've worked ——"

Dan Montgomery turned and walked out. *Sublimation*, he thought. *She's turned all of herself into the work. The college—that's her outlet.* He stopped and stood still in the noisy, youth-filled hall and thought, *I know about sublimation too—but work's not enough. The heart has to spill somewhere—spill warm.*

That night he thought about her while he sat in the small apartment with the dog Blue resting at his feet. But he didn't think for long. Two of his night students came by to visit him. One was a bottle blond he had named Miss Vodka because of a liquid evening she'd spent telling him about her sad life. The other woman was strictly south-of-the-border and needed a good girdle, but he called her Angel because she was always so pleasant and brought homemade cookies to class. Angel painted while Miss Vodka wept quietly and talked about the husband who had left her. And, as they were both thus occupied and happy in his company, Dan Montgomery forgot them and played his guitar.

At last he looked at the alarm clock that ticked noisily on an upended apple box and said, "Come, ladies. I want you to meet Bimbo, the deer who likes chocolate-covered peanuts."

They drove up the mountain toward midnight and met the taxi driver, who was waiting with a spotlight turned on, and after a while the doe came slowly out of the timber, walking with great dignity, and accepted the peanuts. "Ain't it wonderful the way she knows I'll be here every night?" the taxi driver said.

Angel said it was and that she would burn a candle for Bimbo the next time she went to church. "So nobody will shoot her," she added.

Miss Vodka said it had been a wonderful evening, so wonderful that she couldn't refrain from throwing her arms around Dan Montgomery's neck and kissing him. "Y'know," she said, "it's your voice that gets me. It makes me feel like going out and living in sin."

Dan patted her gently on her bleached head. He wished it were Miss Emily Bevan who felt like living in sin. And while he thought thus, sharply aware of the stars and the doe and the whole blessed universe, a carload of young people went by and shouted his name. He didn't think to remove Miss Vodka's arms from around his neck until after the car had disappeared along the mountain road. And he thought of it then only because Miss Vodka was leaning so heavily that he almost lost his balance.

Miss Emily Bevan did not speak to him for several weeks. Fall moved into winter, and he kept on pressing shirts and pants and he bought another tie. It was red. Then one day he met her in the hall and asked if she was going home for Christmas. She flushed and looked past him, muttering that she had work to do and, anyhow, anyone who mattered to her was so far away.

"Blue has been asking for you," he said. "Blue invites you to have Christmas dinner with us."

Then her dark eyes flashed, and she said angrily, "Tell Blue I am sure Miss Vodka and Angel will be happy to accept his invitation. And you might also tell Blue that the dean doesn't care for Bohemians on the faculty."

Dan Montgomery replied, "And I'll add that Miss Emily Bevan is a prude. She has a heart of stone, and Miss Vodka and Angel have blood instead of ice water running through their veins." He turned and left her, and he knew she looked after him until he was out of sight. *Let her*, he thought. *Let her be lonely and lost and more dead than alive. Why should I care?*

Winter seemed forever, and he went on through it—sometimes laughing aloud to see how well his students painted, sometimes thinking of Miss Emily Bevan and walking around town at midnight, stopping in strange little places where people played sad, tired music, and sometimes walking miles across the snow-covered prairie in the evening with his dog pacing along beside him. Man and dog and blue winter twilight would slowly blur into darkness.

Always he'd come home to find some of his students waiting at the apartment. The young ones cooked spaghetti, pizza and *tacos* for him. Angel pressed his clothes, and Miss Vodka bought him a new lamp and a pair of slippers that looked like Eskimo mukluks. Life bubbled around him and came to him, and he poured himself back into it. But when the wind blew lonely around the windows, just before the breaking of daylight, he thought of Miss Emily Bevan.

Toward the end of winter, when patches of snow pocked the prairie like a nuisance disease, he read articles in the paper about the need for a new arts-and-science building. And then, one night when spring was a green breath rising out of the land, but not yet defined in the leaves of trees or the blades of grass, the dean asked Dan Montgomery to talk to the board of trustees.

Dan bought a new white shirt and a new pair of pants and combed his rough blond hair until it was close to his head. He combed Blue too. The dog sat beside him while he stood before the men of the board of trustees. He talked for a long time about art and science having to move hand in hand toward the future of the world. He tried to tell them that scientific discovery had to have self-discovery joined to it to make sense in a hostile world. He spoke of the college and what it might do to help young people understand this.

They listened attentively and applauded him, but later he heard them murmur, "Too much taxation now." As he was leaving the room, Miss Emily Bevan got up from a back corner and followed him out.

He stood and looked at the stars and thought ignorance could be as eternal as their light. Emily Bevan came to stand beside him and said, "I appreciate your talk. And—and long ago I appreciated your new shirts and your pressed pants."

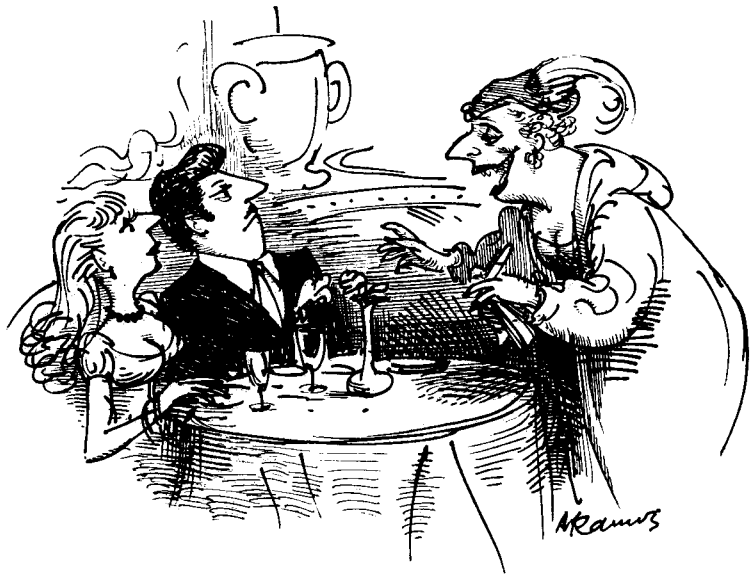
"Thank you," he said. And he turned to her and put out a hand to touch her smooth hair. "Why do you hurt so inside, Emily? Because you couldn't find what you wanted in life—couldn't find love, tenderness, understanding?"

Silence then—silence except for the spring wind rising like soft weeping in the trees, bringing the scent of moist earth and of the river beyond the town. And at last she said, "I was always too tall—a giant among the girls in grade school. The same in high. And I never could make easy talk. I studied hard instead. I—I have three college degrees. My father wanted me to, you see. Maybe he knew I wasn't the type—I mean, boys didn't notice me much when I was young. Later—well, later it was the wrong kind of noticing—I mean that the men I liked didn't like me, except maybe if it could have been for a night or two."

"So you gave up and withered inside. You didn't keep reaching out warmly, believing it could happen. You are so wrong, Emily. I wanted to be a Van Gogh or a Matisse. I found out I couldn't, but I found I could walk where they walked, in the middle of life, in the hot full river of it. And if I had no real talent for painting, I could discover it in others. I could make life beat up in them as it did in me. I could give the best of myself to someone else who had the talent to use it."

Again the silence lay between them. He said gently, "It's never too late, Emily." There was a small choking sound, and then she was gone, running toward the street. He watched her get into her car and drive away.

"There's hope, Blue," he said, smiling in the spring darkness as they walked toward the (*Continued on Page 53*)



The Perfect Squelch

Lydia, a Hollywood gossip columnist, never let herself be hampered by facts or ethics. Facts she distorted; ethics she simply ignored.

Her greatest joy was digging divorce rumors from Hollywood's rich lode, and she always dug hardest where famous names were involved. When she needed an item to spice up her column, she just picked a big name and asked in print if he or she were planning to split—and why?

One happily married couple, whom Lydia had hinted was on the verge of divorce a dozen times, was especially irritated by her tactics. So when she approached them in a restaurant, obviously hunting for column material, they felt a natural urge to throttle her. Instead they sat quietly as she cooed, "May I join you?"

The husband looked up at her coldly. "Why?" he asked. "Are we apart again?"

Donald W. Frank

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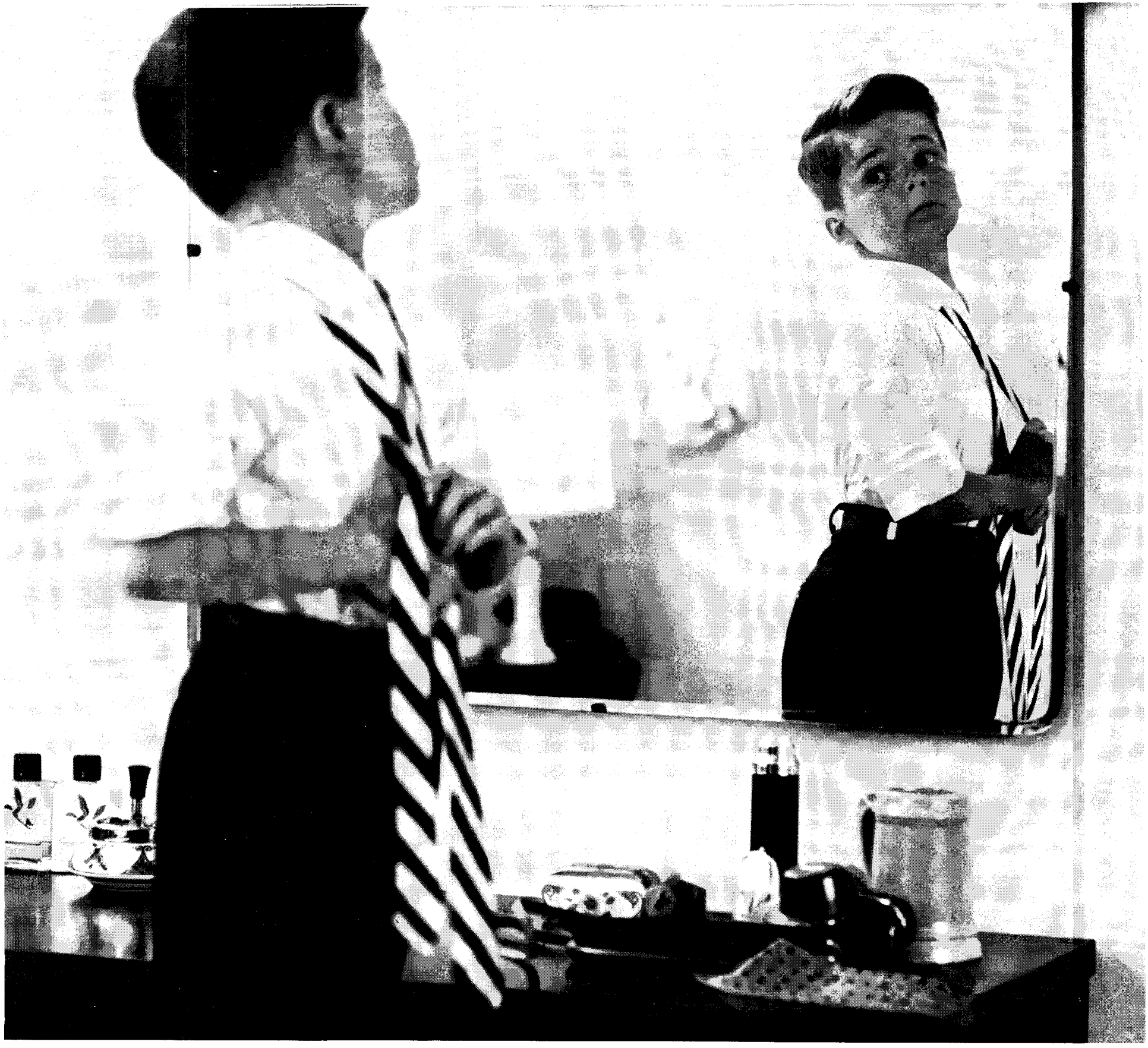

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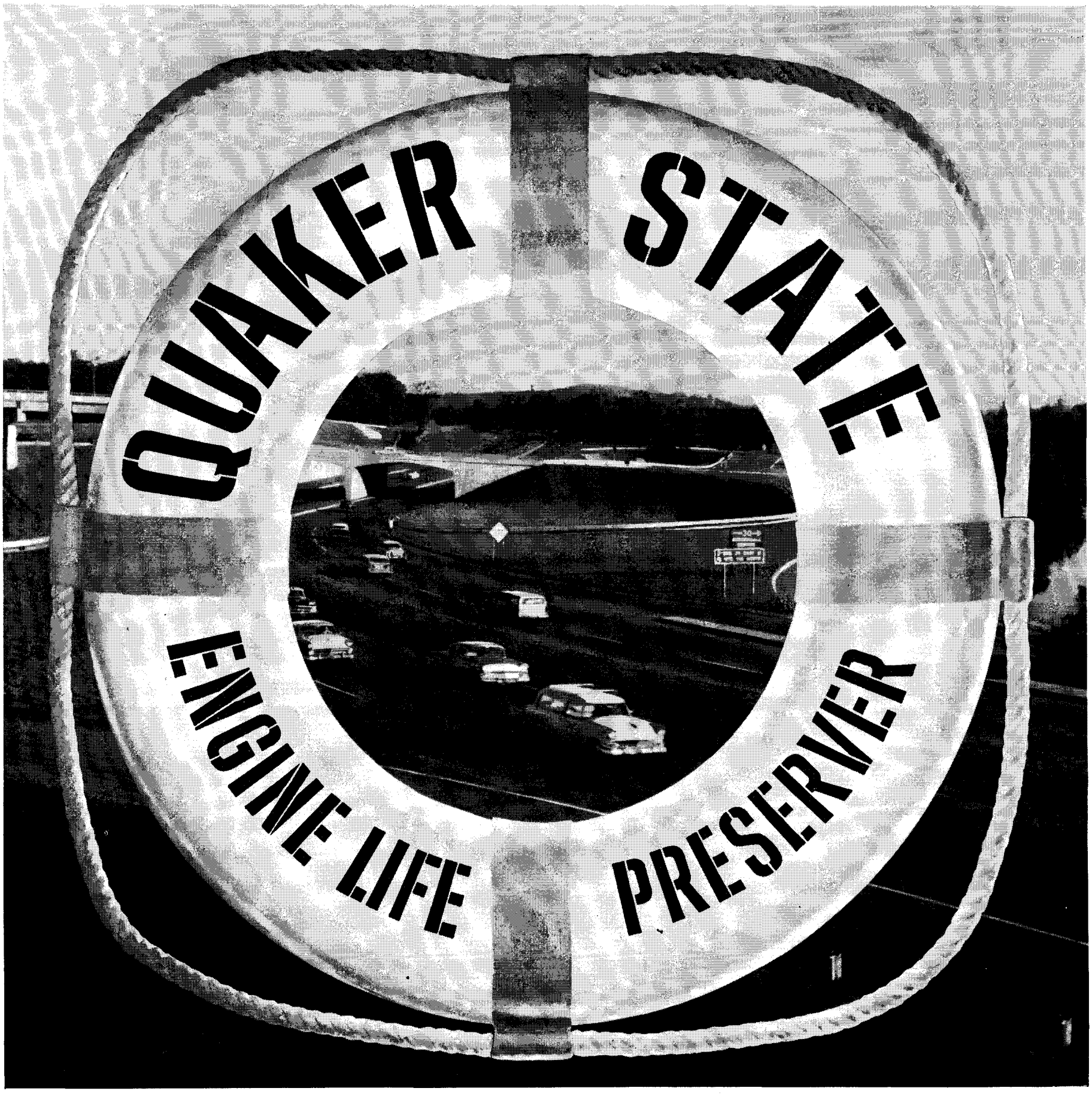

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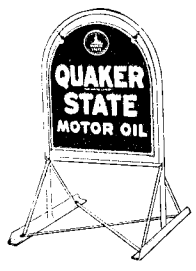

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(*Continued from Page 50*) apartment. "And we won't rush her. Coming alive is like a river moving from winter toward summer—it takes time for the ice to go out."

So he didn't try to see her. He worked hard with his students and got the dean to schedule a state art festival at the college for the month of May. He wanted to show the people of the town what art could mean in their part of the world. If the people knew, then in time the board of trustees would know. This knowledge of the people would find its way into words, and the words of the people were mighty.

On the Friday in May before the opening of the art festival he went to Miss Emily Bevan's office, his six feet of leisurely moving frame flanked on one side by Miss Vodka and on the other by Angel. Blue trailed at his heels. An aura of paint and turpentine hung over them like a Greenwich Village halo.

"Good morning, princess," he said. "Tell the dean I'm using a live model in the hall this morning—good publicity for the art show."

"A model?" She looked alarmed, and he knew she had visions of a Junoesque girl wearing less than a bikini.

"And also tell the dean I've ordered two bales of hay from the livestock-sales barn on the edge of town."

"For your model?" Her fine eyebrows lifted. Miss Vodka tittered. Angel swung her hips and smiled.

"For my model," he said firmly. "No nudes-descending-the-stairs, princess. That's much too ordinary."

"What's more ordinary than a bale of hay?" she asked crossly.

But he only smiled at her and walked away with the two unvirtuous-looking women swaying beside him. Once in the hall he paused, and a look of delight spread over his face. At the far end, before the broad windows that afforded an impressive view of town and prairie and plainly visible to all passers-by, stood a magnificent black horse. Two of his students were breaking out a bale of hay. Another was tethering the horse to a long pole that lay on the floor. Up and down the hall other students were unpacking crates of pictures and hanging them. One-man shows would be housed in some of the small rooms. Some of his class members had already set up their easels and were starting to paint the horse.

"Now," he said, "be sure to speak of this. Let it be freely and widely known that we are entertaining the artists of the state and have to pose a horse in the hall for our classwork."

During the confusion that followed, with teachers, visitors and students gathering to admire the horse, Dan Montgomery was pleased to see a photographer from the paper arrive. The photographer was followed by a reporter who asked if Mr. Montgomery would care to comment. Dan leaned against one of the broad windows. He bent to stroke Blue's lean hound ears, and then said he'd be delighted to comment. The reporter's pencil made rapid notes on a piece of paper.

The interview was terminated by a shriek from Miss Emily Bevan and some typical fisherman's language from the dean, who appeared to be choking as he reached to unfasten his polka-dot tie. What he had to say soon became coherent. Dan Montgomery was fired.

Dan squinted at the painting of one of his students. "Put in some warm shadows," he said. "Deep red would be good." Then he turned to the dean. "I won't leave until after the show tomorrow. Actually, you owe me two weeks' notice, you know. You're not being legal." And moving on to another student, he said, "Let yourself go. The horse looks too much like himself."

Dan Montgomery spent a pleasant, quiet evening. His students were not so quiet. They had baked him a cake, cooked his dinner and set up a table in the living room, with candles in old bottles and a centerpiece of an old wooden bucket filled with lilacs. Miss Vodka was crying. She said the president of the board of trustees was a conformist, and when he read the evening paper he would agree with the dean that Dan should be fired. Angel said Miss Emily Bevan had gone home early, and the girl in the office said she had a terrible headache.

"I feel fine," Dan Montgomery said, looking at the front page of the paper where there was a large picture of a fine black horse, and over it the big black headline—ART STUDENTS PROTEST. The article said the students were tired of cramped quarters and quoted Mr. Dan Montgomery's theories on the stupidity of members of boards of trustees. Only the people, Mr. Montgomery said, could be counted on to save the college from ridicule and loss of students.

Dan Montgomery ate a hearty meal and went to bed. He dreamed of Emily Bevan riding like Lady Godiva through the streets of the town on the magnificent black horse. Her only digression was that she wore the dean's polka-dot tie.

He wakened to the fine May morning that smelled of lilacs and turned to Blue, who slept beside his bed. "In the beginning of things is often an ending—as the Chinese might say. But let's make the most of it, Blue."

They breakfasted on leftover pizza and strolled slowly toward the college, where the art show was opening at ten o'clock. It was then five minutes past the hour. Cars lined the street before the building and, inside, Dan Montgomery was satisfied to see crowds of people. He looked with a quickening sense of wonder at the work of his students and knew it was outstanding. At length, he came to one of the small classrooms that housed a one-man show. There were twenty-some people listening to a small, gray-haired man in jeans and run-over boots. But Dan Montgomery saw only the dean, the president of the board of trustees and Miss Emily Bevan. There were very dark circles under Miss Bevan's eyes, and she had a most unpressed look about her.

"These here pictures," the little man said, "ain't mine. My wife did 'em. She painted 'em the last five years before she died. She had polio back before they had any help for it, and she could hardly hold a brush. I finally sold my cattle and just stayed near her and helped her with her painting, for I knew she was a great artist. I knew she was doin' something fine and someday other folks would see it."

Dan Montgomery looked at the pictures. He had to close his eyes. When he opened them again he knew he hadn't been having a nightmare. They were the worst paintings he had ever seen; smears of gaudy paint had tried to capture in reality the forms of barns, white-faced cattle, dogs and mountains. And worst of all was the pained posture of a bull moose drinking from a small pond.

"Like I said," the rancher went on, "I want you all to sign your John Henrys in my guest book. I'll be proud to have 'em—proud to remember sharin' Alice's work with you."

Dan Montgomery felt the stares of the dean and the president of the board of trustees. Even they, he thought, know how bad this work is. And then he looked at the old rancher. In the tired eyes was such a glow of love and pride that it went through Dan Montgomery like the glory of a prairie sunset. And he thought, *He doesn't know, he'll never know how miserable this work is.*

A haunting sadness touched him, a longing toward all those who like himself had wished to create beauty but lacked the ability to do it. *But the lucky ones are those who never know they lack,* he thought. *Why should it hurt me? Why do I care about this old guy who can go home in peace and remember for the rest of his days how he exhibited the pictures of his Alice?*

And then, impulsively, Dan Montgomery moved forward. "Are any of these for sale?" he asked gently. "I'm the art teacher here—was, I mean."

"Bunch is my name, Pete Bunch," the rancher said. "Son, I'm proud to know you. Now, I had no notion of sellin' these," his voice shook. "Didn't figure they'd be quite that fine, but I'd let one go to a man like you who knows about things like this."

Dan Montgomery looked at the dean and the president of the board of trustees. He felt the force of life move in him. "The moose," he said. "I'd like it. A hundred dollars, Mr. Bunch. Mark it sold."

"That's fine with me, son." The brown hand trembled as it began to scrawl the word "sold" on a piece of paper. The face that lifted toward Dan was tender, as though the man remembered all the years of loving and living in that moment. "Thank you, son."

Blue rubbed against Dan's leg, and the two of them walked past the president of the board of trustees and the college dean and past Miss Emily Bevan, who held her fist pressed against her mouth. In the wide hall, Miss Vodka and Angel moved to meet him, and each linked an arm through his. "Hello, darlings," he said.

They had gone only a few steps when he heard her calling, "Mr. Montgomery—Dan . . ."

He shook himself lightly, freeing his arms of Angel and Miss Vodka. "Good-by, my lovelies," he murmured. "What I hear is my master's voice." And he turned to face the tall young woman with the dark smudges under her darker eyes.

"Oh, you knew," she said, her mouth trembling. "You saw how terrible they were. It will haunt me the rest of my life—how bad they were, how he'll never know—and the way you made him so happy."

"Sometimes," he said, looking deep into her eyes, "the thing behind a creation is much more beautiful than the creation itself. Oh, I'll never hang it on my walls. I'll keep it somewhere, quiet and secret, and sometimes I'll take it out and I'll see a monument to love and ——"

"Emily," it was the dean speaking. "Don't feel so bad, Emily. We aren't going to fire Dan. Public opinion and—well," the dean cleared his throat, "all the good things you said about him and ——"

"A monument to love," Dan Montgomery repeated, staring hard at Miss Emily Bevan. "The kind of love we could have had for each other if you —— Ah, princess, don't cry!" He put his arms around her, and from somewhere far away he heard music. He kissed her and began to waltz her slowly around and around while the people moved back to clear a small space for them. Blue took a few steps after them and then sat down, his thin nose pointed toward the ceiling.

"I'm broke," Dan Montgomery said. "The picture—and I had to buy the black horse. Couldn't expect the dean to include him in supplies for the art department. I've nothing to offer you."

"It doesn't matter—nothing matters," said Miss Emily Bevan.

He stopped whirling her around then and held her close. "'Come live with me and be my love,'" he said, and noticing that the dean and the president of the board of trustees were standing right beside them, he added quickly, "legally, of course." THE END

"I'd like to speak to any little kid in London, England."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Winning Ways of Clifford Case

(Continued from Page 18)

The New Jersey senator thought about it all afternoon; the more he thought, the more he was troubled. He left his office on Capitol Hill after the normal dinner hour and set out to walk a bit to think some more about it. His footsteps led him to the White House gate. He identified himself to the guards and inquired if Governor Adams was in. Adams was at a dinner party, so Case went home. In an hour or so he received a telephone call that Adams, on hearing he had called, had returned to the White House and was waiting for him.

Case went back to the White House and, after some preliminaries, told the frosty New Englander, "Sherm, I think you're in the wrong. The best thing you can do is resign." Adams looked at him bleakly and said, "If that's all you have to say, our talk is terminated."

Case says Adams called next day to say he was sorry the conversation had ended so brusquely, but there has been no communication since between the two men. Case regrets this, but does not see how he could have taken a different course. In the same spirit he will face up to whatever job he thinks he and other "progressive moderates" must do to keep the Republican Party from being dominated by the extreme conservatives during the next four years.

Though some Republicans still bitterly assail Case as "farther left than the New Dealers," the senator describes himself as a moderate, whose overriding concern is for measures that will protect the rights and interests of the individual. While he is basically a modest man, with no inflated opinion of his own importance, he feels he has a responsibility to work for a new type of Republican leadership. Senator Case admits he identifies more closely with the Rockefeller political philosophy than with the Nixon type of leadership, and that he considers himself miles away from the brand of Republicanism espoused by Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona.

"Barry's views have a tremendous appeal to a certain group," he says. "But it is a limited appeal and, in my opinion, a majority of twentieth-century Americans will never buy the Goldwater approach.

"I dislike the word 'image,' but I realize that in the eyes of many voters—too many—there is an image of the Republican Party as a standpat, conservative, head-in-the-sand force, with its eyes turned not toward the unlimited horizons of today's space age but toward the 'comfortable,' frock-coated, halcyon era of William McKinley.

"Too many people view the Republican Party—wrongly—as a blocking agency, whose chief role is one of automatic reaction against anything that bears the tag of 'liberalism.' Unless we can reverse this image, unless we can make the people realize that the Republican Party really has a dynamic program, that it basically is a party of reasonableness and stability, the G.O.P. may be done for as a major political force. Of course, I do not believe this ever will happen."

Senator Case thinks that some of his conservative Republican brethren have a complex on the subject of "me-tooism." They think it is political suicide to be in favor of anything the Democrats espouse. Case admits, in turn, that *he* has a complex against that sort of thinking; if he thinks something is right, he's for it, whether the proposition originates with the Democrats or Republicans. "To hell with labels!" the usually soft-spoken minister's son has been known to exclaim in discussing this point. That, in essence, is the secret of what makes Clifford Case tick—he follows his convictions.

While Case is no political brawler, he believes that energetic measures must be taken to prevent the archconservatives "from running off with the party's destiny."

"As I see it," he says, "the November presidential election was a race between two men who are basically moderates. If Mr. Nixon had been able to convince a fraction more of the voters that he was more progressive than his public image suggests, he might have defeated Senator Kennedy. Yet, Barry Goldwater is interpreting the election results as indicating a clear conservative trend, and he wants to take over the destiny of the party on the basis of that conservative 'mandate.' That is what we have to fight against."

The senior senator from New Jersey is a bony-framed six-footer whose intense, studious mien and penchant for philosophical expression have earned him the nickname of "the Republican egghead." His once full reddish-brown pompadour has thinned and grayed somewhat, and he now wears his hair in a sort of spiky modified crew-cut in the style of the movie comedian Stan Laurel. On occasions he has a shy grin which gives him an engagingly boyish look. He has a deep-voiced, nonthundering, almost evangelical manner of speaking which, while not electrifying, is sincere and effective.

As a politician, Senator Case is a maverick. He has virtually no political organization in New Jersey; he does not even maintain an office in his state, but shuttles back and forth by plane to visit with constituents. His heavy political work is done for him by a dedicated group of volunteers, whose ranks include housewives, factory workers, small shopkeepers and heads of some of the largest corporations in New Jersey. An introverted type, he shies away from the more gregarious type of campaigning that some other politicians practice with pleasure; he has been known actually to flee when some enthusiastic female supporter seeks to buss him.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The senator's support cuts across political lines, and he often is asked by his non-Republican supporters, "Why aren't you a Democrat?" Usually he responds good-naturedly to this query, but occasionally he bridles if he thinks the question is put to him in a needling way. When an interviewer recently suggested to him that some observers regard him as "a New Deal Democrat who calls himself a 'modern Republican,'" Senator Case, with a trace of chill in his voice, stated, "I *am* a Republican, and I believe in the Republican Party. But I have my own convictions as to what the Republican Party should stand for, and I intend to fight for them as hard as I can. And I will not be driven away from my Republicanism simply because some Democrats happen to agree with me on certain issues—and some Republicans don't."

The senator goes on to explain what he thinks the Republican Party should stand for—and why it has run into trouble in recent years. The United States, he asserts, must have two strong parties—one a governing party, and the other an "effective opposition" party. The G.O.P. now has been cast in the role of the opposition, but "it must do more than oppose," he says. "It must provide the alternative, the ready haven, to which the people can turn when they are dissatisfied with the ruling party. To do this, it must take its stand not on the extreme right and certainly not on the extreme left. It must be a moderate party—a party of the center."

In a recent speech to the National Press Club in Washington, Senator Case carried this line of thought a step further when he declared that the Republican Party cannot survive if it insists on regarding itself merely as a brake to "prevent the Democrats from turning the corners too fast."

"If, at any time," he said, "either of our parties should take an extreme and dangerous course, the remedy would not be for the other party to fly to the opposite extreme, but to move even more solidly to the center. If it does, the first party will be forced quickly back to a moderate course. This is what the American people want."

Clifford Philip Case inherited a good deal of his uncompromising conscience from his father, the late Rev. Clifford P. Case Sr., a liberal-minded minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. After putting himself through Rutgers and the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, New Jersey, with the help of his financially hard-pressed family, the young dominie served briefly as assistant pastor of West End Collegiate Church in New York City, where he met and married Jeanette McAlpin Benedict. In 1902 he was called to the pastorate of the Six-Mile Run Reformed Church in Franklin Park, New Jersey, where Clifford and his sister, Elisabeth, were born. In 1907 the Rev. Mr. Case became pastor of the First Reformed Church in Poughkeepsie.

Four more children were born in Poughkeepsie, and the Cases had a close-knit, happy family life. The future senator was known as "Darling Buddy"—later mercifully shortened to "Buddy." His mother, a spry, white-haired widow, now in her eighties, recalls that "Buddy was an awfully funny-looking child," and, in case any visitor disputes her, she produces early scrapbooks which show that he wore his hair in a Dutch-boy bob until after his seventh birthday.

"Father was a great guy, a very warm man," Senator Case recalls. "He was liberal in his outlook, and I never had any conscious (*Continued on Page 57*)

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(*Continued from Page 55*) feeling of being raised as a minister's son.

"Mother, who probably never had done a day's housework in her life before she was married, had some trying times adjusting to the life of a parson's wife. There were eight of us to support. We ate a lot of macaroni and mashed potatoes. We children were outfitted almost exclusively in hand-me-downs sent us by mother's well-to-do relatives."

Clifford was not quite sixteen in March, 1920, when his father, only forty-seven years old, died of pneumonia. Some "well-meaning people" urged his mother to remove Clifford from high school and make him take a full-time job, but she refused to interrupt his schooling. He did augment the family budget by taking a newspaper route and playing the organ in local churches. "Then the church, instead of establishing a memorial to my husband, gave me ten thousand dollars and told me to see what I could do with it," Mrs. Case relates. "I decided to put it into education for the children. Every one of them finished college, and I've never regretted it."

Though his mother's financial burden was to be eased by an inheritance from a wealthy aunt in the 1930's, Clifford had to work during his college years. His musical training helped, for he secured employment as organist at his father's old church at nearby Franklin Park.

He was a Phi Beta Kappa at Rutgers, and went on to Columbia University's law school. He took summer courses at Columbia to graduate in two and one-half years in order to speed up his marriage to Ruth Miriam Smith, whom he had met at New Brunswick. The young law graduate went immediately into the old-line New York firm of Simpson, Thacher & Bartlett, and the newlyweds settled in Rahway, New Jersey, where eventually they purchased their present ten-room, white-frame Victorian house. There they reared their three children, Mary Jane, now Mrs. William M. Weaver; and Ann, now Mrs. John C. Holt; and Clifford P. Case III, now a student at St. Albans in Washington, D.C. Both daughters live in Rahway and between them have five children, the oldest of whom have picked up the family custom of addressing their senator-grandfather as "Buddy."

Case, who has a passion for riding trains, ferries, subways and all forms of public conveyances, adjusted to the routine of a commuting lawyer. Even today he makes a hobby of memorizing timetables, and he often rides the regular bus into Manhattan from Newark airport rather than use the more expensive limousine service. It is typical of him that, although the commuter is a breed dear to his heart, and he has sponsored Federal legislation designed to improve the commuter's lot, he refused to campaign personally on the Jersey-Manhattan commuter trains, as his opponents did in last year's primary. "I respect the commuter's right of privacy, his right to read his newspaper in peace without being bothered by a politician in search of a job," Case declares.

In 1937 Case found himself getting somewhat bored and restless with the unbroken routine of corporation law. On the commuting train one morning he heard that the Republicans needed a candidate to run for Common Council in Rahway. Case plunged into local politics and was elected after a doorbell-ringing campaign which painfully taxed his native shyness. He served on the council for five years.

In 1941 he sought the Republican nomination for the State Assembly and suffered the only political defeat of his career when he ran fifth among a field of twelve. The following year he ran again and was elected—then re-elected for a second term. In November, 1944, he was elected to the House of Representatives in Washington.

In his first term Representative Case was on the losing side of a number of so-called liberal measures. He cast his first vote against giving permanent status to the House Un-American Activities Committee. He voted for various civil-rights bills, including an antilynching measure sought by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. In his maiden speech he took on the late Rep. John E. Rankin, a white-supremacy advocate from Mississippi, for certain inflammatory remarks about Negroes and Jews.

"Whenever we of the majority in this country permit such sentiments to go unchallenged," Case told the House, "not only are we guilty of a wrong to minority groups concerned but we risk the greater danger of brutalizing ourselves."

In 1952 Case was elected to his fifth term in Congress by a majority of 55,000 votes, which was 10,000 more than Eisenhower's lead in Case's district. In 1953 he became ambitious for the Republican nomination for governor. Before a primary fight even developed, Case learned that the conservative Republican Old Guard in New Jersey did not want him, and that he would not be able to raise the funds necessary to make the race. Disillusioned, he withdrew, and that November the Republicans lost the state to Robert B. Meyner.

About this time Case received an offer of a position which, he says, "challenged my imagination"—the presidency of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic, an organization concerned, among other things, with the strengthening of civil rights. Case resigned from Congress to become the Fund's first president—an action which later led Democratic opponents to taunt him for being a "quitter."

In 1954, after only eight months with the Fund, Case, yearning to get back into politics, resigned his $40,000 post to make a bid for a seat in the United States Senate. This time the state G.O.P. was in trouble because of statehouse scandals linked to various Republican administrations. Case's unassailable integrity was an attractive asset, and he won the nomination handily.

His Democratic opponent was a former House colleague, Rep. Charles R. Howell. Nothing worse than a normal political scrap seemed in store, and Case's chances of winning were rated good. Then, four months before the election, his sense of decency was outraged by a development in the Senate investigation of the feud between the Army and the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy. "The incident which triggered me off," Case recalls, "was Mr. McCarthy's unfair, unwarranted and slanderous personal attack on a young lawyer involved in the case."

No one had asked Case to take a stand on McCarthy, and he was fully aware that hell had no fury like a McCarthyite scorned. Nevertheless, he issued a 1500-word manifesto that was one of the most courageous—and unnecessary—acts in recent annals of political statesmanship. In it candidate Case proclaimed that, as a member of the United States Senate, he would vote against giving Senator McCarthy any voice on any committee concerned with investigating Communism. The dangers of Communism and the need for investigations were great, Case declared, but the work could be done more effectively "when the distracting and divisive effect of his [McCarthy's] participation is removed. . . .

"Large numbers of our people . . . have become convinced," he went on, "that Congressional investigations under Senator McCarthy are reckless and unfair; that they are not objective, but dominated by the purpose of proving the truth of preconceived ideas. . . . There is, I believe, no solution possible so long as Senator McCarthy remains. . . ."

From the moment he issued this statement Case was lambasted by an unceasing barrage of accusations and epithets. The Democrats did not have to lead the attack—the Old Guard Republicans did it for them.

The crucial point of the campaign came less than three weeks before the election when the Newark *Star-Ledger*, Case's bitter political foe, published a story linking the candidate's youngest sister, Adelaide, a physical-education teacher, with "Communist-front organizations." The newspaper story quoted Dr. Bella V. Dodd of New York City, a former Communist Party official, as having told the *Star-Ledger* she remembered Adelaide Case "as an active member of several Communist-front groups I helped organize." Two days later, however, Doctor Dodd told reporters that "I don't know Mr. Case's sister," and that the Adelaide Case she had known had been an older woman, since deceased.

Case made a dramatic appearance on television to answer the charges. He said he had ascertained from his sister that "she had never heard of Miss Dodd or the activities described by Miss Dodd." He went on, however, to reveal that, in 1953, his sister had been hospitalized for treatment of "a severe nervous disorder." At that time, he said, she had told him that "a number of years before, she had had an association with a left-wing study group" and "was fearful that this might in some way reflect on . . . me."

Case told his television audience that his sister was so upset that it was not possible for him to get at the bottom of the story at that time. He said he reported the incident to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and asked him to investigate. "I did not hear from Mr. Hoover and after a time concluded that there was nothing to my sister's story," he said. Later Case learned from his sister that her association had been "with a small group of people that got together several times a month to discuss political issues of the wartime period." He added, "There is nothing in what she told me to suggest that this had been anything more than a completely open association—an association which ended years ago.

"I have just one thing to say to these character murderers," the candidate concluded. "Adelaide Case is not running for the Senate of the United States. Clifford Case is the candidate. Smear me if you can. Leave my sister alone."

As the attacks mounted, President Eisenhower came to Case's aid by asserting he wanted him in the Senate. Vice President Nixon stumped New Jersey, saying that Case was not soft on Communism and had, in fact, helped him in drafting the Mundt-Nixon subversive-control act. Elderly former Gov. Walter Edge came out of retirement to assail Case's attackers as "pseudo-Republicans" and "party wreckers."

Yet, Case's stock was so low that both friendly and unfriendly commentators were predicting his defeat. Just before the election the *Star-Ledger* forecast that he would lose by more than 250,000 votes.

On election day, at midnight, the Democratic candidate had a 92,000 lead, and it appeared to be all over for Case. Then the trend began to switch. When the returns were all in, Case was ahead by a slim margin of some 3300 votes. Some 35,000 ballots had gone to a perennial third-party candidate, Henry Krajewski, a Secaucus, New Jersey, saloonkeeper and onetime pig farmer, who ran on an out-and-out pro-McCarthy platform. If these presumably anti-Case votes had gone to the Democrat, Case would have lost the election. Political observers felt that the smear against his sister had boomeranged in Case's favor.

So, in January, 1955, Clifford Case returned to Washington to take his seat in the United States Senate. Despite the trouble it had caused him, Case tried to deliver on his promise to oppose Senator McCarthy. The Republican leadership, however, stolidly steamrollered Case's motion to bar McCarthy from membership on the permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, and that was that. "It was the only honest thing to do," Case has said in regard to his near-disastrous anti-McCarthy stand.

Throughout his first term in the Senate, Case generally stood with the self-styled "liberals" in supporting civil-rights and social-welfare legislation. In 1958 he was one of the (*Continued on Page 59*)

"He may seem quiet and unassuming, but he's very skilled in the art of survival here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 57*) insurgent Republican senators who unsuccessfully sought the election of John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky as Republican minority leader, in opposition to the conservative Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois. In the recent election Case's voting record became a subject of controversy, his opponents arguing that he did not support the President consistently. His supporters interpreted the same statistics as showing that, of the eleven Republican senators seeking re-election, Case was "at the top of the list" in his support of the Eisenhower program, as he "had voted with the administration in 83.6 per cent of the issues."

While quietly but consistently espousing his principles on the Senate floor, Senator Case settled down to a nonflamboyant personal existence in Washington. During his nine years in the House the Cases never had established a home in the capital. Not wishing to disturb his family's routine, the Congressman simply had commuted between Washington and Rahway on weekends.

Coming to Washington to begin his six-year Senate term, Senator Case rented a small two-bedroom guest house on the grounds of a mansion in fashionable Georgetown. Jane was married, and Ann was soon to be, so only Mrs. Case and young Clifford joined him. In a town where a senator, if he chooses, can attend anywhere from one to three social functions almost every day of the week, Case has led an almost monastic life. He likes to stay late at his office, finding that, after his staff has gone home and the telephones quiet down, he can get a great deal of reading, writing and solitary thinking done.

Between 7:30 and eight P.M. he will leave for home, sometimes walking part of the way, otherwise riding the bus. Mrs. Case meanwhile has cooked supper for young Clifford—the Cases have no domestic help—and is awaiting "Buddy's" return. An abstemious man, the senator reserves his one drink of the day for the "cocktail hour" with Mrs. Case. He mixes two well-iced Martinis, and they settle down in their tiny living room to discuss the day's events.

In the winter the senator lights a log fire, and Mrs. Case reads aloud to him—usually from some biography or political study—as they stretch out their watered-down Martinis until almost ten o'clock. "We have become social recluses—we never entertain, and rarely go out," says Mrs. Case. Between ten and 10:30 P.M., they will start their supper, finish it in time to watch the eleven P.M. news, then go to bed.

Sometimes they vary the routine by listening to classical music on their record player. Their main regret about their tiny parlor is that it is not big enough to accommodate a piano. Music remains one of the senator's dominant personal interests. Often while campaigning he will hold up his schedule to stop at some country church and ask permission to play the organ. Recently in New York City the senator's administrative assistant, Sam Zagoria, a former newspaper reporter, tried to get him to relax by going with him to a movie. "You go to the movie, Sam," the senator demurred. "There's a church on the East Side that is supposed to have a marvelous antique organ—I think I'll drop in and see if they'll let me play it."

"He knows more about those antique organs than he does about certain more worldly matters," Zagoria says. "There was that time when Elvis Presley was about to be inducted, and we received a letter from a distressed constituent who demanded that the senator take immediate steps to prevent the Army from giving Elvis a GI haircut. Just for kicks I showed the letter to the senator. He agreed with me that this was an issue amounting to something less than a national emergency, and that he should keep hands off. Then he inquired, 'By the way, who is Elvis Presley?' Of course, he may have been kidding me, but. . . ."

As the 1960 primary approached, forces within the Republican Party which regarded Clifford Case as a tool of the C.I.O. and the A.D.A. again marshaled resources to defeat him. Realists among the enemy camp privately acknowledged, however, that there was no Republican on the scene who stood much of a chance of beating Senator Case.

An opponent was found—Robert Morris, a former counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Morris waged an energetic and obviously costly campaign. Case, however, beat his conservative Republican rival by nearly two to one, and went on, in the general election, to overwhelm the Democratic candidate, Thorn Lord.

In a post-mortem discussion on what happened to the Republicans at the polls last November, Senator Case posed—then answered—the question of how the Republican Party should go about rebuilding itself and checking against signs of "political blight." The job, he says, must "start at the bottom." The party must strive to attract aggressive, new, young recruits for the state assemblies and, above all, the governorships. The state capitols, he feels, are the source of real political vitality and power in the United States.

He does not view the election as a "disaster" for the Republican Party, even though it lost the Presidency. "When your candidate practically ties the victor in popular votes," he declares, "it cannot be considered a 'rout.' And we made inroads on the Democratic majority in Congress, and also took back several important governorships. There is plenty of life in the Republican Party—if it can shake that ultraconservative image."

The New Jersey senator is filled with quiet but undisguised dismay when he contemplates the roles that such conservatives as Senator Goldwater, Senate Minority Leader Dirksen and House Minority Leader Charles A. Halleck are expected to play in the current Congress. Even before Congress convened, Representative Halleck issued a manifesto calling for a coalition between Republican conservatives and Southern Democrats to block "radical, wild-eyed spendthrift proposals" by President Kennedy's Administration. Immediately Senator Case accepted the challenge.

"This is certainly not my view of what the role of the Republican minority should be," he declared. "I believe Republicans should join the Democratic majority in supporting constructive legislation. While we shall have to examine the specifics of any particular proposal, we should not block merely for the sake of obstructionism. . . .

"The Republican Party can make a vital contribution by emphasizing individual freedom and . . . working effectively toward social progress."

One thing is certain: In the coming struggle between the Republicans and Democrats on Capitol Hill, Clifford Case cannot be counted as being in the vest pocket of any faction or coalition. He will vote—as he always has—as his conscience dictates. If anyone doubts this, they might consult former President Eisenhower, who, during his last year in office, had good reason to believe that his friend, Clifford Case, with an 83.6-per-cent record of voting with the President, was on his side. In the hectic scrap during the special postconvention session, Case was the only Republican senator who voted for the Kennedy-backed old-age medical-care proposal, favoring it over the Administration's less-comprehensive approach. Next evening, at a senatorial reception honoring Mr. Eisenhower, the President, as Senator Case came up to shake his hand, genially chided him: "Say, Cliff, when are you going to start voting with me?"

"Mr. President," the New Jersey senator politely but pointedly answered, "you haven't been wrong many times."

Psychiatrists on the Assembly Line (Continued from Page 25)

than 200 of America's 300,000 manufacturing companies employ even the part-time services of a psychiatrist—a growing number of bellwether companies are finding a place for the new specialty on the medical staff. Dr. John Mc Iver is full-time psychiatrist at United States Steel, Dr. Alan McLean fills this spot at I.B.M., Dr. Milton Cleff is psychologist for G. E.'s missile division. Dr. Ralph Collins is psychiatrist at Eastman Kodak, Dr. Gerald Gordon fills this position on the Du Pont medical staff in Wilmington. American Cyanamid, with the late Dr. Walter Woodward, and Metropolitan Life, with Dr. Lydia Giberson, were pioneers in the field. Among other giants making extensive use of psychiatric services are International Harvester, Caterpillar Tractor, Esso Standard Oil, Jones & Laughlin Steel.

The plant psychiatrist's little black medicine bag is invisible and intangible—a set of ideas, a way of approaching people, and a profound understanding of the way the human mind works. It took him twelve years of university and graduate training to win the right to be called "psychiatrist." He insists, first of all, that mental illness be regarded with the same objectivity that most people now apply to physical disease. It is no more to be feared, can be brought under control by established principles of healing, and follows characteristic patterns of recovery.

His is a fourfold job. He prescribes for mentally sick individuals (casework), sees to the mental tone of the whole establishment (group dynamics), tends to the aftermath of mental illness (rehabilitation) and tries to keep people from getting emotionally sick in the first place (educational prevention).

Casework always involves a sprinkling of the seriously ill—the psychotic—who can sometimes be spotted even by the untrained. A worker in a large plant under Government contract recently asked to be transferred to the outer-space division, citing his "obvious qualifications"—he was "in continuous communication with Mars by mental short wave." A hand in a tractor factory climbed down from his ladder and, without explanation or discernible cause, began flailing another worker with a hammer. A spot-welder, touched gently on the shoulder by a passing safety man, leaped wildly to his feet, knocked the safety man down, raced home, ordered his wife from the house and smashed all his furniture.

"Symptoms as extreme as these," says Doctor Collins of Kodak, who has 38,000 people under his professional surveillance and is chairman of the American Medical Association's Committee on Psychiatry in Industry, "usually mean an advanced stage of illness and lengthy treatment. A standard procedure in psychiatrically-staffed companies is to have a diagnosis made by the staff physician and psychiatrist, then refer the sick employee to an outside doctor for treatment, the company sharing expense according to the health plan in effect."

By far the larger percentage of cases falls in the more subtle "neurotic" column. Here, signs of derangement are not so obvious or are not present at all, but the person is faring poorly, confused within himself and in his relations with associates. In the course of a year a wide assortment of neurotic mix-ups are brought to the office of the psychiatrist in a large plant. Promiscuity, alcoholism and homosexuality are treated with the same objective, nonmoralizing helpfulness as unexplained fatigue, tremors and "nervous stomach."

Most of the neurotic cases have in common a desire to escape unpleasant feelings of the kind doctors have labeled "anxiety." Defined technically as reaction to a deeply felt threat against personal security, it has been called by those who have experienced it "an all-pervasive hell." To avoid this plague, the human mind has developed standard routines—mechanisms—which are used by sick and well alike. Misapplying or overworking one of these mechanisms can result in abnormal, antisocial behavior.

Any given case is likely to involve one or more of the seven most-popular, destructive anxiety shunts. These are: (1) projection, blaming somebody else for one's own blunders; (2) displacement, inappropriate transfer of childhood feelings to adult situations; (3) rationalization, concocting plausible reasons to mask real motives; (4) compensation, making up for a lack; (5) denial, refusing to face obvious facts; (6) symbolization, giving exaggerated meanings to objects, and (7) conversion, expressing anxiety in physical illness. When the doctor can help a person discover and endure his underlying anxiety—or cope with it when it breaks out of normal control—the overworked defense gambit subsides and the person is his normal self again.

The way people conceal their real motives, even from themselves, was shown recently when a plant psychiatrist was asked to investigate job complaints. Taking five random grievances—about shop lighting, poor scheduling, glare, excessive heat and lack of departmental co-operation—he found that only one could be blamed on actual plant conditions. These were the roots of the four others: An executive was neurotically concerned about inheriting his father's heart disease and his mother's mental illness. A foreman was despondent with guilt over his wife's mental depression, which had led her to threaten the lives of their children. A young salesman couldn't decide which of two willing girls he should marry. A stenographer was panicked at the possibility of losing her fiancé.

The profound interaction between job and home is seen again and again in the

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industrial psychiatrist's consulting room. A foreman, valued by his firm after years of superior performance, was driven to collapse by the incessant nightlong tirades of his psychotic wife, berating him for imagined infidelities. A young executive, after years of immersion in work to the exclusion of everything else, was stunned by his wife's ultimatum, "Get another job or give up your family."

Some patterns repeat themselves with predictable regularity. One consulting industrial psychiatrist estimates that about 15 per cent of the people in the companies he serves are promiscuous. Promiscuity is likely to be interpreted by the doctor as a reflection of insecurity—the new lover symbolizing a long-sought, but, in the end, illusory personal acceptance and security.

"Retirement neurosis" follows several characteristic patterns, the most common of which is denial of plain fact. A man, sixty-three, was asked to select and train his replacement, in anticipation of his retirement at sixty-five. It took him six months to begin training a successor—whom he pronounced unsatisfactory at the end of a year. In unconscious denial of the notion that the company could get along without him, he still had not chosen a replacement on retirement day. Instead he broke down, sinking into a profound depression from which a psychiatrist at length rescued him.

Among men of middle years and younger, the most frequent job-shift upset is "promotion neurosis." In one factory a man who had been an outstanding performer on the production line was promoted to a foreman's job. He promptly produced anxiety symptoms—irritability, poor concentration, hand tremors and unexplained absences. Some days he was "so scared he couldn't enter the building." When demoted to his former job for this unsatisfactory record, the symptoms vanished, and he was again an efficient, punctual worker. This promotion-and-breakdown cycle was repeated four times in two years. The management finally realized he was happiest on the production line and, following the doctor's advice, left him there.

"Managers too often assume everybody is bucking for advancement," Doctor Collins says. "Some prefer to stay on the line, take home an unburdened mind and go fishing with their kids."

Doctors in this field have a saying, however, that "one man's stress is another's stimulus." In one case a normally efficient plant manager was referred to the company's psychiatrist because of a sudden eruption of excessive drinking, indecisiveness on the job, severe headaches without physical cause and a general sullen withdrawal. The cause? His assistant was being groomed for the next job upward, which the manager felt should be his own. The doctor suggested a talk with the company president, who told the manager that he was being awarded an even higher position. His symptoms, which the doctor had rightly diagnosed as unconscious champing at the bit, disappeared.

Dr. Harry Levinson, who heads the Division of Industrial Mental Health at the Menninger Foundation and conducts its executive seminars, says there is frequently trouble when the star salesman is made sales manager. "Your typical 'sales personality' likes to visit, be on the move. When given a desk job, despite more pay and higher rank, he sometimes reacts by feeling restless and frustrated." It is one of the common "round-peg-square-hole" problems seen in the industrial psychiatrist's office.

The kind of event usually called an "accident" is a signal for a hard second look at emotional health. The psychiatrist sees both accidents and suicides as results of strong unconscious desires of people to hurt or punish themselves. By bringing such tendencies to light, the doctors of the mind believe they can substantially whittle down industry's $300,000,000-a-year accident bill.

Understanding of accident-prone psychology was sharply advanced in 1936 when Dr. H. F. Dunbar, while studying heart patients, checked the backgrounds of a group of fracture patients in the same hospital as a control group. To her surprise the majority gave long histories of previous accidental injuries. Studying 160 persons who had fractured their bones, she found they all shared these traits: resentment of authority, guilt about this resentment and an unconscious desire to be punished for it, which chastisement became self-administered through accidents. In any large group a minority of the people have the majority of accidents. Psychiatrists believe they can help this minority learn to stop hurting and even killing themselves—one large plant has reported seven suicides in a sixteen-month period.

A case illustrating the self-destructive bent in both accidents and suicides recently arose in a plant where radioactive materials are handled. When a steel drum of "hot" liquid waste began spurting at the bung, standard emergency action followed: the drum was rolled to an open space, and a safety officer prepared to riddle it with rifle fire and relieve the explosive pressure. At this point a young physicist pushed the rifleman aside, seized a wrench and, at great risk, removed the bung. Bystanders applauded his "heroism," but the plant superintendent advised him to report for consultation—he had needlessly risked a serious accident.

In consultation the psychiatrist discovered that the episode was only one of the day's series of death-inviting risks. Three times that morning the young scientist had tried to commit suicide by auto, and each time lost his nerve. Sooner or later he would have made it, the psychiatrist reported—he was suffering from a hidden suicidal depression brought on by the fact that, the day before, he had learned that his youngest child had leukemia. Psychiatric treatment restored him.

A good deal of the casework time of the average industrial psychiatrist is taken up by alcoholics. Since alcoholism is regarded as a mental-emotional illness as well as a physical one, the medical department passes its problem drinkers along to the psychiatrist in plants where one is available. The treatment is one of complete candor. "The corporate practice of denying the existence of the alcoholic is obsolete," says I.B.M.'s Doctor McLean. "Alcoholism can be a serious problem these days in any large employee group."

Psychiatrically aligned firms have developed a standard procedure. First, the problem drinker is warned. The disease is explained, and available treatments are outlined—Alcoholics Anonymous, alcoholism clinics, psychotherapy or a combination of all three—and the alcoholic is advised to accept treatment. If he does, the case is closed. If after six weeks there is no action and no improvement, he is warned again. After a final interval, varying with cases and companies from a month to a year, he is fired. Leniency and covering up encourage the disease and, since he can't be helped until he accepts help, damage the patient.

A case in point was a senior vice president of a large company who used his position to coerce younger executives to drink through the night with him two or three times a week. Medical and executive staffs alike were stymied by the man's position, his large shareholdings and his defiance. The case was finally solved, tragically, by suicide—a fairly frequent end of alcoholics who decline help for their illness.

The largest single category of cases to come to the attention of the industrial psychiatrist, says Dr. Harold Steinberg, assistant medical director at International Harvester, is the one designated "psychosomatic"—the product of the conversion mechanism by which unacknowledged anxiety becomes physical illness. Some workers produce a long parade of symptoms before needed psychotherapy is found. One man was referred to a company medical department for backache. This improved under diathermy, but was replaced by stomach pains. These were relieved by internal medication, but were followed by headaches. When aspirin cleared these up, tremors took over. The worker thought a transfer to another shift might help, but this brought a return of the old backache. The cycle began all over again and was ended only when the underlying emotional disturbance—in this case an unconscious urge to control other people—was at last brought to heel.

The ways of the unconscious often seem strange to the waking mind. A foreman in a large manufacturing plant developed so severe a case of continued vomiting that he had lost weight, become seriously dehydrated and was near exhaustion. No physical cause could be found, and he was sent to a nearby hospital for psychiatric diagnosis. The trouble was soon located. After a number of years as a union-shop steward and "workers' man," he had been promoted to foreman—a job he thought of as strictly "company man," and which he literally could not stomach. When shown it was possible to handle his new job and still retain his long-standing interest in the advancement of the workingman, his vomiting stopped.

Researches have led psychiatrists to suspect emotional factors even in such serious bodily ills as heart disease, and in early stages of Parkinsonism and arthritis. Dr. O. Spurgeon English of Temple University's School of Medicine, a pioneer in psychosomatic medicine as well as in industrial psychiatry, has said that the full extent of the involvements between mind, emotions and body is only beginning to be understood.

How does the psychiatrist heal? "It is usually people who have made people sick," explains Doctor English, "and it takes people to make them well." The doctor first assures the patient that he has no motive but to help. Then, together, they track down the source of the patient's anxiety—in the past or the present, at home or on the job. This done, they reduce the anxiety by what means are available.

This may mean a new arrangement at home—in one case, part-time care was arranged for a wife whose invalidism had literally worried her husband sick. Or it may mean an adjustment on the job—in several cases, neurosis-breeding company tactics have been revised. Or it may call for an adjustment of inner attitude—the patient is helped to see that the harried foreman of his adult life is not really the same as the bullying parent who overclouded his boyhood with angry fear.

How long does it take to get well? Dr. Temple Burling, who directs the training of industrial psychiatrists at Cornell University, says the average case takes two and a half one-hour sessions. Doctor McLean of I.B.M. says a surprising number of employees with uncomplicated problems gain considerable relief in a single interview. In cases where the difficulty lies deeply buried in the unconscious mind, says Dr. Harry Wagenheim, associate in psychiatry at (*Continued on Page 62*)

NEXT WEEK

WILL AFRICA GO COMMUNIST?
A Report from the Scene
By STEWART ALSOP

WHO HAS IT BETTER, THE WOMEN OF AMERICA? OR FRANCE?
By TONI HOWARD

JAMES STEWART:
HOW I BECAME AN ACTOR

THE FAILURE OF THE BUSINESS SCHOOLS
By William Benton

THE MISSILE MURDERER
Beginning a new serial by Richard Stern

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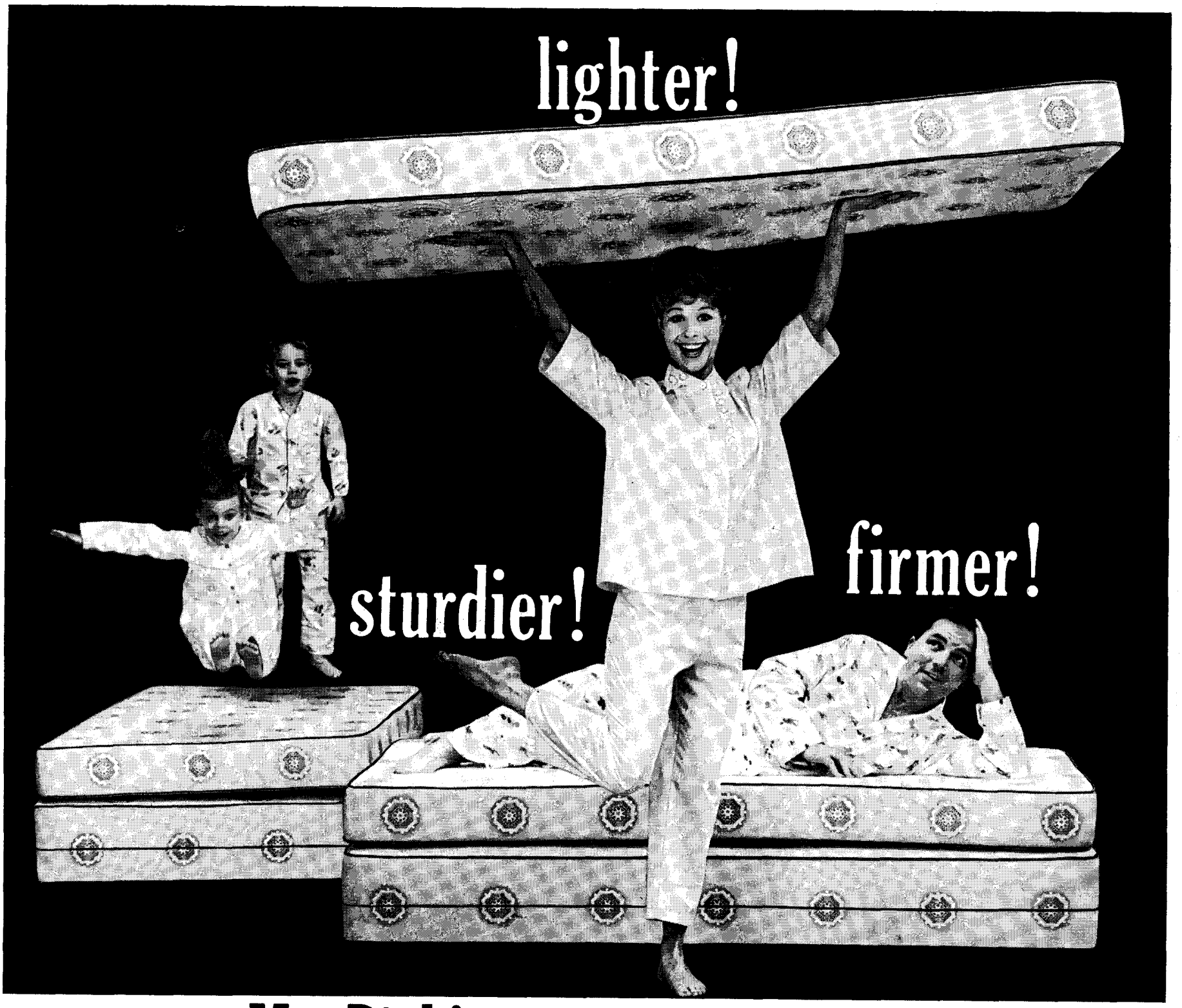

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(*Continued from Page 60*) Temple University and a practicing psychiatrist, treatment may require one to five years. The most serious cases spend this interval in a hospital. Very often, however, employees live at home and continue normal activities even during extended treatment.

Is a person really fit for work after a serious mental illness? A history of mental disease should no more disqualify a person for work, psychiatrists argue, than a history of pneumonia. Dr. William Menninger cites the case of a lad twice hospitalized for serious emotional breakdowns during his high-school years. He joined a Marine Corps outfit and went overseas, where he survived, without breakdown, one of the worst ordeals mind and flesh have been called upon to endure—the Death March of Bataan. He completed a tough seven-year university course in architecture, and is now successfully a practicing architect and father of two children. Among the former mental patients now holding positions of unusual responsibility are the mayor of one of America's large cities, the board chairman of one of the world's twenty biggest corporations, the head of a powerful national trade association, a prominent publisher, a celebrated actress and two highly successful authors.

In psychiatry-minded firms, the employee who has been out with mental illness goes back to work as a matter of course. In industry at large he fares less happily. Few states took up a 1946 Federal offer of funds to help put mental patients back to work. Later Pennsylvania did, however, and produced a thought-provoking example of what can be done. Sixty patients in the state mental hospital at Norristown were selected as "job-ready." The rehabilitation director, M. J. Reisman, set out to find them work. Patients chosen included many from the hardest categories to place. There were twenty-one recovered schizophrenics, including two who had had lobotomies and ten who had been in the hospital more than two years. Two thirds of the group are still performing successfully on the job after three years.

Can nonprofessionals spot oncoming mental illness? Doctors warn emphatically of the dangers of amateur diagnosis. Nevertheless, because early attention can greatly reduce treatment time and avoid so much unease, there is a lot of advice about "watch points" and "emotional first aid." Abrupt, decisive changes in behavior, ranging well outside a person's ordinary cycle of emotional ups and downs, usually mean trouble brewing. When the habitual dandy shows up with egg on his tie, baggy trousers and rumpled hair; when the usually casual person begins a tense striving to please; when the normally sociable employee prefers to be alone for weeks on end; when unexplained absences begin to pile up, it's time to ask whether something's the matter.

What can one do to maintain one's own mental health? A lot, the experts say. "Spill your troubles" is usually point No. 1. Get things off your chest to a trusted friend. Be a good listener when *he* wants to unload, remembering he doesn't need your advice so much as your ear. "Know your limitations"—trim expectations to coincide roughly with what is possible. Strive for a reasonable balance between work, recreation and rest. Get on top of your worries by realizing that once you have done your best, you can relax, since no one can reasonably ask more.

Does religion help? One of the more thoughtful of the company psychiatrists was asked what he thought of the widely publicized statement of Dr. J. T. Baker, Tennessee's commissioner of mental health, that religious belief was a potent safeguard of mental well-being. "I'm a Presbyterian, which says something about my position," the doctor smiled. "In general you can count on this to be true. If all your emotional eggs are in one basket, and somebody smashes the basket, you're in a bad way. Either have more than one basket or get a basket big enough—the total universe, say—so you can move your eggs out of danger. A number of Wall Street brokers killed themselves during the 1929 market crash primarily because their world had shrunk to the size of that one short street."

Casework, so varied as to span almost the whole spectrum of human foible and tragedy, is only one aspect of the psychiatrist's job in industry. He is also charged to produce a salubrious mental climate in the organization as a whole. Since most of industry's work is done by teams, and since harmonious teamwork is the key to a happy shop, doctors have interested themselves in group dynamics and studied teamwork.

Dr. H. V. Perlmutter, a Menninger Foundation psychologist who has specialized in these matters, believes that every meeting has two agendas—one formal and open and the other unconscious. In one meeting he studied, the agreed topic was a new advertising campaign. But it soon became apparent to any impartial observer that the real business of the meeting was to "get" the advertising manager, who was regarded by the senior department heads as young and bumptious. This hidden agenda was successfully carried out, while the vital business of the company remained unaccomplished.

In another corporation Doctor Perlmutter studied, an understanding president handled friction more adroitly. Here the first agenda was the purchase of some new automatic equipment. Bickering developed between Mr. X, whose department would use the equipment, and Mr. Y, to whom it was a mere matter of policy. Both grew angry. The president broke the tension with a quip, and there was continued heated but more relaxed discussion. The president had created an atmosphere where each man could air his views without losing favor, and the meeting go on with its scheduled business.

In some companies the psychiatrist is invited to sit in on executive meetings to check their emotional tone. The doctor never advises on corporate strategy ("No executive worth his salt would permit it," one said.) but only points out—touchy assignment—when irrelevant emotions are getting in the way of agreed aims.

As experience continues to accumulate, the interest of the industrial world has grown. Today, executives who want to find out more about psychiatry in the factory find expert information readily available. One-day to week-long conferences, sponsored by mental-health groups and other agencies, are well attended. Among the universities, Temple, Yale and Cornell offer instruction and provide speakers. Temple, N.Y.U., the American Management Association and the Menninger Foundation sponsor conferences for businessmen. "I learned more about people in a week," an alumnus of the popular Menninger executive seminar said, "than in twenty-seven years of personnel work."

Learning more about people, indeed, is the theme of psychiatry. From the consultation room and hospital, this theme is spreading to the scene where nearly half the adult population spends nearly half its waking life—the job. "You'll see it spread even more," one doctor predicted. "Psychiatric insight is badly needed in education, in government, in world affairs." THE END

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Indiana's Delinquent City

(Continued from Page 27)

Chamber of Commerce, what ails his city, he said, "It's purely a matter of civic conscience, which we do not have. People just don't care. We've offered them something good, and they evidently don't want it."

Something good in the way of plans to uplift the city has been offered the taxpayers on many occasions since their chief industry, coal mining, began faltering after World War I. But except for one four-year stretch of reform government during the '40's, most good things in Terre Haute seem to have fallen into the lap of Tony Hulman.

Today—either directly, or through his family-owned Hulman Foundation, or his parent company, Hulman and Company (wholesale grocers, furniture and hardware merchants and manufacturers of Clabber Girl baking powder)—he owns all or substantial chunks of the following: both Terre Haute newspapers; the only television station; the leading hotel; the leading plumbing-supply house; the biggest bank, which was recently victimized by an embezzlement scheme; a coke-manufacturing firm; a truck line; the local gas company; the long-distance bus terminal; the first and biggest shopping center; and Hulman Meadows, the largest and choicest suburban subdivision. Additional real-estate holdings make him the largest individual owner of downtown property.

Beyond his immediate domain, he owns controlling interests in the gas company of Richmond, Indiana; the Hulman Building, which is the largest office building in Evansville, Indiana; the Hulman Building in Dayton, Ohio, which is the biggest there; the Indianapolis Speedway, which Tony operates personally and pretty much as a hobby. His wife, Mary, is an heiress of the La Fendrich cigar-manufacturing empire of Evansville. Tony inherited his wholesale grocery business, but acquired many of his other holdings in recent years.

"We've been gettin' along," he said.

If Hulman were a frenetic exploiter or a ruthless juggler of financial superstructures, the mystery of Terre Haute's civic languor might be explained more readily. But it is impossible to visualize Hulman as the villain. He is universally liked, and it is easy to see why. Smiling, courtly and open-faced, he works in an office as cluttered as an old country general store. Painfully shy with strangers, he was distressed because I failed to yield at once to his request to call him "Tony."

"He's a common-shoe type of fellow," Mayor Tucker told me. "When I see him I feel like giving him a coupla bucks for a haircut. The only fault I find with him—when I talk to him about something in the community—is I talk to him for half an hour, and I come back to the office and wonder: What did he say?"

No one claims that Hulman is a simpleton or a figurehead. He was graduated from Yale, and his grades were good. His class of 1924 voted him the second-best athlete, third "best-looking" and fifth "most popular." For three years he was the lightest man on the football squad, yet he won Walter Camp's All-American honorable mention. When a combined Yale-Harvard track team competed against Oxford in Cambridge, England, Tony took the high-hurdle race.

Tanned and trim at fifty-nine, he still cherishes sports as his chief enthusiasm. He owns a yacht that once belonged to Lammot du Pont, and a few years ago he was captain of the United States tuna-fishing team. Nothing has given him greater satisfaction than the acquisition of the Indianapolis Speedway, which he bought in 1945 for about $750,000, when it was badly run down. Since then he has poured considerably more than the purchase price into improvements. The track pays for itself, but its psychic dividends are far more significant to Tony. The high point of his year is the moment on Memorial Day when he shouts, "Gentlemen, start your engines!" and sets off in the pace car to start the "500" classic.

Yet Tony is no playboy. When the family business slowed during the depression, it was he who capitalized on the revival of home baking in rural areas by promoting his own Clabber Girl baking powder, and turning it into a big seller. Surrounded by shrewd advisers, commonly called the "palace guard" around Terre Haute, he nevertheless tends his enterprises personally and makes major decisions with a country storekeeper's eye for bargains.

Tony is fond of Terre Haute. It saddens him to hear the city criticized, and he regards its unfortunate regional reputation as exaggerated. "I don't feel it's any different from any other community in this part of the country," he said. For six years, until 1950, he was president of the Chamber of Commerce; his lieutenants held the office for eight years more. He served on committees to attract new industry. He made it possible to build Hulman airport by donating $200,000 for the land. Now he is thinking of handing out more than $1,000,000 to build an auditorium.

For nearly a decade, however, he has displayed less and less interest in being a civic leader. He is rarely seen around town, even at parties. Townsmen view his withdrawal as an enigma. "I've yet to meet a man who understands Tony," said one of the city's canniest businessmen. And in a city as troubled as Terre Haute, with so many economic strings leading into Hulman's musty office, attempts to understand Tony never end.

The causes of Terre Haute's decline, as we shall see, reach deep into its ripping past. But as Hulman became increasingly wealthy by selling the citizenry such common needs as plumbing, newspapers and cooking gas, the existing lethargy was compounded by a spirit of "let Tony do it." People took to blaming Hulman for everything that went awry. When the bus company was in trouble, straphangers said Tony ought to get moving and provide proper service. It happens that Tony has nothing to do with local public transit, but since he seems to have a hand in everything, it was not unnatural for people to assume that he owns the buses too.

It also happens that Tony is a sensitive fellow. "He isn't too much at throwing his weight around," said Joe Cloutier, Hulman's tight-lipped vice president, treasurer and closest associate. "He doesn't want to do anything to hurt anyone's feelings." Another friend said, "He doesn't like to argue. If there's any kind of an argument, he wants no part of it." This may help explain why Hulman never enters into the editorial management of his newspapers. Or why he will not disclose his party affiliation—"I've never really called myself anything." Or why he now keeps his distance from the Chamber of Commerce and its efforts.

For in the chamber there has been argument aplenty. It began shortly after 1952 when John Lamb became its operating head. Lamb, a lean, tense six-footer of fifty-eight, was one of Hulman's childhood chums. The men still like each other. But just as Tony is no ordinary tycoon, Lamb is no standard Chamber of Commerce man. A former fire captain and county civil-defense director, he took the $6000-a-year job because there were few applicants and he felt that something had to be done for Terre Haute.

He started with the chamber. Its office was not air-conditioned, and its upstairs location was hard to find. Its activities were unimpressive. So was its record for civic energy. Whoever contributed the most money cast the most votes. This gave the Hulman interests twice as much say as anyone else.

Lamb called in an out-of-town efficiency expert. The consultant's report was a model of diplomatic but devastating criticism of just about everything connected with the chamber, including Lamb. "He works too hard, handles too many details, worries about the community problems and does not release his concerns at the end of the day's work," it said.

Lamb has not changed, but the chamber has. It is run from modern new quarters and in a new let's-do-something atmosphere. A major reorganization reduced votes to one per member, regardless of affluence, and there have been no more presidents out of the Hulman stable since 1958. Everybody, including Tony, recognized these efforts as an anti-Hulman revolt. Tony was understandably hurt.

Next, Lamb introduced a policy of brutal candor. The chamber employed a team of planners from the University of Illinois. They surveyed the deterioration and traffic jams downtown and reported the situation "desperate." Lamb published their report and suggestions. He also put out a broadside of his own and zeroed in right on the main street:

"We challenge anyone to walk down Wabash Avenue from Third to Ninth streets, taking an inventory of the ancient, dilapidated buildings; antiquated store fronts; vacant upper floors; unpainted, unwashed, unclean exterior walls; garish, dirty streets; overhanging signs and traffic jams, without realizing that something needs to be done—and quickly. Downtown Terre Haute . . . hasn't had a face lifting, or even a face washing, in decades. We conclude that it is not lack of knowledge that has brought this about—it is lack of will, initiative, co-operation and leadership."

New leadership sprang up in the person of small, wiry Floyd Dix, sixty-five, a leading local attorney. As head of the chamber's civic-development committee, Dix was given TV time. He made three talks, and what he said should have sparked, as one company president put it, "pitched battles in the streets."

Most Indiana cities, Dix pointed out, had grown by 50 per cent or more since 1920. Terre Haute actually lost population between 1920 and 1950. If it had not annexed a neighboring township, it would have lost more since. Then Dix asked some questions:

"Why do we have to be among the last to get on the band wagon of urban renewal? Why do we have no underpasses at our key railroad crossings? Why did 20,000 of our 36,000 registered voters in the city stay away from the polls last May fifth? Why have we been so long in getting started on an adequate sewer system? Why do we have one of the highest tax rates in the state and so little to show for it? Why no enforcement of our smoke-abatement ordinance? Why do our young people leave this city?"

The seriousness of the exodus of the young from Terre Haute had been brought home to Dix, he said, when he and other local lawyers had talked with Federal Social Security authorities. "We asked them why the per-capita cost of Social Security in Vigo County was so high. They told us that it was because we had so many old people in proportion to our total population. Isn't that lovely?"

What to do? "I'm not sure what can be accomplished in Terre Haute," Dix said, "but I'll tell you what other cities have found out—that it takes an aroused citizenry. This type of movement in other cities has only come about where the people realized that their old home town was going to pot, and that they jolly well better do something about it."

Since Dix went on television almost two years ago, not much has happened in Terre Haute except that some Wabash Avenue store fronts were rebuilt or

"Come out from under that hay."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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cleaned up. Also, Mayor Tucker was re-elected.

Born in the nearby coal-mining town of Hymera, the mayor, now fifty-two, was one of eight children. He was reared by a sister. His father was dead, his mother was a cook in a restaurant—"There was no pension plans, there was no nothin'." He worked his way through high school as a waiter and dishwasher, then sold lumber, became a radio announcer—"I was the original 'man on the street'"—and organized door-to-door magazine-selling crews. He ran successfully for city clerk and was elected mayor in 1947.

In 1956 Tucker, a smooth-mannered, free-flowing orator who commands a fine range of public emotion, benefited from a row within the Democratic Party and became the first citizen of Terre Haute to win the gubernatorial nomination. His slogan was, "It's time for Tucker." The electorate disagreed. He was defeated but not before he uttered one well-remembered statement. As the Indianapolis *Star* reported it, he told a rally, "I was raised on organization politics. I am a spoils-system officeholder. I practice the spoils system. I believe that to the victor belong the spoils. If there is any job a Democrat can't hold, I favor abolishing it."

When Adlai Stevenson spoke in Indianapolis, he was so shocked at this that Tucker was the only local candidate on the platform with him who remained unmentioned by the Presidential nominee. In Terre Haute, however, the mayor's star shone on. "I attribute my success more or less to a flair, I guess, to wanting to accomplish something every day," he told me at his U-shaped City Hall desk, with a copy of the Bible and a color picture of Jesus in prominent display. "I believe you don't have to be a mental giant to be a success—just know right from wrong and practice it."

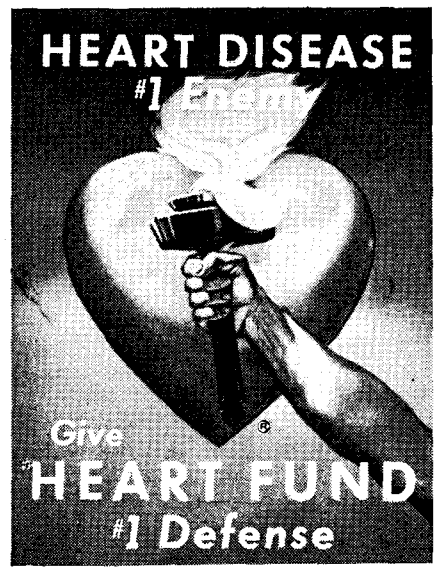
The mayor attributed Terre Haute's reputation to attempts by his political adversaries to harass him. He praised the "climate of industrial stability." He felt that downtown problems were due to "selfish businessmen." The city's twelve-year effort to stop dumping untreated sewage into the Wabash and construct a disposal plant was being sabotaged, he said, by the stalling tactics of opposing lawyers. Gambling was "one thing I've been very militant about," but the policing of "private clubs" with their roulete wheels was the job of state authorities. Brothels were being constantly raided.

"Where there were a couple of hundred, there are two or three now," he said, "and I don't know of any that are operating as houses."

The fact is that Terre Haute long ago ceased being a "wide-open town" in the old-fashioned sense. The crime rate is not abnormal. When it rains, it takes the sewers a while to absorb the water—where there are sewers. But no grass grows on the streets, and since World War II a number of large new plants have made up for some of the precipitous loss of employment in the coal mines. Indiana State Teachers' College has mushroomed into the biggest industry of all. In 1959 eighty-five gambling operators in the metropolitan area purchased Federal wagering-tax stamps, thereby admitting that they were in a business which is illegal in Indiana. But there are no gambling dens jammed with tourists.

True, in 1957 it took United States Treasury agents to close down a bookmaking establishment taking in around $1,200,000 a month from bets telephoned by customers in forty-three states, Canada and Cuba. Zeppo Marx, bridge expert John R. Crawford and other well-known horseplayers were subpoenaed and testified as witnesses. Eight operators of the modest third-floor office above Wabash Avenue were convicted. They were out-of-towners, but as one local executive observed, "They didn't accidentally come to Terre Haute and say, 'This is a good corner.'"

My own impression was that Terre Haute sin is mostly casual and local. One intimate little club I visited was serving delicious-looking dinners for $2.50. The club's door was locked. I was with two newly found friends who had a "membership card," but we were admitted without showing it, and they assured me that anyone with a clean shirt could get in. The gambling room was behind an open door off the bar. When I looked in, there were no customers. Two stickmen looked up expectantly from their stations by the crap table. At our next stop there was no "action," perhaps because, as my friends pointed out, a well-known local official was having dinner there. In the third place a few dozen clients were quietly drinking in front, and another dozen or



so were patronizing the roulette wheel behind an open door to the rear.

It was all very matter-of-fact, just like my call on the bookie parlor. This one was on the second floor of 832 Wabash Avenue, directly across the street from Tony Hulman's office. I found it because a few months previously it had been described by Joe H. Petty, manager of the local state employment office, in a letter to the Terre Haute *Star*, inquiring why the place was being permitted to operate.

"A casual visitor will find there a somewhat dingy but spacious room resembling a stockbroker's office," Petty wrote. "A loud-speaker is calling out the results of races at such places as Gulfstream, Lincoln Downs, Bowie, Oaklawn and Aqueduct. On boards are the lists of the horses in the various races."

Following publication of the letter, Petty had told me, he had been threatened with the possible loss of his job and other unpleasantness, so I decided to check whether the place was still in business. I found it just as he had described it. The loud-speaker was squawking, "Eight minutes' betting time for Chicago and Detroit." At one table seven men and two women were playing poker. Chips, bills and change were stacked in front of each. The sign on the wall said, WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE. LADIES PRESENT. My presence caused about as much stir as the arrival of a regular customer.

Later one change was made to discourage the curiosity of snoopy outsiders. The bookie parlor's door was locked, and there was a buzzer and a sign, MEMBERS ONLY. But a non-"member" I know had little difficulty entering and taking a look around. In the gambling rooms of the night clubs, Terre Haute friends of mine noted business-as-usual conditions as recently as last month.

My investigation of prostitution was, I admit, more cursory. Experts in the field of venereal-disease control have assured me that Terre Haute is one of perhaps a dozen communities of any size left in the country with "a line"—a well-defined red-light district. It is in the general area of Second and Cherry streets. Investigators of the American Social Health Association toured it a year ago, and I read their report. They found eleven brothels in operation and were themselves solicited in the most clinical language I've ever seen committed to paper.

Except for ministers, I found almost nobody in Terre Haute who thinks that what remains of the once vast gambling and prostitution matters at all. Ray Hahn, a bald, highly personable shoe-store owner who was the 1959 Republican candidate against Mayor Tucker, didn't even mention it in his campaign. Hahn, fifty, had been one of the charter members of United Terre Haute, a reform movement sparked by the Junior Chamber of Commerce in 1954. It caused quite a stir. The governor spoke at the organizational meeting. Some seventy organizations decided to co-operate to make taxpayers aware of local problems. The project lasted a little over a year.

"After the election the thing disbanded," Hahn said. "Everybody just gave up. They couldn't get anybody to come to meetings."

Next, Hahn, who has seven children and used to be president of the school board, became the first anti-Hulman candidate for the presidency of the Chamber of Commerce. He won. It was he, along with John Lamb, who drafted Floyd Dix for the job that led to Dix's TV appearances. When this brought no action, Hahn decided to neglect his business and run for mayor. He talked about the sewage and the traffic and the soot, but nobody seemed much interested.

"I had no party support whatever because they felt I'd run the city like a business," he told me. "I would make no promises. Tucker operates on the theory that if he does nothing he will make fewer people angry. He's evidently satisfied most of the people most of the time. You can't place the blame on Tony Hulman. I like Tony. I don't think he wants things changed, but he's done more than anybody else."

Many substantial citizens cannot understand why Terre Haute can't—like Peoria, Illinois, for instance—shake its past. One of these men is Chapman Root, thirty-five, president of the Associated Coca-Cola Bottling Plants, Inc., and known during World War II as "the army's richest corporal." Root's father ran a Terre Haute glass company, and when the Coca-Cola company in 1913 asked industry to design a bottle, two of Root's employees came up with the winner. For fourteen years Root collected a five-cent royalty on every gross manufactured. He wound up with thirty-five bottling plants all over the country. His son, who remains a legal resident of Terre Haute but spends most of his time at his home in Ormond Beach, Florida, told me, "It just seems that the combination of things that are needed to put a town over, we haven't been able to put together. Why this is, I don't know. It's a mystery to me."

"It's the people," said Ray Hahn at his shoe store.

"The people want it that way," said retiring Republican Gov. Harold W. Handley at the capitol in Indianapolis. "Who am I to argue with them?"

"The ones who've always lived here think every other place is the same way," said Joe Petty at the Terre Haute employment office. "They sort of like it the way it is."

"We're a backward city," said Vern McMillan at his sporting-goods store. "We've gone straight down. It's a lack of leadership."

McMillan is well qualified on the subject. He was the Republican mayor from 1944 to 1948, when gambling and vice were shut down, and a fresh breeze blew through City Hall. A retired FBI official ran the police. Businessmen, doctors and lawyers headed other departments. Health-department appropriations, and policemen's and firemen's salaries were increased. Still, taxes were lowered and municipal finances were rehabilitated. But McMillan was helped by war prosperity and the Army's frowning on vice. And even his energy and success couldn't buck the tide of Terre Haute's history.

The founder was General—later President—William Henry Harrison. He picked a site near present-day Terre Haute in 1811 as a base for the nation's further expansion westward. The county was named for Francis Vigo, who financed William Rogers Clark. By mid-century, big money was being made. One Crawford Fairbanks accumulated $40,000,000 brewing beer, distilling liquor, trading in real estate and much else. Chauncey Rose, an oil wildcatter, railroad operator and financier, endowed the Grand Opera House and the Rose Polytechnic Institute. Population began doubling every decade. From Cincinnati, Francis Hulman wrote Tony Hulman's grandfather, Herman, in Germany asking him to join the family in a new wholesale grocery venture way out west in the "well-laid-out, flourishing and growing" city of Terre Haute.

"O, Herman! Herman! follow my advice," he wrote. "There is still time! You will lead an entirely different life, be a different person, a free man, independent."

Herman came. So did other businessmen, the miners, the madams, the labor organizers and the strikebreakers. Terre Haute's "District" became the most notorious vice spot in Indiana. Eugene V. Debs, a local boy with a mission, made his home town his headquarters. He built the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, led the Pullman strike and went to jail in 1918 for his "traitorous" antiwar speeches. In 1920, from his cell, he ran for president for the fifth time on the Socialist ticket and got more votes than any other Socialist before or since. About the same time, a Terre Haute mayor, Don Roberts, and others went to the penitentiary for stealing, among other things, an election.

Slowly, mining declined. Businesses started leaving town. Terre Haute became known as a focal spot of labor unrest.

Finally, on July 22, 1935, the great traumatic experience of the city's life erupted: the first general strike east of the Rockies. Armed gangs, Federal troops, chaos and panic stalked the streets. It seems like long ago. To those who remember, Terre Haute has come a long way. Unions remain strongly entrenched, but strikes are few. Thoughtful people, like John Lamb, Floyd Dix and Ray Hahn, know that their city has not come nearly far enough. But somewhere in its decades of violence and decline, Terre Haute's collective spirit cracked and apathy took its place.

"It's the people," Hahn said again. "Unless something affects them in dollars and cents, I don't think they're particularly interested. Some are, but there are not enough of them." THE END

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The Tale of the Tommyknockers

(Continued from Page 17)

sun hot now, Pansy and the twins napping—that hope slipped into "suppose." Suppose the house wasn't habitable? Suppose they had to find some other place to hole up while John's knee strengthened? Suppose it didn't ——

"The only thing the lawyer knew was that the mine had been closed," John said. "He saw an item in the newspaper asking help for its Tommyknockers."

From the rear came a sleepy voice, "What's a Tommyknocker?" Susan said that it was a Cornish elf and she'd tell him later, and go back to sleep.

Then they came to the turnoff, and Susan drove as slowly as the car could go, afraid to hope, afraid to arrive. They rounded the last bend and saw the Golden Fleece sleeping in the sun, its blacksmith shop, its timber shed, and slightly below it and not fifty feet from its portal, the house, waiting like a friend.

It was a two-story white frame house surrounded by a wide veranda. Birth, death, sorrow and joy had marked it as definitely as character marks the face of one who has taken all life can hand out and still aged gracefully.

They stopped beneath the pines and climbed out and stood staring. The tin-roofed mining cabins fell away, and the hard luck and the dreary city apartment. They saw the grass where the twins could run and the stream where they could wade and sail their boats. They saw the screened porch where they could eat outdoors, and where John could putter at a workbench—and more room than they could use.

They started forward exactly as the twins entered on Christmas morning, eager and shy and full of wonder—and then they stopped.

On the steps watching them intently sat a fine, fierce-looking old man. He knocked out his pipe slowly and stood up and came forward, something closed and guarded in his face, and the pressure of John's hand on Susan's said, "Now let me do the talking. I'll handle this." They stood ready to fight for what was theirs, for what they needed so desperately.

"I'm Ben Hutton, the caretaker," he said. "I'll be glad to have you picnic in the portal. Mighty refreshing place on a day like this." The voice held such dignity it made them feel like interlopers.

"Thank you—no, sir, we didn't come to picnic."

"You wouldn't be looking for a house to turn into an inn?" the old man asked. "With a bartender with a waxed mustache and a piano that plays tinny?"

They were truly shocked. "Oh, no—no, indeed." And for the first time they realized he was backing them slowly to the road's edge. Then he saw the car.

He looked at it long and carefully. When he spoke, it was as if to himself. "Forth-and-to'y transportation," he said. "It's been used to go to and from a mine. Yep, no doubt about it. Mining man's car, and a mining man's gear—a little more beat-up with each move."

Pansy descended from her perch and emerged majestically, and Patty awoke and stuck up her tousled head, the native embroidery on her dress plainly visible.

"All you need is a monkey on top," said the old man. "You been in the jungles, son? You get that knee in a plane crash in the bush?"

"It was an iron mine in South America," John said, "and it wasn't a plane crash. It was a shaft-sinking accident. Got myself clobbered by a sinking bucket." When he laughed his voice was still a bit shaky. "Clobbered good, sir—clobbered plenty."

"And the Indians had never seen a white baby," Susan said eagerly, "and they came smiling in a constant stream and stuck little bits of dirty wet paper on the twins' faces to ward off the spirits so of course ——"

"You struggled to your feet and took 'em to the makeshift you'd made home," said the old man. "Typical mining man's wife." They all laughed, and the time had come to tell him who they were.

The guarded look was gone now. The character in the face, which was so much like the character of the house, was resigned, as if ready for a blow which would be important because it was the last. And they couldn't speak. They couldn't tell him, and so he did it for them.

Jerry Marcus

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's not in right now. Could you thrash him later?"

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"I think you must be kin of William Prescott," he said slowly. "Haven't heard a word since he died five years ago. Been kind of expecting somebody would come. I'm glad to welcome you. I'll show you the house, and then I'll leave."

The house was perfect for them. The twins scampered through the cool, high-ceilinged rooms and up and down the stairs, and Pansy held her tail high and nosed out the mouse holes. But the house was spoiled for John and Susan Prescott, and they didn't know why, and they had to find out.

While they were removing the first luggage from the car, they could hear the old man upstairs packing his personals getting ready to go. They carried in only two bags, and they whispered stealthily.

"Do you think it's safe to leave the twins with him?" Susan asked. John said of course it was safe, and not to be an idiot—anybody could see he was a fine old guy, and he'd go ask him.

He knocked on the bedroom door. "Mr. Hutton," he said casually, "would you mind keeping an eye on the kids while we drive into town for some supplies?" The old man said he wouldn't mind; he liked kids and cats. They might bring home some pasties from the inn of the Cornish widow, and he told John how to find it.

For the first time since the accident the young Prescotts had something to think about besides themselves. They drove fast. They could hardly wait to arrive and start snooping around asking questions. When they reached the town's edge, they saw a motorcycle cop watching for speeders, and they stopped alongside; the man came over.

"We're interested in an old man we met at the Golden Fleece," John said. "Name of Ben Hutton. Do you know him?"

The officer grinned. "Sure I know him," he said. "Takes the combined force to keep him out of the pokey. The motor-vehicle department thinks he's too old to drive, but Ben doesn't agree."

He laughed. "Had a new spit-and-polish boy who insisted on picking him up, but we've worked out a compromise. Ben parks his old black sedan on the outskirts and walks into town. If he doesn't drive in traffic, we don't bother him. Why are you interested?" John explained that they had come to live in the house which he had inherited from his father.

"Mighty sorry to hear it," the officer said abruptly. "They don't come any better than Ben Hutton." And he turned away.

They had begun to feel like criminals, and for a moment they even harbored the thought that Grandfather Prescott must have cheated the old man, an idea too gruesome to ponder. John said there was only one thing to do—find the Cornish widow and put it straight to her.

When they found the place and entered, they saw a teen-age girl behind the counter, lips a little too red, blouse a little too low, the kind of a girl you see in any small town, certain that she is cooped and caught and determined to reach the big city where she can start to live.

She looked at them curiously, as if she were expecting them. "I'll call my aunt," she said. And when the gray-haired Cornish widow entered, a package in her hands, they knew instantly there was no use to ask a question. The closed look was on her face.

"You must be the Prescotts," she said. "Ben called you were coming. I have the pasties ready, and there'll be no charge—and no questions, please. Ben says a contract is a contract. He says you're a mighty fine young couple and you've had a mighty hard time, and you need the house more than he does." She handed them the package and went back into the kitchen.

When they reached the car, the young girl was waiting for them. "I'll tell you," she said. "It's the silliest thing you ever heard. Ben Hutton's as stubborn as the rest of this town. He's a refugee from a rest home. That's all."

"You mean ——"

"That's right. And do you know something? The town's on his side. Every time Esmeralda, his daughter, comes to persuade him, somebody warns him and he hides out until she's gone."

"He does, does he?" said John with respect in his voice.

"They're jealous. That's all. Esmeralda got away from this burg. She has a big car and a mink coat, and they're jealous. But now that you've come, he'll have to go; and it'll be a lot better for him, and if nobody speaks to you, I will."

When they had bought their groceries and started back, they knew what they must do. They were mining people, and so was Ben Hutton. Susan said she couldn't bear to think of his sitting in the parlor of some dreary city rest home waiting for callers who never came. John said he was like the last of the buffalo caught in a blizzard with the wolves circling, and for his money Esmeralda was the lead wolf, the baby Quisling at her heels. And as for John's father—neither had any doubt as to what he'd want, and if they didn't manage it, blasts would pop off all over heaven itself.

"The old guy's proud," John said, "and that's the danger. We'll have to feel our way. I'll start it and you finish it."

When they reached the house and entered the kitchen, Ben Hutton had his bags packed and was ready to leave.

"Susan," John said brusquely, "you call the children while I carry out our stuff. Thank goodness we didn't unpack much of it. And don't forget Pansy. We can't leave without her."

"Wait a minute," the old man said. "What is this? What are you two doing?"

"There isn't any use disputing it," John told him. "We're leaving. We can't stay. Not possibly. Why do you think my dad bought this house? So he'd have a home waiting for him when he was old. That's why. So he could be his own man to the end in a mining man's country talking a mining man's talk."

He started for the door. As he opened it he turned. "And besides," he said, "if we stayed, nobody would speak to us. Not the Cornish widow. Not even the traffic cop. Nobody—except maybe the widow's niece, who wants to go to the city like Esmeralda and wear mink." And out he went.

Now it was Susan's turn. She sat down at the kitchen table beside the old man and she began to cry. "It's such a lovely old house, and it was going to be such a fine summer, and now it's spoiled. Oh, Mr. Hutton, couldn't we all stay? I don't think you'd mind us. Really I don't. We're nice people. At least I think so."

The old man was watching her carefully.

"Every child needs a grandfather, and the twins have none. And for a year John's had nothing but shattered kneecaps and sickness. We need you."

The old man's struggle showed on his face. Then John came in with the children, Pansy clutched in his arm. "Ready, Susan?" he asked.

She stood up slowly, but the old man remained seated, and she sensed the battle was over and pride had won.

"I appreciate what you're trying to do," he said slowly. "And a better try I never saw, and I thank you for it. I don't say it's easy to leave. I was born in this house, and there's scarcely a job in the

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Regular or Chicken

Meat Balls STEERO Sauce

1 lb. beef, ground
¼ lb. pork, ground
¼ cup soft bread crumbs
1 tbsp. minced onion
¼ cup tomato catsup
1 egg or 2 egg yolks
salt and pepper
flour
fat

Combine meats, crumbs, onion, catsup, egg and seasoning and mix thoroughly. Shape into small balls. Roll in flour and sauté in fat. Remove and keep hot. To drippings in pan add 3 onions thinly sliced and 2 teaspoons INSTANT STEERO dissolved in 1 cup hot water. Simmer until onions are tender and golden. Reheat meat balls, pour over sauce, and serve immediately. Garnish with parsley.

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old mine I haven't worked one time or another. It isn't that I wouldn't like to stay. It isn't that I wouldn't enjoy it. It's been mighty lonesome sometimes with the mine closed down and even the Tommyknockers gone."

A little look of complete understanding passed between Robby and Patty. They walked over and planted themselves at Ben's knees.

"Where did the little elves go?" Robby asked.

"To work in other mines, son. This one's closed. They're spriggins, you know, related to the piskies. They hide in the winzes and look after the miners. If a man leaves them a bit of his lunch, they're good to him. And if he forgets, they put out his light. They knock the tools out of his hands. And if he denies them, they'll plague his days with bad luck."

Another little look passed between the twins, and they pressed closer.

"But they'll be back, won't they?" Robby insisted, and Patty echoed him. "They'll come back, won't they?"

"They might. The Tommyknockers follow the good mines, and this is a good mine. Always was and still is. Yes—I guess if those noodleheads in Washington unpeg the gold and the Golden Fleece is worked again, they'll be back."

"But Patty and I can work it. We have hard hats. We have shovels. And Pansy's a good digger. And you could help us."

The old man lifted the little boy to one knee, and the little girl to the other.

"Ye-es," he said slowly. "I guess you and Patty and Pansy and I could have a small operation going. I guess maybe I could stay long enough for that."

This was the beginning of the lovely summer which was like no other. Ben was always the first one up. Upstairs in the big high-ceilinged bedroom John and Susan would hear him moving quietly in the kitchen, putting on the coffee, and presently they would hear a rustle on the stairs and know that Patty and Robby were going down in their sleepers, Patty clutching her favorite doll—the one who couldn't keep her clothes on and was missing an arm.

It was Ben who gave them their breakfast. It was to Ben Patty carried the garments with the tiny buttons she couldn't manage.

Susan insisted to John she was just a little jealous of Ben Hutton, bless his heart. With him the twins were such angels and with her sometimes such tartars. Even the hour before dinner which had a habit of slipping into howls and tantrums was relatively calm with Ben around. The twins considered him their personal possession.

Each midmorning there occurred an event which amounted almost to ritual. Robby and Patty put on their little hard hats, and Ben his big one with its carbide light and, armed with shovels and attended by Pansy, off they marched to work the Golden Fleece. They always carried a bit of food to place on some rocky ledge for the Tommyknockers.

When Susan was outdoors, she would watch them enter the portal, and Ben's voice would carry back to her, "Rattle 'em up, boys. Make the dirt fly. Here comes the super with his nose to the ground." Then there would be silence, and she would know they were walking a hundred feet into the old adit, and she would wait.

Their exit never lost its freshness. Out they came at fifteen miles an hour through the portal in the little ore car, Robby and Patty hanging on for dear life, Pansy tucked between them with her little white paws over the edge, and Ben standing on the back. It was so wonderful that Susan had to limit the event to once every weekday and twice on Sunday, or the twins would have worn Ben to a frazzle.

And when they came straggling into lunch on the screened porch almost always one of the children asked anxiously, "Do you think the Tommyknockers will be back soon, Ben?"

And he would answer, "I'm expecting them any day now, chickadee. Takes patience. Takes time for the news to spread that the Golden Fleece is a going concern again."

It was never lonely. John and Ben built a workbench. They made a dollhouse for Patty and a tree fort for Robby. They built a wheel to lift enough water from the stream for Susan to have a vegetable garden.

When they all drove to town, they were greeted with broad grins, and there wasn't a week that two or three mining men didn't drop by—usually at lunch time—for a chat with Ben and John. And the talk was always of mining, its efforts, its failures and its hopes. Then one day the Tommyknockers came back.

The little ore car seemed to emerge from the portal a bit faster than usual, and the twins came running to report the news. For the first time the food they had left the day before was gone.

Ben confirmed it. "Yep. They're back. No doubt about it. Hungry too. Gobbled up every smidgen." Neither he nor the parents mentioned the possibility of a night-prowling rat, no doubt grateful for so unexpected a cache.

The twins spoke much of the Tommyknockers when they first returned. Then not at all. Each afternoon after their naps they played together under the big old trees in a world which was their very own and excluded all others—even Ben.

One afternoon Ben took them a tray of milk and cookies, and from his chair on the veranda he saw them passing the cookies to playmates who were not there and talking to them earnestly.

"You know something, Susan?" he said to her. "I think the twins think they can see and hear the Tommyknockers." Susan said "oh, yes" she'd known it for the past week.

"It's because they haven't enough real children to play with, Ben. It's perfectly normal. When I was a little girl my best friend was a little boy called Charley Peters who didn't exist."

One afternoon Ben was sitting on the bank, watching the children wade in the stream, and Patty grew tired and came over to him and held out her hands for him to lift her out.

"Please, Ben," she said. "Lower me up."

This was a Cornish phrase, and he asked where had she heard it? "Patty, who told you that?" She grew very demure and said it was a secret.

"Couldn't you just whisper it?"

She put her little face close to his ear and whispered it. "'Arry and 'Arvie told me," and off she scampered.

Then Robby came over. "I know what Patty said. She said 'Arry and 'Arvie told her."

"And did they?"

The same demure little look took Robby's face. "A'is," he said.

"Gave me the queerest feeling," Ben told Susan. "I haven't heard that word 'a'is' for years and years. 'Aye' is the closest you hear these days. And where did they get 'Arry and 'Arvie? It seems to me that when I was a youngster the miners had names for two of the Tommyknockers."

"Well, of course, that's it. Ben. They've heard it somewhere. Whoever said little pitchers have big ears simply didn't know children, Ben. They're better than that. They have a radar system all their own. It's normal. Just be thankful they picked up something nice instead of something naughty."

Then the lovely summer came to an end. The doctors said John could go back to work.

Ben and John started job-hunting at once. They visited the mines of the Alleghany. They drove north to see an iron pit where the mud swallows built their nests in the ledges, the rattlesnakes hid in the rocks and the miners ran for their lives when the lightning showed in the sky. Then one day through the chief engineer who had known Ben all his life, John found work as a project engineer to build a diversion tunnel on a new dam, near enough so the family could return to the old house for holidays and weekends.

When the Prescotts left, Pansy climbed a tree and refused to come down. She chose to remain with Ben, and though at first both missed the family, the old house was not lonely. It was filled with hope and plans. The kitchen to be painted as a surprise for Susan. Windows to be weather-stripped so the house would be warm for the twins. Bulbs to plant for the spring garden, leaves to rake and trees to prune.

Thus the early fall passed quickly. The leaves fell, the nights turned cold and the Prescotts telephoned that they would arrive late Friday afternoon for a long weekend.

All Thursday morning and into the afternoon Ben worked to stack the last of the winter wood before the rains came. He was dusty with bits of wood duff caught on his sleeves and in his hair. He was thinking that at Christmas he and John and the twins must drive high enough to find a little fir, and cut it down and carry it home. And he must take Susan to the church to hear the Cornish choir sing carols so old they had never been written down, but passed from father to son over the generations.

Then he heard a car come up the road and stop, and he thought John must have managed to get off a day early. He put down the last piece of wood, shook the duff from his hands and straightened. In the car was Esmeralda, his daughter. He went forward to greet her as she climbed out, and they looked long at each other.

Ben saw a strong, capable and thoroughly good woman whom he didn't like very well, but loved dearly.

She saw a stubborn, willful old man, obviously unfit to live alone, to whom she was devoted. Why, he wasn't even bathing properly. And on the stove would be a pot of beans with a huge piece of fat pork—so bad for his heart. How hard to reach the day when a daughter must take charge. How thoughtful of the niece of the Cornish widow to have written her the truth. And this time she would not leave without him.

Esmeralda did not begin her campaign with direct action. Not a word. Not a reference. She inquired for friends. She discussed the weather. She discoursed on the joys of city living.

"Now I'll get supper, father," said Esmeralda in the late afternoon. "I've drawn the water for your bath. Now run along, dear, and have a good soak."

Ben went upstairs slowly. The tub was filled and the towels laid out. He'd have to be watchful or she'd lock him in and vamoose with his pants. And sure enough—he was scarcely inside with the door shut when he heard a faint scurry in the hall. Esmeralda had come up to ascertain if her strategy was working.

He planned his own, and quickly. He performed some splendid splashing without wetting more than his hands. He emitted the proper puffs and snorts. He spilled water on the floor and sopped two bath towels. He removed one shoe and sock and left a large, wet footprint on the bath mat. Then he washed his hands and face, combed his hair and went down to dinner.

Dinner was deplorable. The pot of beans was gone, and Ben too wise to mention it. No spice. No pickles. Not a taste of onion. In place of his strong, dark brew was a cup of something so remotely related to his favorite bean as to have neither taste nor fragrance.

Breakfast the next morning was even worse. More weak coffee and not one

"You and your birdcalls."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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slice of thick bacon. It was obvious that Esmeralda was softening him for the attack, and for the first time Ben felt afraid.

It began as soon as the dishes were done, and it was direct. It was kindly, or meant to be, and it went on and on with that patient, persistent hammering of the woman who is sure—absolutely sure—she is right.

"Now, father, you know you must go back with me. You're too old to drive. You're too old to cook for yourself. It's too far from a doctor. You're my responsibility, not the Prescotts'."

And Ben said the Prescotts had come into his life like a benediction. That they had given him every reason to believe they needed and wanted him. What more did a man want? Suppose living here as he wished did shorten his life? What did it matter, if he lived it and put it down at the end like a man?

Esmeralda wept, and promptly repenting such weakness, strung her bow with her sharpest arrow. "I know how you feel, father. I do understand. But the Prescotts are young. They don't want to be burdened with an old man. They can't say so. They can't come right out and say they'd rather have their own house to themselves. Can you accept kindness given out of pity?" And when she saw the flinch of pain on his face, she was so sure of success she gave him a respite.

Homework above fourth-grade level seems to be designed to embarrass helpful parents as much as to educate their children.

JOHN W. MAXSON JR.

Ben walked into the kitchen. He plucked his hard hat from its hook on the back porch and followed the path to the Golden Fleece. He lighted his carbide lamp and entered the portal. This time he went farther than he and the twins had ever gone, deep into the adit. In one place a small slide had fallen, and when he saw it, he knew the mine was weakening—and so was he.

He turned back. There in the portal was the little spot of daylight a miner can see for hundreds of yards, that waits all his life to guide him home to a safe lodging after his work is done. For Ben it led to the old house, to John and Susan and the children, and he felt the will to fight on still within him, and he walked toward it steadily.

When he was within fifty feet of the portal, the light blurred an instant. Esmeralda had come after him. He stopped, and he spoke first and firmly. "Esmeralda, you ought to know better than to come into a mine. It's bad luck. Now get out of here."

"Oh, father, that's superstitious nonsense. Come on, dear. I'll help you pack. We'll stop on our way and have a nice dinner."

For an instant there was silence, and then he heard it, the tap-tap on the air lines, the knock-knock on the sills.

"The Tommyknockers are talking."

"Father, if anybody heard you say that, he'd think you were childish."

"He would, would he? Well, let him try and certify me. He'd have to do it in Grass Valley. The judge would throw it out of court. He'd have to, or he wouldn't dare run for re-election."

He walked toward her, and on his cheek he felt a slowly increasing flow of air coming from the workings deep in the mine and moving toward the portal. But the fan wasn't going—it was disconnected—and he yelled to Esmeralda to run, and because he was too old to run, he jumped into an old powder-storage crosscut.

There was a deafening howl, and Ben's light went out. Somewhere in the old adit the rock had fallen, pushing out the air as if from a balloon down a straw. His poor determined Esmeralda had become airborne, and when the current that had picked her up reached the unrestricted atmosphere outside the portal, it would drop her with a rude thump.

Then it was over. He could hear the faint rumble of the stopes that had caved and compressed the air.

He hurried to the portal and, illuminated in the sunlight, he saw Esmeralda sitting between the tracks, covered with dust and surrounded by old powder boxes, wedges and leaves. She was unbroken.

"Esmeralda," said Ben gently. "You've made a mess. What you need is a good, long soak."

Esmeralda didn't want a soak. She found her voice. "Those horrible little Tommyknockers—they did it on purpose."

"I thought you didn't believe in the Tommyknockers."

"I don't; of course I don't—the nasty little things. I'm going home. I've had enough. I've had all I can take. I did the best I could. Nobody can say I didn't try. Heaven knows I tried!" Ben agreed, and he soothed her and he calmed her, and at last he saw her on her way.

What sweet release. He made himself a pot of strong, fine coffee. He laid the fires. He placed the doll Patty had left behind to await her return on the pillow of her little bed. He put the model of a gold dredge which he had made for Robby on a card table. He cleaned the bathroom and remade the bed in which Esmeralda had slept. Then he put on his jacket and went outdoors to wait.

Far down the road he heard the car coming up the grade. He heard it with that eager lift of the young heart, as a child hears a sleigh bell or a youth the long whistle of a freight train in the night.

Then the car came around the bend and stopped, Patty running toward him with her arms out, Robby just behind her, content to be second because he was a boy and girls go first.

It was Susan who spoke first. "Oh, Ben—we were so afraid. The traffic cop told us your daughter had passed him. If you weren't here, we were going to start right out after you."

So, of course, he told them all about it, and it was solemnly agreed that the Tommyknockers must have pried loose the rocks that started the slide that compressed the air that blew Esmeralda through the portal. And John said this was no night for cooking. They must celebrate. They would dine at the inn of the Cornish widow, and if the suet and the onion in her meat pasties gave Ben a bit of heartburn, it was worth the risk.

When they were ready to start, Ben said he had a bit of business he must tend to first. He picked up Pansy and, with Patty on one side and Robby on the other, walked again to the Golden Fleece and through the portal just far enough for the dark to find them. There was not a sound.

"Are you listening, lads?" He felt Pansy stiffen, alert as to the flicker of a mouse tail no human eye could see, and from deep in the old mine he heard a faint, benign tap and a sound that resembled a small—a very small—chuckle.

Ben raised his right arm in greeting as one mining man to others. "'Arry and 'Arvie," said the old man. "We're obliged to you gentlemen." THE END

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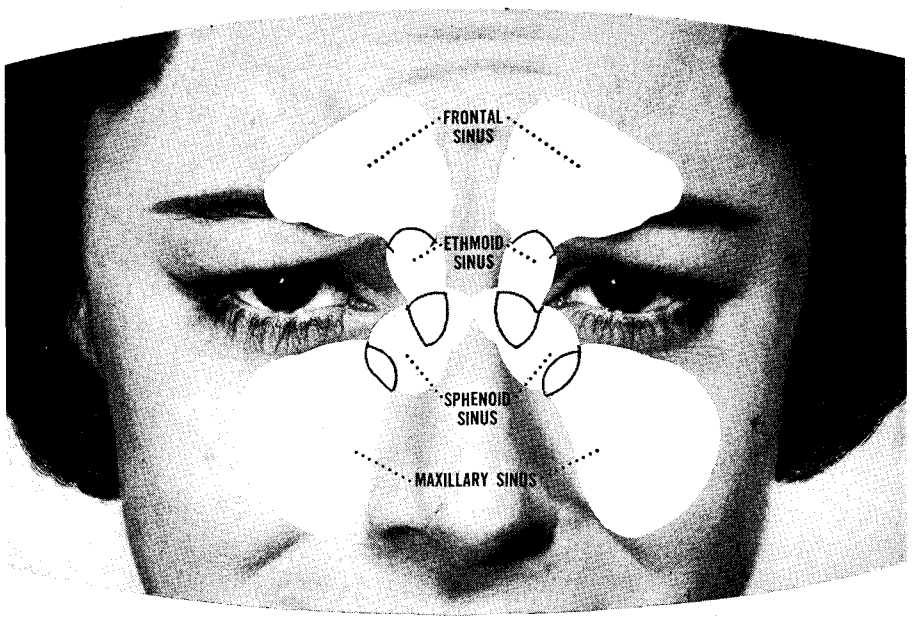

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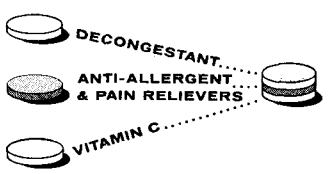

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The Case of the Spurious Spinster

(Continued from Page 33)

"Upon being advised that Miss Corning was at the airport, that a telegram had been sent announcing an earlier date of arrival and upon being unable to get in touch with Mr. Campbell, she dashed out to the airport.

"There she found a woman who apparently had a very striking physical resemblance to you seated in a wheel chair, surrounded by baggage bearing the labels of South American hotels and South American airlines. She escorted this woman to this suite of rooms, and the woman insisted on going almost immediately to the office in order to check into certain things."

"What happened?" Miss Corning asked.

"This woman showed a surprising familiarity with the business. She inquired about various details, then she sent Susan Fisher down to buy some suitcases and put vouchers and books of account in those suitcases and then vanished. There is a possibility that she took with her a fairly large sum of money from the safe. We can't be certain about that."

"Why can't you be certain about it?"

"Because the origin of that money is shrouded in some mystery."

"All right," Miss Corning said, "where do you come in?"

"I'm representing Susan Fisher."

"Does she need an attorney?"

"She may need an attorney."

"Why?"

"Because," Mason said, "she may have let an impostor into the office; she may have been the victim of an impersonation and turned over certain vouchers and books of account and permitted them to leave the office."

"Why all that hurried activity on a Saturday?" Miss Corning asked.

"Frankly," Mason said, "because there is some reason to believe that there may have been irregularities in the operation of the company. Take, for instance, the mine in the Mojave Desert known as the Mojave Monarch. That mine ——"

"That mine," Miss Corning interrupted firmly, "needs looking into. You don't need to go on to tell me any more about that, Mr. Mason. That's one of the reasons I'm here. Now, then, where's Endicott Campbell?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "Frankly, I was somewhat anticipating your arrival at the airport, and the man who met you was one who is in my employ rather than in the employ of the company."

"And you think somebody is going to make trouble for this young woman client of yours?"

"Mr. Campbell has indicated as much."

"All right," Miss Corning said, "let's get hold of Mr. Campbell and let's get hold of this young woman. Where's this very efficient secretary of yours? Is she here?"

"Right here," Della Street said.

"All right," Miss Corning said. "I presume you know the number of your client's telephone. Here are some numbers that Mr. Campbell gave me where he can be reached in case he's not at home. However, this is his home number, and you can try that first. Now, let's get both of them up here."

Della Street started putting through the telephone calls. Mason said, "Of course, Miss Corning, in view of your large holdings in the company, regardless of what Mr. Campbell may feel should be done, the ultimate fate of Susan Fisher rests very largely in your hands."

"That's right," Miss Corning said. "You don't need to waste time pointing out the obvious to me, Mr. Mason. That's why I want to get her up here. My eyes aren't too good, but I'm a pretty good judge of voices. My judgment isn't infallible, but it suits me all right.

"And I'll tell you something else. The reason I'm here is that I called up Endicott Campbell on international long-distance telephone and I didn't like the sound of his voice. There was a certain equivocation in there that I didn't like. I don't know what's happening. I don't know whether he's trying to protect himself or someone else, but—well, I'm here to find out."

Della Street reported, "Endicott Campbell isn't at home. The housekeeper who is there doesn't know where he is. She's there alone. Elizabeth Dow, the governess, Carleton Campbell, the young son, and Campbell are all out somewhere."

"Together?" Mason asked.

"She doesn't know," Della Street said.

"What about Susan Fisher, Della?"

"I got Miss Fisher on the line and told her to get up here right away. She's coming up immediately."

"All right," Miss Corning said. "Now, I'm going to freshen up. If this secretary of yours, Mr. Mason, wouldn't mind assisting a somewhat helpless old woman, we'll retire to one of the bedrooms. You can sit here in the room which I believe is still known as a parlor in hotel lingo. I don't want to have anyone else around. Just sit here and wait, Mr. Mason, and I'll be out shortly. In the meantime, if that young woman client of yours comes in, just tell her to sit down and that we'll be out before too very long.

"Now, then," she said, turning to Della, "your name is Della Street?"

"That's right," Della said.

"Would you mind coming in the bedroom with me and helping me unpack? My eyes are just no good at all, and it's difficult to unpack by feeling. Oh, I can see outlines and get a vague impression of faces, but bright light bothers me, and I can't see anything in a half-light. I'm getting worse all the time. I have to rely more and more on a sense of touch."

"I'll be glad to do anything I can to help," Della Street said.

"I like your voice," Miss Corning announced. "You have loyalty and efficiency, and unless I'm very much mistaken, you have a great deal of ability. Come along now."

The women retired to the bedroom. Mason settled back in a chair, tried to relax but couldn't. Then he got up and started thoughtfully pacing the floor. The lawyer was still pacing when knuckles tapped gently on the outer door. Mason opened it, and a frightened Susan Fisher stood in the hallway.

"Come in," Mason said. She entered the room, looking around apprehensively. "They're in the bedroom unpacking, and Miss Corning is freshening up," Mason said.

"How bad is it?" Sue Fisher asked.

"Not bad at all—at least, not so far. Miss Corning is a very well-balanced, unemotional woman who gives the impression of being most considerate."

"Has Mr. Campbell got hold of her yet?"

"No," Mason said. "As far as I know, Campbell has no idea that she is in the city. He's expecting her tomorrow."

"How did you know she was here?"

Mason grinned and said, "I anticipated it. I knew she was due to arrive tomorrow and I thought she might arrive a day ahead of time. So Paul Drake had men at the airport waiting for her to arrive. When she showed up, Drake's man stepped forward and met her and told her he'd take charge of her baggage and promptly proceeded to notify Paul Drake, who, in turn, notified me. And here we are."

"You mean you thought all that out in advance?"

"There wasn't anything much to think out in advance," Mason said. "We knew that Miss Corning was going to show up at the airport, and I wanted to have an opportunity to tell her your side of the story before Endicott Campbell told her his side of the story. That's all there was to it."

Susan Fisher impulsively took Mason's hand in both of hers. "I think you're absolutely wonderful," she said.

The bedroom door opened, and Della Street pushed Miss Corning's wheel chair out into the room. "Hello, Susan," Della Street said. "This is Miss Corning. . . . Miss Corning, Susan Fisher is here."

"Where are you, child?" Miss Corning asked.

"Right here," Sue said, coming forward to the chair. "Oh, Miss Corning, I feel so terrible about what happened yesterday. I guess Mr. Mason has told you the facts."

"Sit down here close to me," Miss Corning said, "and tell me what happened."

Della Street said, "I'll wheel Miss Corning over here by this chair, Susan, then you can talk with her on one side, and Mr. Mason will be on the other."

Miss Corning said, "I suppose this isn't very ethical, Mr. Mason, but I would like to steal your secretary. . . . I don't know what Mr. Mason is paying you, Miss Street, but I'll double it."

"Now, just a minute," Mason interposed. "This is criminal conspiracy, grand larceny and treason."

"No such thing," Miss Corning said. "It's a business proposition, and there's no treason involved because I don't owe you any loyalty. Miss Street is the only one who owes you any loyalty, and she wouldn't even consider such a proposition. . . . Would you, Della?"

"I'm afraid not," Della Street said, laughing.

"Well, let's get down to business. Now then, young lady—what's your name, Fisher?"

"That's right—Susan Fisher."

"How old are you, Susan?"

"Twenty-four."

"In love?" Miss Corning asked.

"Not at the moment."

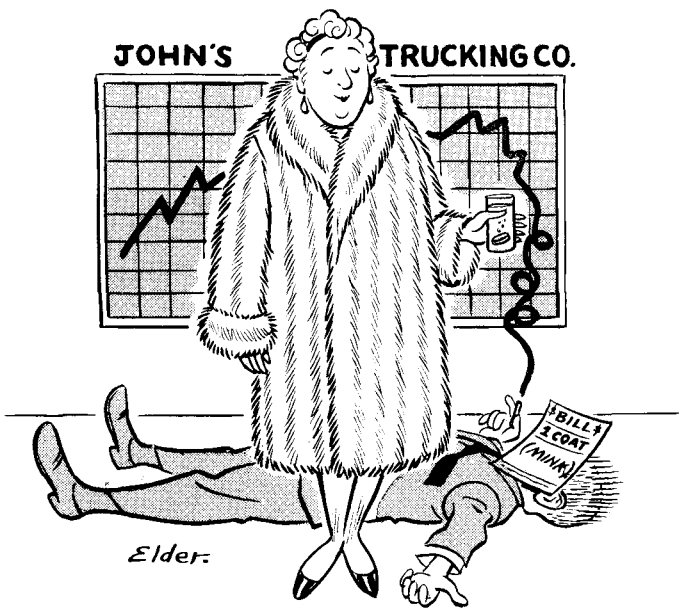
"How long have you been working in the office there?"

"More than a year."

"Did you start in as Mr. Campbell's secretary?"

"No. I started in as a stenographer."

(*Continued on Page 72*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

John kept telling his wife that "to be successful, you have to look successful." So he put every cent into his business, plus a Cadillac and a yacht. He gave sumptuous parties which he explained to his wife as business necessities. She accepted his philosophy and, without telling him, bought herself a $5000 mink coat. When John refused to pay for the coat, the furrier sued.

"A wife's coat is a necessity of life," counsel for the furrier asserted, "and a husband is liable to pay for his wife's necessaries. Therefore John should meet this bill."

"It isn't 'necessary' that the coat be mink," John retorted. "I need every cent to keep my business going. The law doesn't require me to buy my wife a luxury like this."

If you were the judge, would you make the husband pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The husband had to pay. The court said that "necessaries" are measured by the living standard that the husband maintains, "even though the standard adopted by him presents a false front and he is living beyond his resources." Otherwise his wife would appear shabby to his elegant business associates.

Based upon a 1958 Pennsylvania decision.

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(*Continued from Page 70*) "He picked you out to become his secretary?"

"Yes."

"How good are you at typing?"

"I'm quite good."

"Shorthand?"

"I think I'm rather good."

"Did Mr. Campbell pick you out because of your ability or because of your figure?"

Susan Fisher laughed in an embarrassed manner.

"Can't blame him if he did," Miss Corning went on. "Any normal man will do that with a good-looking girl who's working with him. All right, now, is Mr. Campbell crooked or not?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you."

"What do you think?"

"I don't know, Miss Corning, and I wish I did. There are some things going on there that bother me very much. I'm not in the auditing department. I simply type up statements and ——"

"You run an adding machine?"

"Oh, yes."

"All right, go on. You type up statements and then what?"

"Well, I get the statements primarily from the auditing department, or Mr. Campbell gives me the statements. I will say this, the business is so departmentalized that, frankly, I doubt if anyone other than Mr. Campbell has a general comprehensive picture of what goes on. And I've been concerned about this Mojave Monarch mine."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing," Susan said, "I went out there to Mojave on a drive. I didn't have any idea of looking at the mine; in fact, I'd forgotten all about the mine being in that part of the country. I was just out there driving around and I saw a sign on a road, a rather weather-beaten piece of wood nailed to a stake. It said on this sign, 'Mojave Monarch.' So I turned in there just out of curiosity."

"And what did you find?"

"I found a mine, but there certainly was no one working there. I went to one of the service stations and asked if there was any other Mojave Monarch around there, and the service-station man said he'd never heard of any, that the only Mojave Monarch he knew had been closed ever since one of the veins had faulted out."

"The monthly reports show that the mine is operating, but operating at a heavy loss," Miss Corning said.

"I'm quite familiar with the monthly reports," Susan Fisher said. "I do the typing."

"But you don't think the mine is working?"

"I don't know."

"Then if the reports are false, Mr. Campbell is crooked?"

"I wouldn't say that. The reports come in from a foreman in Mojave and ——"

"Endicott Campbell has never been out to Mojave to look the mine over?"

"I don't know."

"Well, if he's going to manage my business, he should know what's going on in a mine that's almost in his back yard."

Susan Fisher said nothing. "Well," Miss Corning snapped, "say something. Should he or shouldn't he?"

Susan said, "Mr. Campbell is very, very busy around the office. He's making out reports and correlating affairs and he's had quite a bit of trouble with the income-tax people. Frankly, I don't think he's ever gone to Mojave. I think he feels the mine is somewhat out of his jurisdiction. I don't know where he ——"

The door opened, and Endicott Campbell, standing in the doorway, said, "Who says I've never gone to Mojave? What's going on here? What are you people trying to do—get behind my back and tear my business reputation to shreds?"

"I suppose," Miss Corning said, "that irate, rasping voice belongs to my manager, Endicott Campbell. . . . Come in, Mr. Campbell, and sit down. It's customary to knock before entering."

"I don't care whether it's customary or not," Campbell said. "I don't know what's going on here and despite the fact that I'm working for you, Miss Corning, I resent the idea of your coming here and gathering my employees around you to discuss the efficiency of my management before you have even taken the matter up with me or let me know that you were here."

"Now, just a minute, Campbell," Mason said. "We tried to get in touch with you on the telephone."

"How did you know Miss Corning was here?" Campbell demanded.

"I anticipated her arrival," Mason said. "In case you want to know, I had men watching the airport so that we could pick her up on her arrival. That was something that you could have done if you'd wanted to—or if you'd thought of it."

"I'm afraid my mind doesn't work in these somewhat devious channels," Campbell said. And then to Miss Corning, "I'm sorry, Miss Corning, that I'm acting in this manner, but frankly I'm angry."

"Go ahead, go ahead," Miss Corning said. "Get angry. I like to hear two men fight."

"Well, I don't like the idea of Mr. Mason horning in on this thing and trying to get around behind my back."

"Now, just a minute," Mason told him. "In the first place, I don't give a damn whether you like it or not. In the second place, nobody is going behind your back. We're going in front of you and scooping up the ball that you fumbled. Now, just remember one thing. I'm representing Susan Fisher. She's my client. I have an idea that you're intending to make her some sort of a football that you can kick around in order to disguise your own shortcomings. I don't intend to let you do it. I wanted Miss Corning to know the facts as they were before you had a chance to garble them."

"Well," Campbell said, "I would have liked to have Miss Corning know the facts as they were from me before you got to her and garbled them."

"We're talking facts," Mason said.

"You were talking about the intimate affairs of the company."

... ...

Meeting

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

If I could call one moment back: one vast
And shining trophy from the crowded past,
I'd take the one that still burns bright and clear,
With you deliciously not here, but near,
And I poised at that spot in time and space,
And all unknowing, ready to reach the place
That found us suddenly standing face to face.

... ...

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"We were answering Miss Corning's questions about the Mojave Monarch, and I think that perhaps Miss Corning can well ask you about the Mojave Monarch. If you think we've garbled the facts, I'd like to hear what you have to say about them."

"And so would I," Miss Corning said.

Much of the belligerence left Campbell's manner. "All right," he said, "as far as the Mojave Monarch is concerned, the only thing I can say to Miss Corning is that apparently I was victimized by a man who was in charge of the property at Mojave, a man who apparently made false reports to me in person, in writing and over the telephone."

"Have you ever been out there?" Miss Corning demanded.

"I've been out there," Campbell said. "I've just returned from there. I'm not a mining man, Miss Corning. I'm an executive. I specialize in the supervision of real-estate investments. The mine activities were entirely out of my line. I told you that when you hired me.

"As far as the real-estate activities are concerned, you'll find that you have made a tidy profit under my management. As far as the Mojave Monarch is concerned, I've been victimized, and you have incurred a very substantial loss because of that. I'm sorry, but I was so busy with real estate that I had to delegate the mining activities to the manager, Ken Lowry. The mine was in a field about which I knew virtually nothing.

"The profits on the real estate which I have handled for you have been very substantial and have more than offset any losses on the Mojave Monarch. I would like to discuss that matter with you in detail and not in front of an audience.

"And as far as this young woman is concerned—this woman who was so eager to get to your ears before I had an opportunity to say anything—I am very much afraid the books show that she has embezzled something over a hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars in cash. I have had the auditing department working all night, and a very serious cash shortage has shown up. It shows a devilish ingenuity, as well as quite a familiarity with the affairs of the company."

"All right," Mason said, "now it comes out in the open. You're accusing Susan Fisher of embezzling money from the corporation?"

"I'm not making any accusations at the present time. I'm simply reporting confidentially to my employer what the auditing department has uncovered as a result of all-night activity."

"You consider yourself blameless in the matter?" Mason asked.

"Certainly."

"You're the executive manager of the business; you think that you have been working efficiently, and yet it is only within the last twenty-four hours you have found out there is a shortage of something over a hundred and sixty thousand dollars in the company, and that the Mojave Monarch has been operated in such a way that Miss Corning has been swindled out of many thousands of dollars?"

"I don't have to answer those questions. I don't like the way you phrase them and I don't have to submit to cross-examination by you," Campbell said. "For your information, my business management has netted something over three quarters of a million dollars for Miss Corning. A man can't make profits in a business of that magnitude without having some areas of the business which are not given his undivided personal attention."

"And in these areas of the business which have not been given your undivided personal attention, there have been shortages and swindles?" Mason asked.

"I've told you I don't have to submit to your cross-examination."

Mason said, "You accuse my client of embezzling and you'll be submitting to my cross-examination, either here or in court."

"By the time we get to court," Campbell said, "I'll have the facts and figures so well established that even you can't alibi your client into the clear."

Mason said, "For your information, Miss Corning, Mr. Campbell evidently kept a shoe box in his closet. This shoe box was crammed full of one-hundred-dollar bills. His seven-year-old son inadvertently picked up this shoe box and ——"

"And for your information, Miss Corning," Campbell interrupted, his voice raised in anger, "that's a dastardly lie!"

"We can prove what I'm saying," Mason said.

"Only by the unsubstantiated word of your client," Campbell charged. "That shoe box full of hundred-dollar bills was never seen by anybody except Susan Fisher."

Susan said, "Your son brought the box in, Mr. Campbell. Where's Carleton now?"

Endicott Campbell said, "Get this thing straight once and for all, all of you. My son is not going to be dragged into this. I am not going to have his emotions twisted and distorted against his father. We're going to leave my son out of this. He is not going to be interrogated by anyone."

"I take it," Mason said, "by that you mean you have taken steps to see that he can't be found."

"I am acting in accordance with my conscientious convictions as his father. I am performing my duties as a parent."

"In other words," Mason said, "after we strip your speech of all its high-sounding talk about your duties as a parent, it comes down to the fact that Susan Fisher says your son gave her a shoe box belonging to you and that this shoe box was full of hundred-dollar bills. You say that that is a complete lie, that no one has seen the shoe box except Susan Fisher, and in order to establish your point, you have put your son somewhere in hiding so that he can't be interrogated."

"You are a lawyer," Campbell said. "You can twist things around to suit your own purpose. I made the statement which I think Miss Corning will accept at face value."

"All right," Amelia Corning said, "I think I've heard enough to get a pretty good picture of the situation. I've given you and your client a chance to talk, Mr. Mason, and now I'm going to give Mr. Campbell a chance to talk."

"I will say this," Endicott Campbell said; "I tried to humor my son yesterday morning. He had a shoe box which contained some of his treasures. I had a shoe box containing some dress shoes. I made some joking remark about a trade. He evidently took the shoe box containing the patent-leather shoes. He told me that he gave that shoe box to Susan Fisher. He said she put it in the safe, that he didn't get it back. That is the complete story of the shoe box. I know what was in that shoe box. It was a pair of dress shoes. I can show you the sales slip from the store where they were purchased, and if Miss Fisher will kindly produce the shoe box, we'll see what was in it."

Amelia Corning said, "The situation is quite clear. Somebody is lying. Now, if you folks will retire, I'll sit down and talk things over with Mr. Campbell. . . . I take it, Mr. Campbell, you feel that

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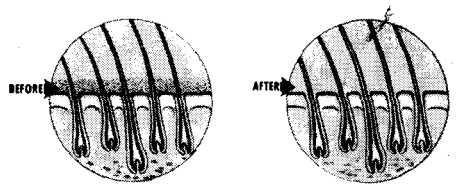

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you're able to substantiate some of the charges you've made?"

"Unfortunately," Campbell said, "Sue Fisher has disposed of much of the documentary evidence. She says she turned it over to a woman who arrived here yesterday and impersonated you. If Miss Fisher had simply refrained from doing all of these things until I could have been given an opportunity, as manager of the business, to O.K. what she was doing, I feel that we would ——"

"I tried and tried to get you," Sue interrupted.

"Well, you didn't try hard enough or in the right place," Campbell said. "For your information, I canceled a golf game in order to make a hurried trip to Mojave to check up on what was being done at that mine. You took it on yourself to turn over confidential company records to a perfect stranger. This is all very, very convenient for you, Miss Fisher. For my part, I think this impersonator was someone you dug up in a last-minute effort to confuse the issues so that you couldn't be convicted of the embezzlement."

"All right," Mason said, "you've made that as an accusation. Now, let me ask you this, Mr. Campbell. Is there any reason why any person who was responsible for the embezzlement, whether it was Susan Fisher, John Doe or Endicott Campbell, couldn't have very cleverly arranged this entire impersonation so that the documentary evidence of the embezzlement would disappear and the money would also disappear?"

Campbell smiled frostily. "So that's going to be the angle you use in your defense—a counteroffensive, eh? Well, I'll meet you on those grounds, Mr. Perry Mason, at the proper time and in the proper place. And right now I'm going to make a confidential report to my employer—and believe me, it's going to be confidential. You call up Miss Corning in an hour and you'll find out your client wasn't as smart as she thought she was. I've managed to get enough evidence in my hands to establish her duplicity."

Miss Corning said, "You folks have all had a chance to shoot off steam. I've heard Susan Fisher's side of the case. . . . Now, I'll hear yours, Mr. Campbell. . . . The rest of you, clear out!"

Out in the corridor Mason, Della Street and Susan Fisher walked slowly toward the elevator. Midway to the elevator Sue Fisher said, "Mr. Mason, can't we do something to find Carleton? Mr. Campbell's had his English governess take the boy and go somewhere."

Mason said nothing until they had reached the elevator and he had punched the button. "The boy," he said, "didn't know what was in the shoe box, did he?"

"No, he just knew it was his daddy's treasure."

"And his daddy," Mason said, "insists the treasure was a pair of dress shoes. So that isn't going to help us very much. Even if we recovered the shoe box full of money, you can't prove anything, because Endicott Campbell will swear that there was a pair of dress shoes in it when he let his son take the box. He can't help it if you threw the dress shoes into the trash and filled the box with hundred-dollar bills, the result of your embezzlement."

Sue Fisher looked at him in dismay as the full significance of the situation dawned upon her. "Well," she asked, "what can we do?"

"That," Mason said, "will depend very largely upon certain developments in the situation and on what kind of woman Miss Corning is."

"So we wait for something to—to turn up?" Sue Fisher asked.

Mason gave her one of his warm smiles. "You do, Sue," he said, "but we are going to take steps which will encourage things to turn up. There's a saying in the newspaper business that a good reporter makes his own luck, and I think we're going out to make some luck."

"Where?"

"Oh, various places."

"Mojave?" she asked.

"I wouldn't be too surprised," Mason said.

"Oh, Mr. Mason, can I go with you, please? Can I?"

The lawyer shook his head. "We don't want you to do anything which could even be remotely considered as flight or avoiding questioning. You go right to your apartment and stay there. Stay by the telephone. If anything out of the ordinary happens, telephone Paul Drake at once."

The elevator cage slid into position, and the door glided open.

Mason patted her shoulder. "Remember," he said, "that we're playing a game and we've got to play our cards just right—just exactly right."

Sunday traffic made the first part of the drive tedious, but gave Mason and Della Street an opportunity to discuss the case.

"How in the world do you suppose they could ever have engineered anything like this?" Della Street asked.

Mason said, "It's one of those things that require a perfect setup, and here you have it—a very wealthy, eccentric woman living in South America, managing the corporation more or less by long-distance telephone, with very few letters and leaving a manager in charge to do pretty much as he wanted."

"But apparently he didn't have anything to say about the mine out at Mojave."

"That's what he says," Mason said.

"And Miss Corning seems to bear him out."

"That's one of the things I want to find out about," Mason said. "I want to find out definitely and exactly what happened."

"And," Della Street pointed out, "there's a woman accomplice in here somewhere."

"Very definitely," Mason said.

"And where do you suppose she is now?"

Mason said, "That was very cleverly planned and probably well rehearsed. And that's what bothers me, Della—the diabolical ingenuity of the planning.

"Looking back on it, you can see the whole scheme. The idea was to loot the company just as much as possible, getting everything in the form of cash. The scheme was absolutely foolproof until Miss Corning appeared on the scene or sent an attorney or someone to check up on the business at firsthand. When that happened, the whole house of cards was destined to collapse.

"Now, that's where the diabolical ingenuity of the thing comes into play. The master crook who designed this needed to have someone as a so-called fall guy, a patsy—someone who could be framed with the crime."

"And so they chose Susan Fisher?'

"Right," Mason said. "Notice the perfect timing. It was carefully arranged that Susan Fisher would be at the office of the corporation Saturday morning, trying to catch up on some work. It had been arranged that she would be suspicious of Campbell. It was arranged that the telephone would ring and that a woman's voice would announce she was Miss Corning and was at the airport, why hadn't her wire been received and why wasn't someone there to meet her?

"Any person of Susan Fisher's temperament would have reacted very predictably under those circumstances. First she tried to get in touch with Endicott Campbell. When she found she couldn't, she went dashing out to the airport and picked up Miss Corning, or rather the woman who was posing as Miss Corning.

"The trap had been carefully set. The woman was sitting there in the wheel chair with baggage, with South American stickers on the bags, scattered around her. The minute Susan showed up, this woman put her on the defensive. The woman got Susan to take her to the hotel. That was all very normal and natural. Then the woman announced she was going to the office. Now, that wasn't normal and wasn't natural; but by that time the woman had so impressed herself on Susan, and had Susan so in the habit of carrying out her instructions, that she accepted the situation unquestioningly."

"You mean there's a chance Susan Fisher can be convicted of the embezzlement?"

"I would say that unless we can uncover some new evidence—evidence, perhaps, of a rather startling nature—we don't stand a whisper of a chance of beating the case against Susan Fisher," Mason said somberly. "Lots of times innocent persons are convicted simply because of circumstantial evidence, mistaken identification or some mistake made by witnesses.

"It isn't generally known, but when some person carefully and deliberately plans to frame a crime on another individual, that individual's chances of beating the case are very slim. Right at the moment, there's one weak link in this case."

"What's that?"

"The female accomplice," Mason said. "We've got to uncover that female accomplice."

"But she's vanished."

"Endicott Campbell had two chances of getting the shoe box full of money. He could either have gone to the office and taken it out of the safe, or the woman who is his accomplice and was posing as Miss Corning could have taken it."

"Therefore," Della Street said, "you have to find the connection between Endicott Campbell and the impostor."

"And the impostor," Mason said.

The traffic began to thin out, and the lawyer stepped down on the gas pedal. Knowing Mason's feelings about safe driving and his conviction that a fast-moving automobile was a deadly missile which should be operated only by one who was in full possession of his faculties and concentrating on the driving, Della Street made no effort to resume the conversation until after they came up over the little hill, crossed the railroad tracks and saw Mojave spread out along the main street.

The desert air was crystal clear. The buildings seemed etched in the afternoon sunlight. Mason pulled into a filling station, said to the attendant, "Fill it up," then after the hose had been placed in the tank, Mason said casually, "Do you happen to know a man named Lowry? Ken Lowry?"

"Sure," the attendant said. "He's—there he is, right across the street, getting in that pickup!"

Mason followed the direction of the attendant's pointing finger and saw a somewhat battered pickup with the name MOJAVE MONARCH MINE on the door.

The lawyer started hurrying across the street, but Lowry pulled out when Mason was still halfway to the truck.

The attendant at the service station gave a shrill whistle, and the man at the wheel of the pickup jerked his head, saw Mason waving at him and slowed the truck to a stop.

Mason approached the pickup. "You're Lowry of the Mojave Monarch?"

"Right."

"I'm Perry Mason, an attorney from Los Angeles, and I'd like very much to talk with you."

"What about?"

"About the mining business."

Lowry smiled and shook his head. "I don't talk business with strangers," he said. "Leastwise, not mining business."

"All right," Mason said, "if you don't talk, will you listen?"

TO BE CONTINUED

"Do me a favor, will you, Bascomb? Desert!"

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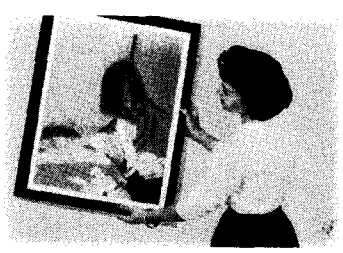

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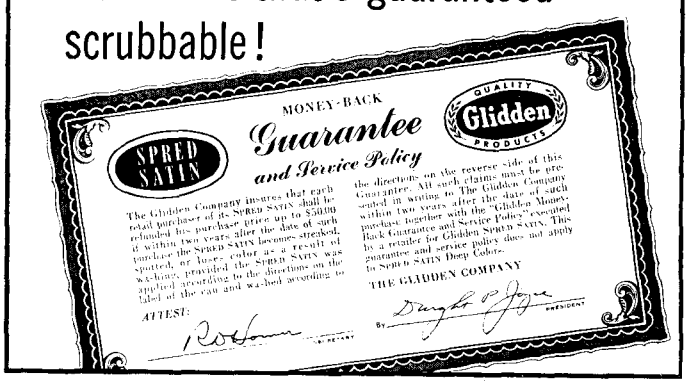
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James Stewart (Continued from Page 14)

It was three A.M. The operator said the call was from Johnstown, Pennsylvania, a town about twenty-five miles from Indiana. The man at the other end identified himself as a Johnstown movie-theater owner.

"About that Academy Award," he began. "You didn't win it, did you?"

"No," I said bleakly, "I didn't."

There was a moment of silence. "I've been wondering," he said, "if I could borrow the one your dad has in his store. I'll put it in my lobby with a sign that says, THIS IS THE WAY IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED IF HE HAD WON IT. But your dad told me I'd better call you before I did that."

"O.K.," I said wearily and hung up.

Dad did lend it to him, and he did put it in his lobby with a placard worded the way he had suggested over the phone.

In those days my most loyal fan was my mother, God bless her. Whenever one of my pictures came to Indiana, Pennsylvania, she always wrote me about it, but not until the film had finished playing there. First she sat through every show every day for three days. She never missed a showing, although it meant sitting through nine shows. She didn't write me at once because it wasn't until the last day that she began to find out what the story was all about. Before that she just concentrated on looking at me. She felt that when she saw one of my movies we were having a visit.

Not that my mother was Indiana's champion movie-goer; Jim Blair, an old friend of dad, saw every movie that came to town, not just the ones I was in. It was his theory that the only way he could be sure of seeing the good movies that came to town was to see them all.

His scheme was plausible, but working it out took time. Nevertheless, Jim easily kept up with all the films that came to Indiana until a second movie theater opened in town. He met the challenge by seeing movies mornings and afternoons, as well as nights.

Jim wore thick glasses, and his eyesight was so bad that he had to sit up front in the first or second row. He slipped away from us a few years ago, before wide screens became popular. If he had lived on, such things as Cinemascope would have made him miserable.

Dad made a point of movie-going when a film of mine was in town, but all my shows seemed to make him drowsy. When he talked to me about one of my pictures, I could always tell at which point he'd gone to sleep. He gave himself away because his memory of the story line, starting out strongly, would suddenly falter.

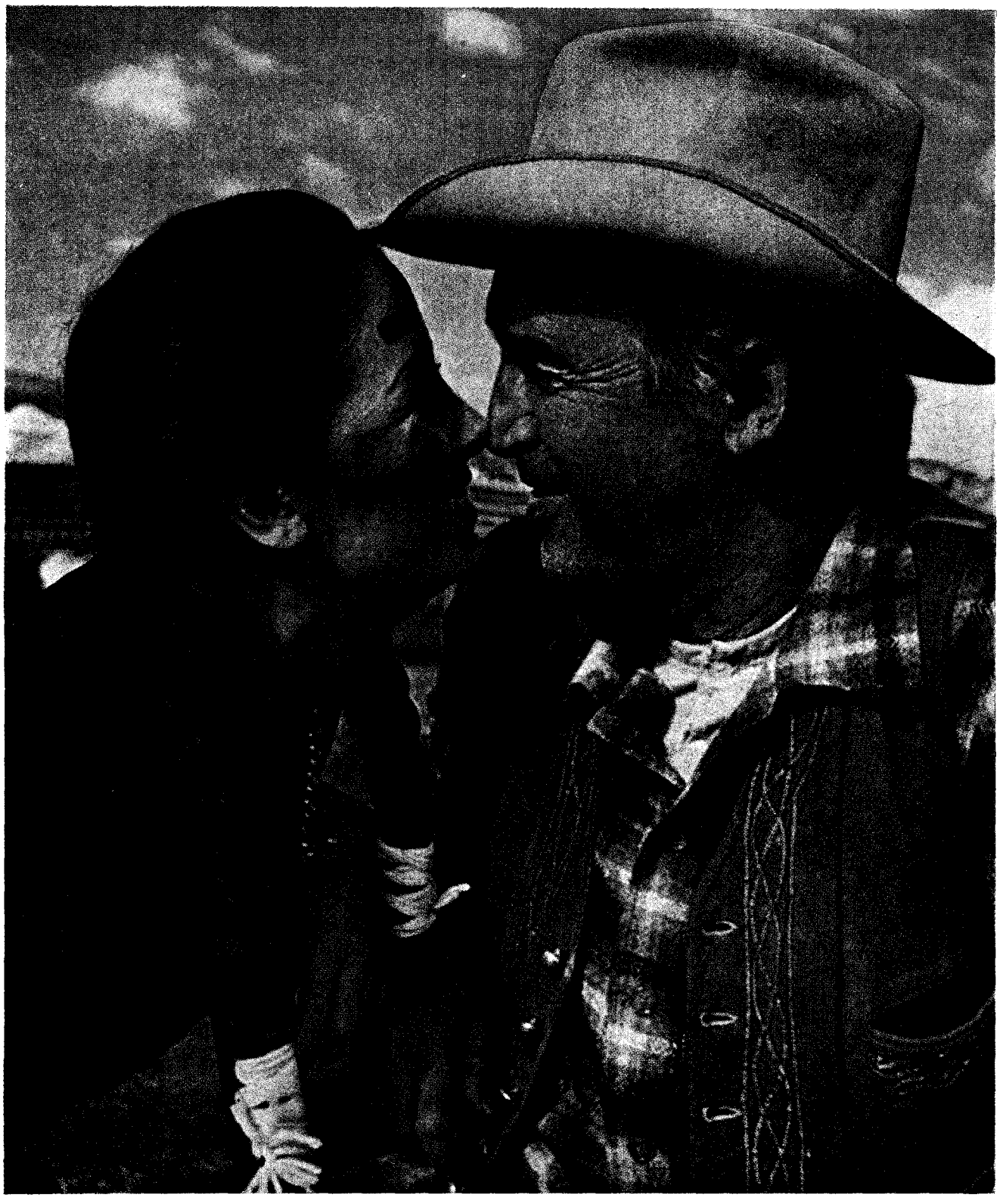
I have my own lapses of memory. One night not long ago I was talking to Hank Fonda, recalling a homemade movie we had put together. It was my recollection that I had played certain parts in it, and Hank had played others.

"Not that way at all," he said. "I played all the parts." He had played a Fuller Brush man ringing a doorbell to see a maid; he had played the maid who answered the door. It was a cute idea—at least the results were funny—but the point is that I was convinced I had played some of those parts myself, until Hank told me, "You're crazy."

Like everyone, I am sometimes tempted by wishful thinking to embroider the facts. This failing overtook me in discussions of my part in a picture called *The Mortal Storm*, which I made before World War II, with Margaret Sullavan and Frank Morgan. The plot had to do with Nazi activities on the Tyrolean border between Germany and Austria. Frank was cast as Maggie's father. Some of his sons became Nazis, others didn't. I held out against the Nazis and fell in love with Maggie. She was killed in the last reel, and I escaped into Austria from Germany on skis, carrying her body in my arms.

After the release of that picture, one person after another came up to me and said, "I never knew you could ski like that, Jim. You certainly are many-sided." I told them that I hadn't done that skiing—that a tall, skinny fellow had doubled for me. I said, "Those shots were taken at Sun Valley. I just shuffled around on a couple of snow sets in the studio." But admiration of my skiing continued. I even got fan letters about it. Months went by, and people were still coming up to me and saying, "That skiing you did was wonderful. I'm so glad you did it yourself, instead of hiring somebody to do it for you." After a while, I was replying, "Well, of course, I didn't do all of it myself. Another fellow did the really hard stuff."

Then there came a period when I told those who insisted that I was wonderful on skis, "Well, I skied a little as a kid, you know. It's like swimming. You never quite forget it." After a year and a half, I was still getting letters from skiing fans. By then I had become completely corrupt. "Of course," I said, "if you want to make a role absolutely real and convincing, it's best to do your stunts yourself. Hiring a stunt man spoils the illusion."



James Stewart clowns with Linda Cristal, his costar in his latest film, *Two Rode Together*.

I console myself with the belief that everybody's memory is fallible—except Gloria's. There's nothing tricky about my wife's memory except the tricks it can play on me. She even remembers the first time we met. I can't recall this historic occasion, probably because my head was abuzz with Christmas eggnog. Everything seemed confused, although I seem to recall that I was very, very happy.

It was my custom at Christmas to get together with my pals, Billy Grady, casting chief at M-G-M and Johnny Swope, a triple-threat producer, director, photographer. It was our pleasure to visit the homes of friends, one after another, and ring their doorbells. This usually meant that we were asked in to sample whatever was set out on the sideboard.

Gloria tells me that she was sitting on the doorstep outside Keenan Wynn's house getting a breath of air when we three hove in sight. In our earlier Christmas calls we must have met a torrent of grog, because Gloria says, "You were not the soberest three I ever laid eyes on."

But I do remember the second time I saw her. It was at Mike Romanoff's restaurant. Gloria breezed in and breezed out with her two small sons. I remember her walk more than anything else—a distinctive walk, hard to describe, something to do with the way she holds herself. She has good clean lines too; and if that sounds vague, think of a cup racer under full sail.

Gloria's beauty grows out of her character. There's not an affected bone in her body or a catty thought in her head. She's more (*Continued on Page 78*)

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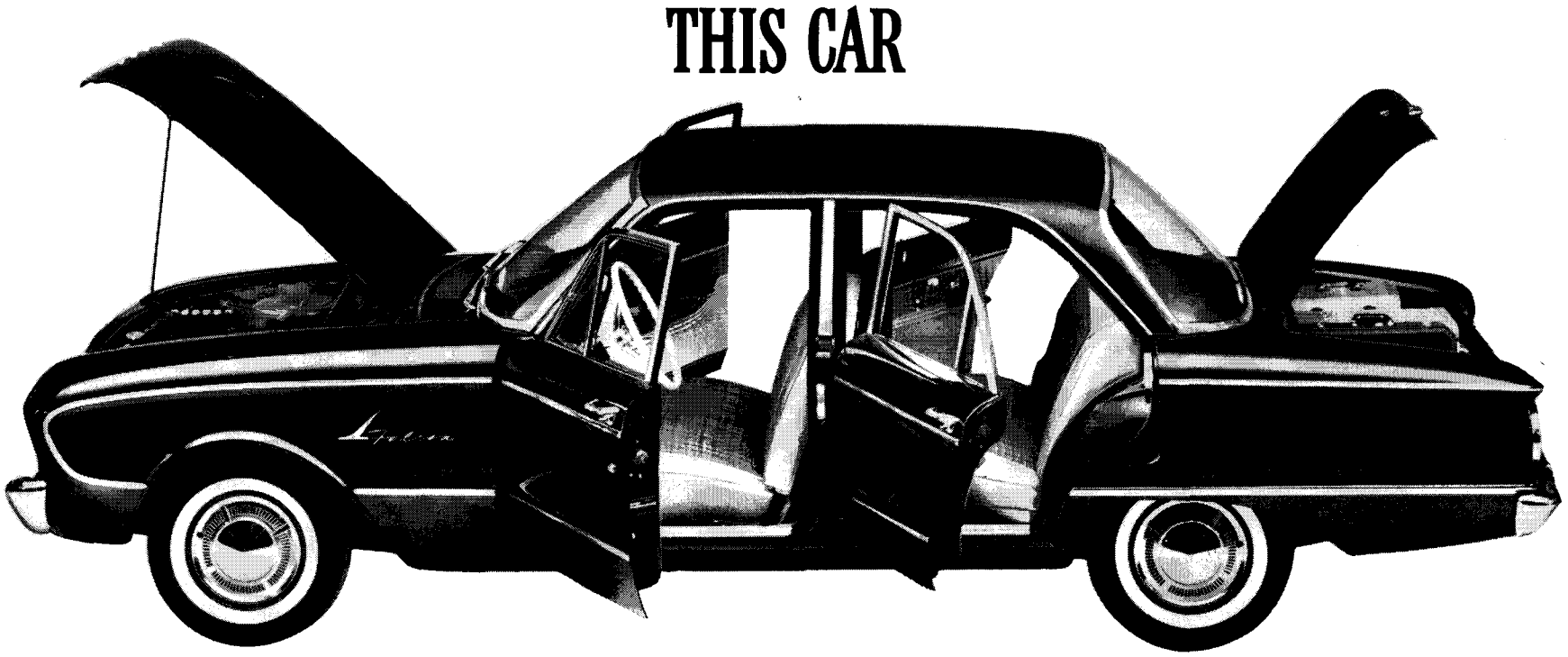

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*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail delivered prices
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(*Continued from Page 76*) alive, mentally and physically, than anybody I know—her mind is a delight. She has a wit so quick it's like a whip. I guess the word for her is "thoroughbred."

Occasionally I do a TV guest shot with her. She's not a professional, but she sort of bubbles and usually steals the show. While it's wonderful for her, she's so gay and friendly that everybody else on the TV show likes her. So it's a two-way deal. It amazes me how good she is.

I really met her at a party given by Gary Cooper and his wife, Rocky. I was the extra man and was seated next to Gloria. She says that I didn't say anything all that evening. I don't remember it that way, but she may be right. It's true that I usually have little to say, but I did take her home that night, and we made a date to play golf. After that, we had several golf dates.

She complains now that at first she had quite a time getting me to buy her a meal and that she finally had to come right out and ask me. The way she tells it, I asked her to go to a preview of a picture called *You Gotta Stay Happy*, and she put it up to me this way: "If we go to this movie, does that mean you're going to feed me?"

If she says so, I guess she did. After that I must have loosened the rubber band around my wallet a little, for we saw each other practically every day for a year. Usually I took her to Dave Chasen's restaurant to eat, because Grady and I practically lived at Chasen's. Looking back now, I guess I must have been pretty much of a slowpoke compared with present-day romancers.

Gloria had been married before—her name was McLean—and she had two fine sons, Ron and Michael. All I had was a long history of bachelorhood and some bad habits, like being absent-minded. I proved that when we got back from our honeymoon. On our first morning at home I left for the studio without kissing my wife good-by. I didn't even say good-by. En route to the studio I got to thinking, *There's something a married man is supposed to do that I've forgotten.* I stopped at a pay station, called Gloria and said, "Good-by, dear."

Sometime later we were in England to make a picture. But Gloria didn't stay long; I sent her home because she was pregnant. One night she telephoned me—eight P.M. California time; four A.M. on my end. "I just found out," she said, "we're going to have twins."

I thought she was joking. "Go back to bed," I said. "You're dreaming. What else do you know?" There was a moment of silence at the other end of the wire. Then it dawned on me, *She's not joking!* I shouted into the telephone, "How do you know?" She said it was simple; the doctor listens to heartbeats with a stethoscope, or something like that. I'd never heard of such tests and I thought she was crazy to believe in twins. So far as we knew, there had never been twins in my family or hers. When I went to work the next morning, I didn't know what to believe. I told an English friend, "The damnedest thing happened last night. My wife called up and told me we're going to have twins."

I thought he was unnaturally calm, even for an Englishman. In crisp, businesslike tones he said, "Have you dropped into Lloyd's for twin insurance, old boy?" I'd never heard of twin insurance and I was so excited by Gloria's phone call that his advice sounded coldly commercial. He insisted that when English people marry, most of them buy insurance against twins right away, but I wasn't interested. Instead of figuring how much money I might win with a bet on twins, I concentrated on finishing the picture I was in and hurrying back to California.

When I got home, I began to worry about finding the shortest route to the maternity hospital when Gloria's time came. I made trial runs to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, where Gloria had a room booked. On my first dry run I timed myself with a stop watch, all very scientific, until I got lost and I had to ask at a gas station where I was. After that I made the dry run three times and mapped out a good route. As it turned out, when things did start with Gloria, there was no need for hurry. She was in the hospital a whole day before the twins were born. Then complications set in. I don't like to think about it even now and I'd better let Gloria tell the story.

"When our twins arrived, I not only had a difficult delivery, I had three or four operations, and everybody thought I was going to die. There was a Caesarean at the last minute. After that I had a complication. I was in the hospital for a long time before they said I could go home. Jim was at the hospital to help move me and my luggage and all the flower pots I'd accumulated. I was in a wheel chair when Jim said, 'All right, I'll go down and get the car out of the garage and bring it around to the ambulance entrance. You go down in the elevator. I'll meet you there.'

"I went down all right, but Jim forgot to pick me up. He just got into his car and went home. Twenty minutes passed, and the nurse asked, 'Where could he be?' Knowing the man, I said calmly, 'He's forgotten.' She protested, 'He couldn't have forgotten!' I just said, 'Take me back upstairs. He'll phone.' We went back; sure enough, the phone rang.

"Jim had started home, but he stopped at a photographer's studio to pick up some pictures. The photographer asked, 'How is Mrs. Stewart?' Jimmy bleated in horrified tones, 'Mrs. Stewart!' Then he ran to the phone, called me and said, 'I'll be right down.' He hadn't forgotten the babies, because by that time they'd been home for a month—he'd just forgotten me. If any producer needs an absent-minded movie actor, he would do well to typecast Jim.

"For years before I met him, I read in the papers that Jim was Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. Nothing was said about his being absent-minded. I only knew him as I saw him on the screen, but I was one of his fans. My friends the Gary Coopers and the Henry Hathaways—he's a director at Fox—kept telling me that I ought to meet Jim. 'You two will get along fine together.' They knew him and liked him.

"Rumors and gossip were printed about his girl friends, but I hadn't paid much attention. In fact, I still don't know much about the affairs Jim had before we met, because he doesn't talk. But I have heard, from someone else, one wonderful story about that period in his life.

"It seems that a certain well-known, well-heeled bachelor girl fell in love with him. She showered little attentions on him, such as sending her chauffeur-driven automobile to take him to the studio in the morning. It's my guess that by that time he'd lost interest in the romance, for if he saw her approaching in another of her cars, he slid down to the floor of the auto he was in and hid from view. We still see that generous ex-girl friend of his now and then, and she says occasionally with arch significance, 'You and I have a lot in common, Gloria.' She doesn't quite dig me in the ribs with her elbow when she says it, but almost.

"Whatever Jim was then, reluctant wolf or just plain wolf, he's a one hundred per cent family man now. I sometimes tell him, 'It would stir up interest in you among the gossip columnists if you'd walk out on me for about two weeks. The freewheeling Jim, pursued and sometimes caught by lovely ladies, has been forgotten. To most people you're just Mister Good Boy, the happiness lad.'

"The truth is, he is not always happy or glad. At times he's moody and introspective, and it's uphill work to get a word out of him. I can talk myself blue, and his thoughts are way out in left field. The kids will talk to him at the breakfast table, and he doesn't hear them. He won't even say 'Uh-huh.'

"As for being absent-minded—well, he does try. He even writes reminders to himself on slips of paper and forgets to look at the slips. Or he'll say, 'I've got somebody coming to see me at four o'clock.' I'll be home at four o'clock, but Jimmy won't. If the 'somebody' is a person I don't know, we make conversation, perhaps for an hour or more, waiting for Jim to show up.

"Sometimes he forgets a date with our best friends, the Kirk Johnsons, from Texas. But they are understanding and sympathetic. It's a good thing they are, for Jim never carries enough money, and the Johnsons are always having to bail us out. He's always diving into my handbag for coins. We'll leave for Europe to spend six weeks or we'll take off for India, and Jim will have about eighty dollars in cash and two hundred dollars in traveler's checks to see us through. When we're with the Johnsons, Fran Johnson pays all the restaurants and hotels and keeps an accounting. When we get home, Jim pays our half of the bills. I must say, it's hard on a wife who's trying to buy gifts overseas for friends at home, if her husband never has enough money to do it with.

"Last summer when we took our family to Europe, we didn't have the Johnsons with us, so I latched onto all the credit cards I could. I figured that we could at least eat. I often wonder why Jim doesn't take more traveler's checks. He believes in them, but apparently only two hundred dollars' worth of belief.

"I spend quite a bit on clothes and accessories, otherwise I'm pretty careful. Even so, Jim is far more careful than I am. He gives me three hundred dollars a month spending money for myself and our twin daughters. He hasn't the slightest conception of how much it costs me just to have my hair done. Three hundred a month for everything I need, including my clothes, gets me nowhere, but I haven't the heart to tell him. Luckily I have some money of my own. When I spend more than the three hundred he gives me, he doesn't get the bills. I pay them myself. If I come home with a dress that cost five hundred dollars, it never occurs to him that it cost that much. I never tell him what I spend, and he thinks I'm doing fine.

"Jim's conservatism demonstrates itself in other ways too. I always leave the front door open, but Jim's a great one for locking up at night. He not only locks up, he's always trying the doors to make sure about them. I usually keep our driveway gates shut so our dog won't get out, but Jim closes the gates even when the dog isn't home. I suppose this habit of his was acquired during twenty-five years of stiff-arming people who were trying to invade his privacy, for Jim, like all movie stars, lives in a fish bowl. There are roadside stands where vendors sell maps to the stars' homes. You buy a map, you board a sight-seeing bus, it comes past our house, the driver points it out to his passengers.

"When our twins were little, I had a big nurse for them. She loved those

"Ouch."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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buses and the people in them. When we looked out of a window, likely as not we'd see her out front gossiping happily with the people in the buses and regaling them with personal titbits about the Stewarts. She'd point at one of our twins and say, 'This one's named Kelly, although it's an odd name for a girl. We're having a little trouble with her bathroom training.' We still have about eight or ten such visitations a day; but the nurse is gone, so the buses don't linger.

"Of course, an actor can't hope for absolute privacy. A lot of publicity was given Jim's promotion to a brigadier general in the Air Force Reserve, for example; he got less publicity, but just as much satisfaction, from his election in 1959 to the Princeton University board of trustees. Jim's father is very proud of his Princeton election. He feels that Jim's success in motion pictures has been luck. I don't really think he believes that Jim had much to do with that. But the fact that his son is a Princeton trustee means the world to him because he is an old Princetonian himself.

"I don't really think that Jimmy's dad approves of me, but he can't find anything he really dislikes. According to Jim's old friends, Billy Grady and Dave Chasen, Jim's father was always saying, 'We've got to get this fellow married. He needs a mate.' But it was really Jimmy's mother who wanted him to get married. Before her death, she used to visit us late in the fall, staying until Christmas drew near. Saying good-by to me, she would add, 'I don't mind leaving Jimmy this time, because he won't be alone.'"

Now that Gloria has signed off, I'd like to go back to her remark that "I don't really think Jim's dad approves of me." Dad needs someone to play straight man for him—and Gloria isn't about to play anybody's straight man. She's lightning-fast on the draw and sharp with her answers; she has an alert mind. With these qualities she is unsuited for the job of feeding dad lines, the way a straight man is supposed to do. The result is that they often tangle. I suppose I have been subconsciously playing straight for dad all my life, but I've loved him so much that I've been happy to have it that way. My mother played straight for him, which meant letting him have all the best lines.

Dad is eighty-seven, but he goes to work every day. I'm sure the main reason he's kept his hardware store going is that he wants to have it ready for me to come back to, if I ever need *real* work instead of what he regards as make-believe work. It's his guess that sooner or later the smart people in California will get wise to me and decide that I've been fooling them about what I do for a living.

Young people may not think there's any sorrow involved in growing old, as long as a man is healthy and financially independent—and my dad is blessed with both of these advantages. But the terrible thing is that if you live long enough, you outlive all your friends. In dad's case it's even worse because he has such a young outlook. Younger people look upon him as an old man, but he doesn't feel old. He has visited Florida a couple of times, but he doesn't like it down there. "I don't want to live there," he says. "There're only old people there." It did no good to point out to him that most of those old people aren't as old as he is.

Five or six years ago dad and his crony Jim Blair became joint owners of a trotting horse. Since they were both eighty, they conceded they might be a little too mature for racing, so they hired a "younger man" to drive. The youngster was over sixty-five.

I bought them a truck, and they had a picture of a horse painted on it. Although neither of them had any business driving a motor vehicle, dad and Jim Blair loaded their horse into the truck, hooked the sulky onto the back and drove the rig to one fair after another. Dad has a cataract in one eye, Jim Blair had trouble seeing across a room, and they drove mostly at night. I can't imagine how they survived, but for a while they had a ball. Then Jim died. Dad got rid of the horse. The driver moved away. Another piece of dad's life was gone. Now he says, "I'm going to make ninety."

One story about dad that I must tell goes back to my trip home from World War II, as one of 15,000 troops on the liner *Queen Elizabeth*. It was foggy when we came up the Hudson at seven o'clock in the morning. Little boats came out and bobbed from wave to wave on each side of our ship, carrying homemade signs with HELLO, JOE or HELLO, HARRY lettered on them. The people on the boats yelled, and the boys on the *Elizabeth* yelled back to them.

Fog made the visibility bad, but as we got close to the Battery, the air cleared, and the yelling suddenly stopped. I looked around. The Statue of Liberty had come into view. It looked as if somebody had raised a dirty curtain and trained a spotlight on the big lady's face.

Then it became noisy again. Cab Calloway and his band were on the roof of the pier. My producer-agent friend, Leland Hayward, was at the bottom of the gangplank waiting for me. I remember a lot of guys calling, "So long, Jimmy!" and I remember shouting good-by to them, strangers mostly. There were reporters on the dock, but Leland got me into a car and up to the St. Regis, where my father and mother were waiting.

That afternoon I went through the mustering-out process and was put on inactive duty. Then I went home to Indiana, Pennsylvania, with my family. My first day there was a busy one. Photographers taking pictures for magazines followed me around town. A sign on the courthouse said, WELCOME HOME, JIM, but most people welcomed me home in person. We had dinner with friends and relatives. Then, about nine o'clock, everybody left.

Dad parked himself in his chair and said, "All right, Jim. What was it like?"

He really wanted to know about the war. I drew a deep breath and began. I said, "Well, we got over there. . . ." Then I looked at him. He was asleep.

Next week Jimmy tells of his Pennsylvania boyhood, his years at Princeton and the events that led to his Broadway debut.

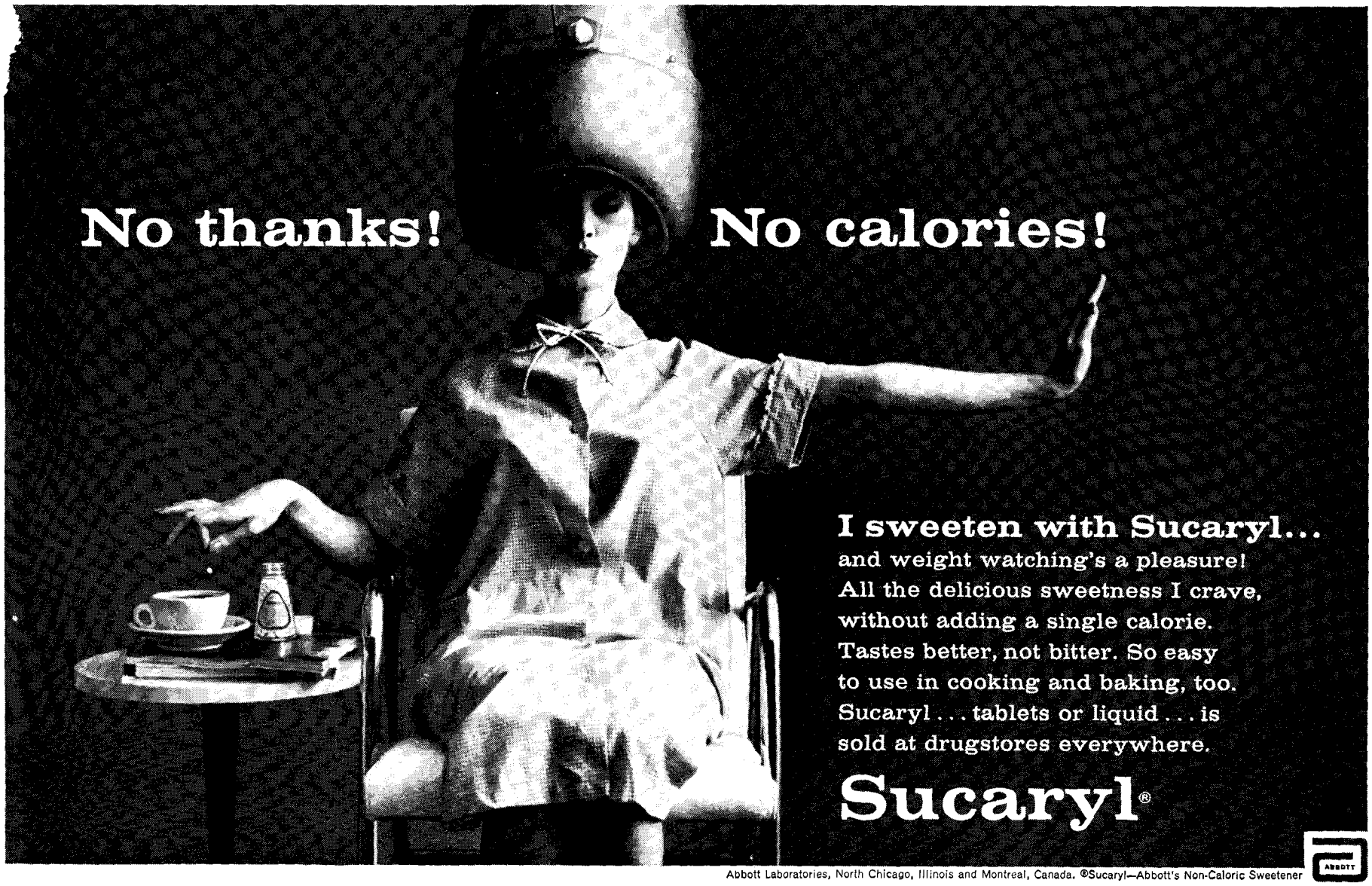
—THE EDITORS

... ...

Children and Things

By Barbara A. Jones

Why do they have to get as near
As possible to snowplows? Why
The need to throw an arm about
Each alien dog as we go by?
Why their affinity for mud?
They seem to have a burning urge
To fuse with everything they love,
To hold to pleasure till they merge.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I've Got Ski Fever (Continued from Page 23)

Anyway, Connie felt that we should do something to make up to Kent for the unjust punishment. That was when she got her bright idea.

"I know!" she cried. "The boys have never been for real skiing." Connie has a very loose grip on the English language. "Let's take them to Mohawk Mountain and have them given a lesson!"

"You just gave me a lesson," piped Kent, "for calling my daddy an ——"

"Quiet, brat!" said Connie.

We hauled the kids to Mohawk Mountain, which was then a small rope-tow ski area about fifteen miles away. They took an hour's lesson which we watched with interest. Then Frank Ellis, their instructor, turned them loose, and Connie and I stood around in cold wet snow for three solid hours waiting for them to get tired enough to knock off. This, of course, though primarily for the kids, was obviously for the birds. We saw long vistas of interminable winter afternoons of standing around in cold wet snow—waiting, waiting, waiting. We sought out Frank Ellis and I said, "Can you teach *us* to ski?"

He looked for a long time at Connie, which is very easy for a guy to do; then he turned and looked at me very quickly, a little as though he'd rather not. Then he said, "I can teach anybody to ski."

To this day, five years later, I don't know whether he was right or not. Some days I think he was right; other days I can't go along with him. I think he met his match when he met me. I think now when people ask him that loaded question, he says, "I can teach *almost* anybody to ski."

Well, the next day we rented a whole lot of stuff from the ski shop, found a nice level piece of snow at the foot of the hill, and Frank glued us onto our skis. The minute he let go of our hands we discovered that snow that is level when you're just wearing your feet isn't necessarily level when you're wearing skis. The skis immediately slid forward. Our feet, of course, slid with them and the rest of us stayed where it was, with nothing to hold it up since our feet had moved on. Plop. Three hours later, Frank had us skiing down maybe a five-degree slope 100 yards long, falling only two or three times on the way. By the end of the next weekend he had us using the beginners' tow and a fifteen-degree slope, tremblingly executing wavery turns and coming to a stop within fifty feet or so of where we meant to. We could ski—sort of. Far worse, we had been bitten by the bug.

Unless you take the Queen Mary and go to St. Moritz for the winter, skiing is not noted for being a rich man's sport; still, this can be a very expensive bug to get bitten by. You have to buy ski boots that look not unlike the things deep-sea divers wear. Feel like them too. A good pair costs between forty and fifty dollars. If you try hard you can spend over $100 on boots. Then there are the pants and another thirty bucks is shot. If you're a girl with a shape that lends itself to tidy molding and "Stretch Pants," fifty bucks is shot. The gloves come to around ten dollars, the inside sweater runs around fifteen or twenty, the outside sweater the same and the parka runs from twenty-five dollars to how much have you got. The skis range from a halfway decent pair at forty dollars and up to $100. Of course, you can accumulate an outfit for less than this. You can even rent one by the day, but once the bug's really bitten you, you won't be happy that way. By my calculations, you'll have to spend $150 for the complete rig, or, if you're a family of four, roughly $600 to equip yourselves so you can then proceed, in the next few years, to spend hundreds of more dollars on ski-lift charges, hot dogs, motels, hamburgers, ski-lodge charges and a few hundred more on gasoline, which is a vital part of any skier's equipment. The joker, which dawns on you later, is that kids not only outgrow ski boots just as fast as they do their other shoes—which is almost as fast as the speed of light—but they also outgrow their skis. It just isn't fair! I don't see why Connie had to go and get us mixed up with it in the first place.

A fast note for how ladies buying stretch ski pants can tell what size to buy: If you can get into them by yourself to try them on, they're too big. If you can get into them with the help of the sales girl, they'll get by. If it takes you and the sales girl and the lady who owns the shop to pull and haul and shove and push you into them, they're just right and you've got it made. Just don't try to bend over and lace up your own boots for a few days. Regardless of the amount of pleasure you might give to others by doing so, you won't like what's likely to happen to you.

I've made some interesting discoveries since I joined the bed-slat set. There were at the last guess roughly 4,000,000 skiers in this country. If you include me, call it 3,999,999½. This is an active and, if you want to make it so, a dangerous sport. Yet the number of men and women between forty-five and eighty whom you find on the slopes is surprisingly high. It is definitely a family sport. So much so, that every so often you will see young married women swooping down the mountains with infants riding papoose-like on their backs; it isn't at all unusual to see slightly older infants riding down with Grandpa, standing in front of him, one foot on each of his skis. Actually, this is a sport where Grandpa comes into his own. So does Grandma. They have the time to take the kids off skiing, which their young fathers and mothers do not. Also, Grandpa's had a few more years to accumulate the dough, which helps, because ski-lift tickets at most first-class areas run from three-fifty to six dollars a day per capita—or, should I say, per footita?

All skiers are divided into three classes: Novice, Intermediate and Expert. They're not officially divided into these classes, of course; it's a sort of natural division, like water seeking its own level. The theoretical reason for this is that all areas have slopes and trails labeled Novice, Intermediate and Expert so that, again theoretically, you can pick a trail that you can handle and you won't be carted off on a toboggan to the ever-waiting ambulance. This is a real nice theory except for one little flaw. All areas, to get customers, feel they must advertise these three categories of slope and trail. So what happens? What happens is that if you're used to skiing the intermediate slope at, say, Mohawk, and feeling quite sure of your ability to journey to the top of the mountain at Jiminy Peak, a small area where skiing is strictly for skiers, and start down a trail marked "Intermediate," you are in for a rude shock. By your novice standards that intermediate trail is strictly for experts, and the expert trail there is for spacemen. Conversely, at Big Bromley, one of the biggest and best areas in the East, the novice trail can readily be handled by a novice. So you see there's just no knowing.

Of course, the logical way to treat this problem when you go to a new area is to go up to some skier waiting in the lift line and ask about the different trails, tell him frankly you're a lousy skier and which one should you pick. He'll say something like, "Suicide Falls is a nice run. You shouldn't have any trouble with it today. There's just a few icy patches. I'm a lousy skier myself."

Later, after you've somehow sat and fallen your way down Suicide Falls and staggered exhausted into the lodge at the foot of the mountain for lunch, you see this character sitting relaxed and comfortable, munching one hot dog after another. With blood in your eye and wondering what he had against you when you'd never even met him, you sit down at the table with him. He smiles at you.

"Have a good run down Suicide?" he asks.

Your pride is stung. You can lie too.

"Great. Those icy spots were fun. Made it a bit of a challenge." Then, working around to the point, you say, "I caught a glimpse of you schussing down that steep pitch near the top of the mountain at about sixty miles an hour. Didn't you tell me you were a lousy skier?"

He nods, looking miserable.

"Herb doesn't play bridge."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I *am* a lousy skier," he says. "Three times in a row I've gone out for the Olympics and they won't even have me as a substitute!"

That's what you're up against. By his standards this guy really is a lousy skier. He didn't mean any harm. Besides, think of all the fun you can have boasting to your friends about the swell run you had down Suicide Falls. But just don't try this on your kids. You might have to go down the ghastly thing again to prove you could. You may even have to do it anyway just to prove to yourself that you can.

This is the pitfall that makes skiing a dangerous sport. It is human nature, particularly for the male, to want to show off. That's not too bad in itself because you're going to have hell's own time showing off to anybody who skis better than you do. The danger comes when you try to show off to yourself. That can be as dangerous as trying to ride a bicycle down an express highway in the wrong lane at night without lights. Please don't do it. I'd hate to read next year that there were only 3,999,998½ skiers.

To go back a bit, I did learn to ski. I was taught the Arlberg method. As I understand it, this means that when you slide across a slope at an angle, you face the way you're heading, which seems like a pretty sound idea, and when you want to turn you fling your body around in the hope that if you fling it violently enough maybe the skis will follow it. A year or so later, Connie and the kids and I spent a "ski week" at Big Bromley.

The cost of the package included four hours of lessons a day in ski-school classes. Having paid for them, by golly, we were going to take them. The only catch was that all the instructors had orders from Fred Pabst, who runs Bi Bromley, to teach nothing but the Wed method, which had become very fashi able in the Alps the previous winter. A years of close study, I've come to the clusion that the basic difference be the Arlberg and the Wedeln is that Wedeln, when you ski across a slope a angle, you don't face the way you're g ing. You face where, with luck, you hope to arrive some time later; in other words downhill. This is not easy to learn unless you happen to have a dislocated hip. When you turn, instead of flinging your body around the way you want to go, you turn it in the opposite direction. For some reason I am still unable to grasp, this negative gesture works and quite often you *do* end up going in the opposite direction. Quite often, on the other hand, you end up tied in a knot and stay that way until a passer-by unravels you.

I never came anywhere near to learning the Wedeln method, but by the end of the week I was so hopelessly confused by what I learned then and what I had learned before that in self-defense I invented a third method. This is known as the "Aw-the-heck-with-it method." This method is particularly useful on runs like Suicide Falls. Its basic difference from th other well-known methods is that t technique is simplicity itself and anybod can learn it. When you get in any kind o jam, like suddenly coming on a turn that's too sharp or a dip in the trail that's too steep, you simply lie down. The pure beauty of this technique is that the steeper the hill the easier it is to lie down becaus you don't have so far to lie. If you want to turn and traverse in the other direction, no contortion at all is necessary; no dislocating the hips, no hurling the body. You simply roll over and you *are* turned around. Of course your skis are still pointed in your original direction, but that presents no problem. You can always take them off, turn them around, and put them on again. You don't have to worr about doing this on a slope because b

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this time you've already arrived at the bottom of the slope without ever leaving the prone position! I have yet to see any other method that for relaxed, comfortable skiing can compare with this one.

That's the basic "Aw-the-heck-with-it" or Hatch technique. There are refinements. I observed, winter after winter, that child skiers, say, three to eight years old, are fearless, and no matter how often they fall, even when going quite fast, never seem to get hurt. I asked a doctor about this. He said, "Soft bones, you know, old man, not brittle like yours."

"And yours," I said courteously, not wanting him to feel left out.

The next time I went skiing it came to me in a flash that this was a lot of nonsense. Sure, children's bones are softer than grownups', but this wasn't the answer. The real reason they didn't get hurt when they fell was that, of necessity, *they skied close to the ground!* That was the secret. When they fell, they fell at the most a couple of feet. When grownups fell, they fell two or three times that far. I immediately incorporated this into my technique. The heck with Arlberg and Wedeln methods, and standing erect and looking noble. Now I ski close to the ground! As I go faster and faster, and the hazard increases, I ski lower and lower, thus decreasing it. Sometimes, at terrific speed, I bend so low that these old knees can hardly lift me up again. This has led

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Nothing makes a man so unreasonable as having enough money to hire a good lawyer.

DAVE MURRAY

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ay inventing a new turn that is pres- becoming widely known, though is yet considered fashionable. It is a dification of the most popular and use- ul of all turns, the "Lift Stem Christy." To execute the Christy, the skier thrusts the tip of his downhill ski pole into the snow and swivels gracefully around it. In my turn—known hereabouts as the "Hatch Crouch Christy," because in skiing my method the skier is so close to the ground he couldn't possibly stick the tip of his pole in the snow without spraining his shoulder—you don't use the pole at all. You don't need to. Instead, you simply place your downhill forefinger in the snow and swivel around that.

Sometimes my radical methods meet with a certain amount of disfavor. Instructors hate them because, if they become widely accepted, the instructors wouldn't have anybody left to teach. After all, hardly anybody needs to be taught how to lie down. Occasionally they meet with disfavor from my fellow skiers. Take my good friend, Andrew Duncan McIntosh. Andrew Duncan is a very fine skier from way back when—tall, gray-haired, executive-looking and very, very dignified.

One Sunday Andrew Duncan and I were at Catamount. It was a lovely, sunshiny day and hundreds of people were standing around at the foot of the T-Bar lift, waiting their turn to go up, or just watching. The T-Bar, in case you don't happen to know, works like so: it consists of a pole hooked onto an overhead cable with a piece of wood loosely fitted to the bottom of the pole. Two people stand beside each other at the foot of the slope, the pole pops out of a shed, an attendant places the board just level with your hips, you clasp the pole with one hand, clutching your two ski poles in the other. There is a slight jerk as you start, and the piece of wood pulls you up the mountain, your inside foot just touching your companion's. Very cozy and companionable.

Andrew Duncan and I took our places, the board pressed against our hips, the jerk came and we were off. I was quite a bit off, because the jerk caught me just slightly off balance. I started, ever so little, to crouch, sitting on the board, which is a bad idea.

"I say, Hatch," said Andrew, "you seem to be sinking."

We're always quite formal with each other. I wasn't sinking; I was crouching. I said, "Quite all right, Andrew Duncan, I'll be right back."

With his help, I got erect again.

"I say, Hatch," he said a split second later, "you've dropped one of your poles."

"Don't worry, Andrew Duncan," I answered. "I'll swoop it up. Be right back!"

I crouched, snatched up the pole and started to rise, but this time I didn't get back. Quite inadvertently I stepped on one of Andrew Duncan's skis, neatly tossing him headfirst into a snowbank at the side of the liftway before the delighted gaze of the crowd. Of course, being crouched, I didn't take anything like as much of a fall. He pulled himself out of the drift. He generally skis bareheaded. At the moment he was what I'd call snow-headed. He was awfully gracious about the whole ignominious performance. No swearing, no bad temper, no anything, except as we skied side-by-side down to the start of the lift, I saw a look of gentle reproach in his eyes. But all he said was, "I say, Hatch, do you always have to make things so *complicated?*"

Last winter I decided that the reason I was such a lousy skier wasn't my fault at all, but was due to my having inferior equipment. I don't mean this as a reflection on my parents; *my* equipment is all right—it's just old. I'm speaking about my skis. So I went out and bought the most expensive and best pair of skis I could find. Along with a little plaque that gives their length in feet and then again in meters, so you'll be sure to know how long your skis are, there's another bit of engraving that says, "Professional." They're shiny black, made of layers of plastic and metal with steel edges so sharp you could shave with them. Sometimes I think it would be a good idea to use them exclusively for that. They're designed to give the skier maximum control combined with maximum speed, the latter being something I need like I need an eighth hole in my head in addition to the seven I already have, not counting dents caused by banging into trees.

I guess they were a good investment. The first time I tried them out I learned that with their slick bottom surfaces and fancy edges they not only gave me maximum control, they gave me just a little bit more than maximum.

I picked out a nice smooth slope with hard-packed snow and took off. About halfway down I set myself for what was to be the perfect "Crouch Christy" of all time. It was. I not only swooshed through a beautiful right-angle turn—with that maximum control I had now—I kept right on turning until I was heading uphill. Then the maximum speed built into the skis took over. Before I could do anything about it, I was going downhill again full tilt. There was only one thing wrong with this, a little thing some skiers might not even notice; I just happened to be going backward.

Oh, well, there has to be a first time for everything. And my new skis do say "Professional" on them. The only flaw in this otherwise comforting label is that they don't say professional *what*. Writer, maybe?

THE END

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Captives of the Storm

(Continued from Page 37)

Mr. Kriptetarchos shook his head pityingly. "You save his life, and he offers you ten thousand dollars—oh, yes, I heard! My boy, you don't owe old Talley a thing."

"Maybe not, but I still work for him. Let's have the knife."

"I am going with you. You cannot stop me."

"No," Don said grimly, "but I can leave you behind to die somewhere! Listen, Mr. Kriptetarchos—if I don't get through, nobody leaves here alive."

Mr. Kriptetarchos said softly, "Would fifty thousand dollars change your mind? That, Mr. Don Cloyd, is what I will pay you to take me out with you."

Don flinched at the unexpected impact of the words. He had never dreamed of so much money. He knew he must look like a red-faced yokel to this urbane and steely old man. "It's not just that I work for Mr. Talley," he said clumsily. "I mean, if people depend on you, you can't just walk out on them, can you? Now give me that knife!"

He put out his hand. Mr. Kriptetarchos stood up on the rock and raised the knife. His voice was still low, but no longer soft: "I warn you—I have killed with the knife. I am going out of here, with or without you—and I need the knife!"

He loomed over Don, lithe yet frail, holding the knife like a sword. Don froze. He looked up from the knife to Mr. Kriptetarchos and saw in him the indifference to death that had made him so deadly in the war. But he thought he also saw something else—mere cool good sense. This was not the man to risk death unnecessarily!

He struck out suddenly with his fist. It was not a hard blow, but it caught Mr. Kriptetarchos in the pit of the stomach. Mr. Kriptetarchos dropped the knife and clutched at his body with both hands. Don snatched the knife up out of the snow and sheathed it on his belt. He caught Mr. Kriptetarchos just as he started to topple forward, and helped him to a sitting position on the rock.

"You'll be O.K. in a minute, sir," he said.

Mr. Kriptetarchos rolled his eyes up at Don, choking for breath. "I could have killed you!" he gasped.

"You know better than to try to go out alone," Don said. "You need me a lot worse than you need the knife."

In a moment, Mr. Kriptetarchos got his breath back. He stood up. He heaved a long, gusty, philosophical sigh. His old, soft smile returned. "Perhaps, perhaps," he said. "But if you change your mind, let me know. We can still agree, and fifty thousand dollars ——"

"I won't change my mind. You're shivering, sir. You go back to the fire before you get sick."

Don waited until the man was out of sight, down the slope, before sitting down. He did not want anyone to suspect how weak he was. One brief flurry of excitement, and his knees were shaking.

He put his head in his hands and tried to bring his mind into focus. What if he went out now? Even if he got through, how could he guide the helicopter back through this fog?

On the other hand, what if he waited for it to clear, and waited too long, until the others were dying and he was too weak to try? *I don't know what to do*, he thought confusedly. *I just don't know.*

Edith Santana's voice came to him through the fog, "Don, where are you?"

He stood up, relieved not to have to worry about it for a few minutes. "Up here. Come on up."

In a moment she came struggling up toward him.

"Let's go up where we can talk," he muttered.

"All right. Can I hold onto you? I'm so dizzy this morning, somehow. It must be the altitude."

"We're not that high up. It's hunger. Hang on."

He led her up the slope past the dead tree, and past the place where they had tipped it over—so long ago, it seemed now! They climbed still higher, and it troubled him to see what a struggle it was for both of them.

They came out suddenly into cold, red morning sunlight, under a dazzlingly clear sky. Below them, the valley was filled with fog—endless, permanent, immutable. Up here an icy wind blew steadily, but it raised no movement in that thick, inert mass.

The girl dropped her hood and let the wind toss her hair. Her eyes sparkled. "Oh, how lovely!" she cried. "I'm all turned around, though. Which way is out?"

Don pointed across the valley. "Yonder's our old camp and the helicopter. That's the shortest way, across there, where I found the oil sign. But there are

... ...

Peaceful Coexistence

A husband and a
government
Have this in common to
lament:
Neither one may safely
cease
Expenditures to keep the
peace!

Thomas Usk

... ...

creeks all over that basin, and it's heavily timbered—small trees, but lots of them."

She gave him a curious look. "Why did you bring me up here?"

"To let them have it out. Mr. Talley thinks the others are trying to skin him out of the oil, and he's probably right."

"But you found it! It's his, isn't it?"

"Not until he files on it, and it would take two days to get out in the helicopter and back. How much longer do you think you people can stand it up here?"

Without warning, the girl caved in. She covered her face with her hands, and her slim body shook with sobs. "I don't know," came her muffled voice. "I get so sick—I feel terrible. I hate to be such a weakling, but I can't help it!"

Don took her shoulders to steady her. "Well now, you're not a weakling!" he said. "You're doing just fine!"

"But after you've gone, and I'm left with four helpless old men—then what? Don, I'm scared—I'm scared!"

He pulled her hands away from her face. She would not look at him, but he put one arm around her and made her turn her head. "Don't be afraid, Edith," he said unsteadily. "I'll be back. Nothing can keep me away from you!"

He did not know when this had become the truth, but it was now the truest thing he knew. He held her, looking down into her face, trying to think of words to make her see how he felt. For a moment she fought him, striking weakly at him with her hands.

Suddenly he felt the fear go out of her. She looked up at him. "Honestly?" she said. "You're not just kidding me along to keep my nerve up."

"No, it's not that. Edith, I love you!"

He had no idea where that came from, but it, too, was the truth, and he kissed her roughly. She took off both green mittens and put her cool hands on his cheeks to kiss him back. He heard her whisper, "I love you, too, and now I won't be afraid while you're gone. Now I know you'll come back to me!"

They stood there a long time, holding each other close. While it lasted they forgot hunger and cold, and the death that was creeping toward them, minute by minute.

Then she saw the frown come back into his eyes. "What's the matter, darling?" she said.

"I just don't know what to do," he said. "Mr. Talley offered me ten thousand dollars to take him out with me."

Her head flew back. "He didn't!"

Don grinned, enjoying her astonishment. "That's nothing. Mr. Kriptetarchos offered me fifty thousand."

"No!" she shrieked. "Oh, Don, what did you tell him?"

"That I work for Mr. Talley, of course."

"But gee, all that money! Maybe Mr. Talley would give you that much if you told him."

"What'll you bet?" he said skeptically. "Anyway, it's no use talking about it. They're both too old."

She was silent a moment. Then she cried, "What if you filed on it yourself? You found it! Why do you have to let someone else have it?"

"I'd still have to use the helicopter to get out to file on it," Don said gloomily, "and doggone it, Edith, it wouldn't be honest."

"Why wouldn't it?"

"Honey, when you hire out to a man, what you find is his. I took Mr. Talley's pay. I ate his food. If I ——"

"Don, my boy, may I see you a moment?"

A cheerful voice behind them made them pull apart guiltily. Mr. Palmer was coming up the slope toward them, on his face his usual gentlemanly smile, assuring them that he had positively not noticed them in each other's arms. Despite his gauntness, Mr. Palmer was still the gentleman, still the neatest of the four. He looked quite jaunty, with the black ribbon of his pince-nez blowing in the cold wind.

He bowed to Edith. "I'm sure you will excuse us, my dear. This will take only a moment."

Don caught Edith's hand. "Don't bother, Mr. Palmer," he said. "I know what you're going to say, and the answer is no. You can't go with me."

Mr. Palmer showed his surprise. "Eh? Oh, come now, I'll make it well worth your while."

"What do you expect me to do, carry you on my back?" Don said brusquely.

"Oh, I'm not easily frightened, and I pay my way. In advance too! Cash on the line—that's my motto."

He took out a checkbook and fountain pen. He made a little ceremony of writing the check, waving it in the cold wind to dry it. With an offhand, man-to-man smile, he stuffed the check carelessly into Don's pocket. Don got only a glimpse of the zeros on it, but he felt again that sharp physical impact, that sensation of being in over his head.

"My boy," said Mr. Palmer, "you had every right to abandon Tex and save yourself when he ignored your orders and followed you here. When you did not, you paid him off in full. You're a free agent, and this is the oil business, and oil and sentiment don't mix."

"Mr. Palmer, it's not a question of money. It's ——"

"Take your time!" Mr. Palmer cried. "Think it over, and when you're ready, we'll meet somewhere and just vanish. The less fuss, the better. When you have come to your decision, just slip me a quiet little wink, and off we go together. Now I'd better get back before they miss me."

He darted back down the slope, vanishing in the fog. Edith drew a long, quivering breath as her eyes met Don's.

Don took the check out of his pocket and looked at it. "Oh my gosh, Edith!" he moaned.

"How much?" She leaned around his arm to see. She shrieked, "Oh, Don, a hundred thousand dollars!"

The check slipped from Don's numb and shaking fingers. Edith snatched it out of the snow and tried to give it back to him, but he put his hands behind him. "No!" he said savagely. "I can't take that. Throw it away!"

"But why? He said you're a free agent, darling."

"I don't care what he said. I work for Mr. Talley."

She stared at him. "Don, honestly, do you mean to stand there and tell me you're going to turn this down after the way Mr. Talley has treated you?"

"What else can I do?" he said chokingly. "When you work for a man, it's like I said—I mean, what else can I do?"

She took one of his big hands in both of hers and kissed it. She put it against her cheek and said softly, "Do you know what I think, darling? I think you're just absolutely magnificent!"

"No, but those guys confuse me, and ——"

"Sh-h!" she hissed.

He caught the warning signal in her eyes. He turned, his heart falling sickeningly.

Up the slope toward them came Sir Joseph Farrand.

"I s'y there, lad—been lookin' all over for you!" the Australian called, in a low, conspiratorial voice. "It's time you and I 'ad a bit of a chat."

"Now, you cut that out, Sir Joseph!" Don said, feeling them closing in on him again. "I'll tell you what I told the others—no, you're not going with me!"

Sir Joseph scowled. "I might 'ave known it. Can't trust anyone these days! Who 'as betrayed me?"

"All of them," Don said doggedly, "and they all got the same answer—you're too doggone old!"

"Ridiculous!" Sir Joseph snapped. "I'm in the prime of me life, 'ealthy as an athlete. Get me out of 'ere, lad, and I'll make it well worth your while."

"All right," Don said, "then match this!"

He took Mr. Palmer's check from Edith and handed it over. Sir Joseph may have flinched a little at the size of it, but he was a hard man to surprise. He smiled a little derisively as he handed it back. "You'd be a fool to tike that. You've nothing to sell. It's my oil."

"It's Mr. Talley's. I found it first."

Mention of the Texan's name seemed to inflame Sir Joseph. He shook his fist. "Don't expect gratitude from 'im. Talley will cheat you every chance 'e gets!"

"And you wouldn't, I suppose."

The Australian kept his temper with difficulty. He said craftily, "What royalty did Dave offer you? None? Oh, lad, it's worth at least ten per cent!"

Don grinned. "On oil you claim I don't even own?"

Sir Joseph turned pink. "Suppose I match that and give you—er, five per cent of casing-head flow, net?"

"I thought you said I should have ten per cent." Don tore up Mr. Palmer's check and let the pieces flutter into the snow at their feet. "Maybe that will get it through your head, sir," he said. "Nobody goes out of here until you all go out together."

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"You fool!" Sir Joseph shouted.

Until now he had kept his voice low, so as not to alarm the others. So had Don. Sir Joseph clapped his hand across his mouth, but he was too late. Far down the slope, they heard the others come rushing out of the shelter.

"Joe, where are you?" Mr. Kriptetarchos called angrily.

"Farrand, you old thief, come back here!" Mr. Talley bellowed.

"Young man, remember our deal—I'm holding you to our deal!" Mr. Palmer shouted.

Mr. Talley, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Kriptetarchos came rushing up the slope, stumbling over one another in their haste. They came straight at Don, ignoring Sir Joseph. Edith shrank back into the shelter of Don's arm as the old Australian, too, turned on him.

Don realized with a shock that they were not quite rational. Lightheaded from sheer hunger, obsessed with oil and with their jealousy of one another, blind to every fact except one—that Don alone was the key to possession of the oil—they crowded around him, pulling at his clothing and screaming in his ear.

"Boy, you better not double-cross me!" Mr. Talley shouted. "You'll never work as a geologist again if you do!"

Mr. Palmer clung to one of Don's arms, chanting endlessly, "You took my check—we have a deal! You took my check—we have a deal!"

"Ten per cent, lad," Sir Joseph pleaded. "What more do you want? 'Ow can I be more generous than that?"

Mr. Kriptetarchos, ever the cool one, saw the fragments of Mr. Palmer's check in the snow. Coolly he got out his checkbook to write a check of his own. He tried to hand it to Don. Mr. Talley knocked his hand away, took out his own checkbook and began writing a check.

So did Mr. Palmer. So did Sir Joseph. For a moment there was no sound but the scratching of pens, and the panting of four old, weak, irrational men. Don looked at Edith and saw tears of pity in her eyes.

They came at him again, waving their checks. He side-stepped them, swung Edith up in his arms, and ran straight up the slope with her. One of the old men caught his leg and almost tripped him. He kicked the hand loose, lurched on and kept climbing.

He did not stop until he was on the very crest of the ridge. He set Edith down and looked back, breathing hard, shivering with pity and horror. "Poor old guys!" he said.

"Why, they've gone completely crazy!" said Edith.

They had left the four oilmen far behind. There they stood, far down the slope, looking up fearfully and waving their checks. Haggard, emaciated and dirty, they looked like four broken old skid-road derelicts.

"No," said Don, "not crazy—just delirious from hunger. Edith, they're in bad shape. If I wait for it to clear up, it'll be too late. It's a chance I don't like to take, but they're starving to death by inches." He stared at her. "Say!"

She seemed to sense what was in his mind. "What?"

"Would you be afraid to go out with me? There's nothing you can do for them, and you might be of help to me."

She swayed toward him. Her voice was a wail. "Oh, Don, if you only knew how I've prayed you'd ask me!"

He took her by the shoulders. "I'll get you through," he said. "That's a promise—I'll get you through."

"I know you will. But what about them?"

She pointed down at the four old men, who had not moved. Don threw up his hands. "What else can I do?" he said savagely. "Did you leave anything down there in the shelter?"

"My comb. I can't leave without it."

"You have to. They'll mob us if we go back down there. Edith, we've got to shove off now—this minute!"

Don felt calmer and stronger, somehow. He took his matchsafe from his pocket and counted out ten matches. He cleaned the snow from a rock and laid them on it. He looked down at the old men, holding up his hand for attention.

"Listen!" he said. "We're leaving now to bring the helicopter back. When we're gone, one of you come up here and get these matches. Take care of them, because they can make the difference between life and death for you. Pile up some wood down there before you go back to the shelter. Take your time—don't overdo it—but get it done today or you may never do it. Remember, tomorrow you'll be weaker still.

"If you hear the helicopter, one of you must have the strength to come up and light your woodpile. Otherwise stay in camp! Don't wander off—don't let each other wander off. Day after tomorrow, I think, you'll all be out of here. Until then you're on your own."

He shook his fist at them. "Behave yourselves. If you get to quarreling again, you may all die. Do you understand that?"

They stared up at him silently. Mr. Talley held both hands out in a gesture of supplication. "Boy, you're not going to leave me here, are you?" he quavered.

Don forced himself to say it: "Believe me, Mr. Talley, it's the best thing. It's all I can do."

"But what about the oil?"

Again Don felt that hopeless sensation of being cornered and confused. "Damn the oil!" he said. . . . "Come on, Edith."

He set out along the top of the ridge without another word. He heard Edith following close behind him, but not a sound came from the four old men. When he looked back, they were still clustered together far down the slope, watching.

He waved. They did not wave back.

An hour later he was deep in the fog, descending swiftly into the valley. They passed the last pine and came to bare deciduous trees. They made good time, sliding down bare, wind-blown slopes and floundering through drifts. Once they smelled the antiseptic pungency of tar, and Edith looked questioningly at Don.

"Oil seepage," he said. "You're walking across a billion dollars' worth of oil, but which would you rather have—that or a pound of peanuts?"

"The peanuts!" The girl laughed, but she stopped for one more deep breath of the clean, strong bitumen smell. "All the same, it does get into your blood, Don."

They reached the floor of the valley and plunged into a dense poplar growth, where at no time could they see more than a few feet in any direction. Now and then Don felt the ground quiver beneath his feet. Under the snow and the forest debris was the muskeg, the unfrozen, unstable marsh that was more treacherous than quicksand.

At such times he backtracked hastily. When he came to creeks, he picked Edith up and waded across with her. He had no time to argue, no time to look for easier crossings.

He estimated that some ten inches of snow had fallen in the storm. The wind, whose endless, wintry scream had chilled their spirits in the shelter, had thrown the snow up into huge drifts, and occasionally one of these barred their way.

Now and then there was nothing to do but dig their way through the fine, dry, soft snow with their hands, with the thrust of their tired, trembling bodies. But for long stretches, too, the wind had scoured the ground under the trees almost clean, and here they made good progress. Don had a feeling for wind and weather, and even in this dense poplar growth, he sensed where the drifts would be and went another, longer way.

Time passed. Don had no idea of direction. Men who had hunted with Don had said, "You can't lose him. He's got a compass in his head!" Don had tried to understand this faculty of his for not getting lost. To him it seemed that whenever he changed direction, his body remembered, so that he was never disoriented. Until now, he had always trusted this body of his to remember the degree and direction of every turn.

Now he was not so sure, seeing his body betray him with nearly every step. His heart raced, his legs were weak, his feet felt heavy. Where his stomach should have been, there was a racking hollowness that sucked strength, instead of supplying it.

How could he trust his overworked body to remember a turn, a hundred turns, a thousand? All he could do was put his head down and plunge on. Now and then Edith begged him to let her rest. Sometimes he let her. More often he snarled back over his shoulder, "Come on, where's your courage? Come on!"

There was no twilight in this foggy forest. Night slid into it without warning. Don was not aware that a whole day had passed until, suddenly, it was over. He stopped to wait for Edith. He could hear the taunting trickle of another creek ahead of them in the darkness, and crossing it was more than he could face.

He tried to be cheerful. "I guess one place is as good as another," he said, when Edith came stumbling up. "Let's camp here tonight, honey."

She started to say something, then screamed as a shadow shot across the ground between them.

Don flung himself after the shadow with a shout. It was a big arctic rabbit, as white as the snow. The rabbit was more startled than either of them. It hit a drift, and its hairy pads failed to support it on top of the fresh, loose snow. It went in deep, and Don threw himself down on top of it. He felt its powerful hind feet clawing at his chest. They hooked in his coat, and the rabbit got leverage against him and almost kicked itself free.

Don rolled over on it again. He got one hand around its back, the other on his hunting knife. He drove the knife home. The rabbit kicked and died.

He got to his knees and held up the bloody rabbit. "Well, now, what do you know about that?" he said.

Edith began laughing, the best and happiest sound he had ever heard. "Oh, Don, you're wonderful!" she cried.

They cooked the rabbit and ate it where he had killed it; but he went on another hour, leading Edith through the dark by her hand, before camping for the night. The wolves would probably still be fat this early in the season—too fat to attack humans. But he had left a lot of rabbit blood in the snow, and he was taking no chances with this girl.

They spent the night in the poplars, with the fog slowly freezing into a glaze of ice around them. There was a moon that night, and a pale incandescence filtered down through the fog. Edith lay with her head in his lap, too tired at first to sleep. He could see her face dimly, and its thinness broke his heart.

"How far did we come?" she whispered.

He shook his head. "I don't know. I can't see my landmarks. I've been blind as a bat all day!"

She patted his cheek. "I know we're going in the right direction, darling. I'm not in the least worried."

"Well, I am." He pounded his fist helplessly into his palm. "Maybe I've been leading us in circles, but what else can I do? It—it's got me whipped!"

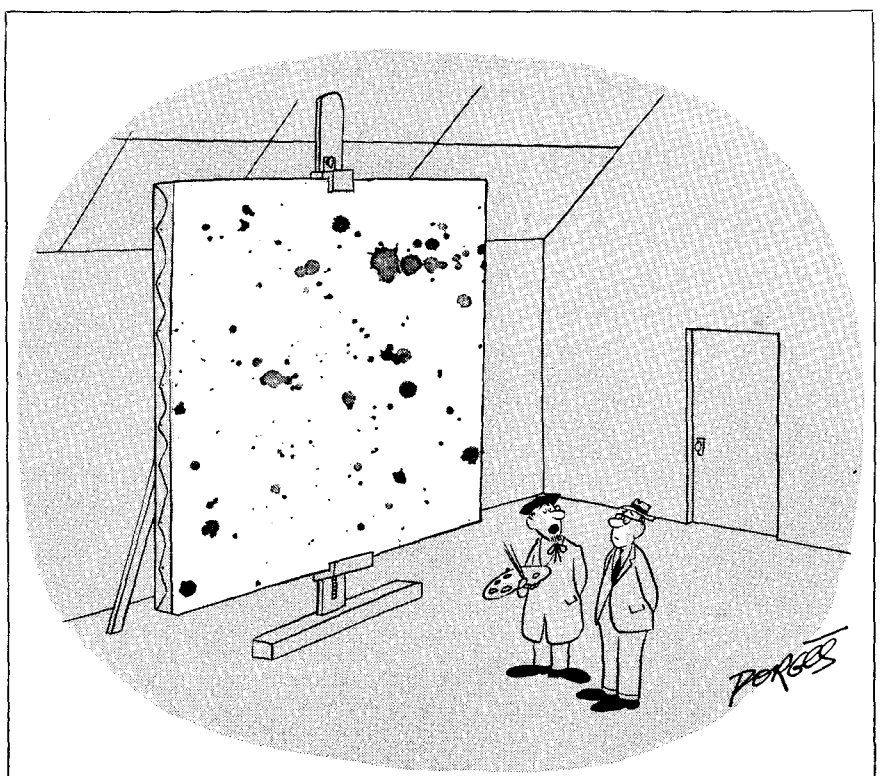
She shivered. He leaned close, ashamed to have put his fears upon her. "I'm sorry," he said.

"If I only had my comb!" she sighed.

He looked at her adoringly. What a girl!

That night the students detected an unnatural flush in Professor Eddy's face as he kept his dogged watch by the radio. He cursed them when they suggested that he ought to take his temperature. They had to hold him down, sit on him and take it by brute force.

He had a fever of 104.8° and double pneumonia. They shot him full of penicillin and put him to bed. In his rare



"It's called 'Measles'!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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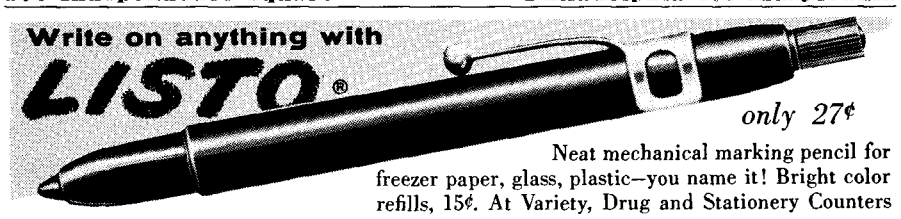

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lucid moments, the professor tried to tell them what to do in the event of his death. "Stay here! Don't try to leave. If you had Don Cloyd to lead you, you might make it. But you boys haven't the experience."

"Don't worry, Proff," they said. "We're in no pain! We're on the payroll until we get back to Victoria."

"Is the storm over, do you think?"

"Yes, but we're fogged in."

"Any word from Java-Britannic?"

They lied. They told him that the six missing people had already checked in at Sir Joseph's camp, hale and hearty.

They were not good liars, and they only made matters worse. The professor was no fool, and the fog destroyed his last hope. He lay there thinking feverishly, *He was a good boy—not brilliant, of course, but so dependable! And I brought him up here to his death. I have killed him.*

Don tried to stay awake, to keep the fire going. There was no heavy wood here, and it grew steadily colder as the night passed. It worried him that he seemed to have gained no strength from the meat of the rabbit. His eyes kept slipping shut. He kept swaying, falling. No amount of effort could keep him alert.

He did not know what time it was when he surrendered to the enormous weight of his fatigue. All he knew was that to give in and let sleep sweep over him was ecstasy. He lay down close to Edith, who slept inertly. He opened his coat and pulled it across her too.

Then, without warning, came the nausea, the cramps, awakening him violently.

He had seen the old men get sick, try to vomit, fail, and feel better. He knew Edith had been sick, because she had told him about it, but she had kept it hidden until it was over. They had all eaten too much snow, and nothing he could say had been able to keep them from doing it.

He had heard somewhere that there were no cramps like those in the empty lower bowels, after a prolonged fast and violent exercise, but he had had no idea that anything could be this bad. Why, this could cripple him! It could kill them both. If he were unable to go on, how could Edith alone ever find her way out of here?

He lay rigid, trying not to disturb Edith. One good thing—the very massiveness of the pains wore him out quickly. When next he opened his eyes, they filled with sunlight. Edith was shaking him by the shoulder.

"I hate to be such a beast, darling," she was saying, "but isn't it time we started?"

He stumbled to his feet and looked up at a clear morning sky, cursing himself for the time he had wasted. The fog had vanished, and it was much colder. The cramps and nausea were gone, but his belly still felt sore, and sleep had not refreshed him.

Then he remembered the rabbit, and he seemed to feel its meat in him, giving him back part of his strength. He looked down at Edith. He forced a grin, helped her to her feet, and they began walking again.

Yesterday he had driven himself hard. It had been still harder on Edith. Again he showed her no mercy. Mercy was a thing they could not afford. He refused to think about the possibility that they were lost. He plodded on, picking a sinuous course among the trees, making the trail as easy as possible for Edith. And for all she could tell, he knew where he was going.

He did not think. He waded one creek at a time. He plunged through one snowdrift at a time, took one step at a time around them. He kept watching for their own tracks, which would have meant that they had been going in circles, but he did not see them.

He had thought that he would know when the last creek was crossed, the last poplar left behind. He was plunging along with his head down when, dully, he became aware that there was no longer the shadowy pattern of bare limbs upon the snow. Here, in fact, the ground was blown bare, and there was no thick underpadding of forest debris.

He stopped and looked up. Ahead of him lay a broad snowfield that slanted up steeply, pierced by massive rock formations whose bare vertical faces stood out stark and black against the snow. And then Don felt a surge of sheer, vainglorious pride. He had brought them, straight as a bird, across the valley. Not once had his built-in compass stopped working—not once had his body failed him!

He pointed up and ahead. "See up there, honey?" he said. "Just over that ridge is our old camp, and the helicopter. Don't you understand, girl? We've got it made! Tonight we eat!"

Edith looked up to where the rich, dark green of firs pierced the sunlit skyline, high above and miles away. "I can't ever climb that," she said dully.

He was sorry now that he had driven her so hard. It was not much past noon—there was no sense in having come so fast. He put his arm around her and said tenderly, "You don't have to climb it.

Nowadays it is misleading to teach that everything that goes up must come down.

CHESTER L. MARKS

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sweetheart. There's a pass, a canyon. know where I am now! This is the way went out last time."

She began crying. "I can't. I'm sorry Don, but it's too far."

He picked her up. She tried to kick free. He fell to his knees. He lurched to his feet and went on, carrying her. "I'm sorry, honey," he said. "It's my fault you're so tired. You rest now."

In a moment she stopped struggling but she kept on crying.

He tried to listen for the helicopter. He tried to remember the four helpless old men they had left back at the shelter, and he wondered idly if their signal fire was ready to light. Now that the fog had lifted, the helicopter would surely be out as soon as the pilot could get it shoveled clear of snow, and his engine going. But it was hard, it was almost impossible, to think about such things.

Suddenly Edith stiffened in his arms. Before he could tighten his grip on her she was on her feet. She put her arms around him. "I did as you said. I rested," she said. "Now it's your turn. Lean against me and rest!"

He sensed that she wanted to help him, so he leaned against her, and she gave a little sigh of satisfaction. "We're a good pair," he said in her ear.

"Yes. You said you'd get me through, and you did. You're a hell of a man, Don!"

He snuggled his cheek against hers. "It's funny, but I hate to hear you swear somehow."

"Well, that's what Mr. Talley says when he likes someone," she said. "When he doesn't—oh, brother!"

They looked at each other and laughed.

They started climbing again, up a narrow canyon choked with snow, from under which came the muted tinkle of spring-fed creek. This was the canyon

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Don had climbed—so long ago, it seemed now—on his return from finding the Wainwright formation. Nothing looked the same with the snow on it, but he went on confidently.

They came again to the "pine latitudes." They crossed the crest and started down. A bony sorrel horse came out of the pines, dragging a short halter rope. Its mouth was bloody from gnawing bark from the trees. It came toward them eagerly, with its ears shot forward.

It seemed to sense that they had no food for it. It turned and bounded away through the show, leaping like a rabbit. Don stared after it stupidly until it was out of sight.

"A horse!" he said. "Where did he come from?"

"From the old camp?" said Edith.

He shook his head. "There were no horses there. That isn't one of ours anyway."

"Maybe from a ranch."

"Honey, we're Lord knows how far from a ranch."

She was silent a moment. "I wish we could catch him, so we wouldn't have to walk any more," she said wistfully.

Her voice had a thin, breathless sound. Don caught her as she came, suddenly, to the end of her strength. He helped her to sit down in the snow. He stood there holding her hands, frowning, trying to understand where that horse could have come from.

Then he heard the sound of a cowbell, and then another sound that made his face light up. It was the long-drawn-out, comical and yet wonderful bray of a lost and lonely mule.

"Sir Joseph's packer!" he shouted. "That Yale guy said he left in a hurry to beat the storm, after he brought Mr. Kriptetarchos and Mr. Palmer in. He's holed up in our old camp, with the helicopter pilot, and that's his bell mule."

"Oh?" Edith said. She looked up at him blankly, too exhausted to understand. He knelt down and took her by the shoulders.

"We're almost there, and if I could build a fire big enough, they'd see it and come after us."

She did not answer. She sat staring at him with that same blank look of utter exhaustion on her pitifully thin face. He shook her gently.

"Honey, what would you like to eat? Think of something nice to eat!" he went on tenderly. "Canned hash—that's good. So is chili-and-beans. Asparagus is good too. Prof has a big thing for asparagus—I bet we brought five cases of it along. Or how about a candy bar? Whatever you want, honey, you can have."

Suddenly the blank look went out of her face. She put her arms around his neck and pulled him to her. "All I want is to be with you the rest of my life," she said.

She sat there in the snow and rested, while he scrounged under the snow for dead grass, for brush and twigs—for anything that would burn.

He had to walk almost a quarter of a mile, carrying his little armful of kindling, before he found the right tree. It was a towering ponderosa pine, with one branch low enough for him to reach it from the ground.

He shook the branch to knock off the snow. He piled his kindling on it carefully, pulled pine needles, and put them on the kindling. He struck a match and then blew lightly on the flames to help them along.

The green needles ignited reluctantly. Their oily smoke darkened the bright flames, and Don held his breath as the gray ash of his spent kindling sifted down into the snow.

The fire crackled up suddenly. It seemed to reach hungrily toward the next-higher branch. Distantly Don heard again the tinkle of a bell on a mule. The fire was roaring up into the very top of the tree when he turned and began walking back toward Edith.

In the hospital in Calgary, Professor Eddy heard hazy parts of a crazy story, but he was too sick to care how it came out. All sorts of rumors were going around, and for a while it was all that was talked about wherever oilmen gathered. But the talk died swiftly. Too many powerful men were involved in it—a billion dollars, some said. And besides, no one really believed the story.

No one, that is, except Prof. Michael Eddy. But at the time, he was too sick to care.

The college was very good about such things. The president wired him to take all the time necessary for a complete recovery, once the professor had turned the corner. For his convalescence, he borrowed the Palm Springs house of a California oilman he knew—a small operator, worth no more than a few million dollars.

It was a magnificent autumn in the desert. Every day the professor spent hours sitting in the sun, dressed only in shorts. The cold of that premature British Columbia blizzard had penetrated deeply into his bones, and the professor thought nothing could be pleasanter than just to be warm.

He was sitting in the sun one hot October morning when a car stopped in front of the house. It was a new car, an economy model. In it were a big, good-looking youth in new sports clothes, and a pretty girl who wore a new wedding band and an economy-model diamond ring.

"Well, Don, how kind of you to look me up!" the professor said as they came up the walk through the cactus garden. "This, I'll bet, is the bride."

"Yes, sir. Don't get up, Prof," Don said. "You look pretty peaked yet." Proudly but somewhat awkwardly he introduced his wife. This kid, the professor thought, was completely at ease only in the deep woods.

"I must say, you two look prosperous," he said, when Don had brought chairs for himself and Edith.

Don grinned. "Oh, we did all right," he said.

"Care to tell me about it?"

"Well, now, there's nothing to tell."

"Oh, there is too, and if he won't tell you about it, I will," said the new Mrs. Cloyd.

The professor could not help smiling—she was so pretty and such a proud young wife! "Please do," he said. "I heard the darnedest tales, and I know how hard it is to get anything out of this boy."

Thus it was he heard the story—the first time anyone ever heard it in its entirety—from an impressionable girl from New York. She became, he thought, an extraordinarily beautiful girl as she told about it. The excitement came back to her, bringing color to her cheeks and a sparkle to her eyes.

So, the crazy rumors he had heard in the hospital in Calgary were all true! Four of the wealthiest men in the world, half-starved, half-crazed, writing checks on a mountainside! It became credible only if you knew wildcatters and had been snowed in yourself.

"It was horrible," Edith said, "and yet it was kind of grand too. So weak, so helpless, so pitifully old! Yet they were like granite when it came to the oil. For all we knew, we would never see them alive again, yet the last thing we heard from them was Mr. Talley's asking what about the oil. Isn't that awful? But isn't it splendid too?"

The professor nodded. "As I hear it," he said, with a look at Don, "the oil is now his."

"Sure," Don said. "Edith and I both worked for him."

"You filed on it for him yourselves?"

"Sure."

The professor waited for Don to go on. He prodded him, "I never understood just how you worked it."

"Well, now," Don said, "there was nothing to it. I drew a map for the helicopter pilot. It was good weather, so he went in by himself and took those four old guys out to Sir Joseph's camp."

"Why there?"

"So they couldn't bother me until I got the filing in for Mr. Talley. They had tons of grub there. Prof, that expedition could have gone clear to the North Pole! If you could have seen the junk they packed in."

"I'll take your word for it," the professor cut in. "How did you work it with the pilot? I understood that it was Mr. Palmer's helicopter."

"It was, but the pilot worked for Mr. Talley. That was something the old fox didn't tell me when he was trying to con me into taking him out. But the pilot did. Anybody that works for Mr. Talley—well, you know."

"I know!" said the professor. "Then you and the young lady took two pack horses and went out to the Convair."

"And then down to Victoria to file."

"But I thought the packer worked for Sir Joseph."

Don chuckled. "Well, now, he did, but I knew Mr. Talley would be all over me like a crateful of porcupines if I let somebody beat him to that discovery."

"I heard you had a fight with the packer over taking the horses."

"It wasn't really a fight," Don said. "He was spotting me fifty pounds and thirty years, and—Prof, what would you have done, with Mr. Talley snapping at your heels? I had to get a little rough with him—I had to!"

Silence a moment. Suddenly the two young people's eyes met, and they both began laughing. The professor said, "What's so funny?"

"If you could have seen Don and that rabbit!" the girl shrieked. "The knife was almost as big as it was, and honestly, professor, he was growling like a dog! Underneath, the man is a savage."

"She never will let me live that down," Don said, "but I noticed she ate her share of it."

The professor marveled at them. So happy, so relaxed, so unscarred! Nothing about this had hurt them. Not one other word about the long hike out—yet how awful it must have been! It was wonderful, how quickly the young forgot.

Or perhaps they had not forgotten. Perhaps there were some things that were theirs alone. *If so*, Professor Eddy thought, *I am glad for them.*

"And out of loyalty to the man you worked for, Don, you turned down all that money!" he said.

"Oh, we did all right!" Don said with a smug smile.

"What do you call 'all right'?"

"Well, now, Mr. Talley keeps lots of cash in the Convair, and he told Edith we could have it if we'd file for him. She knew the combination of the safe, and after what we went through, believe me, we took him up on it!"

"But how much was it?"

Edith took up the story: "Mr. Talley cashed a check for $50,000 just before we left Houston, and there was more in the safe at the time. We spent some going up to Canada, but when we opened the safe, there was still $52,805.65 there."

"And all ours," said Don.

"But I heard that Mr. Kriptetarchos offered you his personal check for fifty thousand dollars!" the professor cried. "Not to mention what Mr. Palmer and Sir Joseph offered you!"

Then Don said something that made the professor suddenly sure that this boy would go far. Don was not brilliant. He was thorough, but slow, unimaginative, deliberate. Yet in his own way he could learn. He could even learn to understand wildcatters, that complex and unruly breed that stalked the whole earth, looking for oil and making their own rules as they went along. Yes, and breaking them, too, just as readily! No wildcatter ever trusted another wildcatter, and with good reason.

"Yes," Don said, "but this was cash."

THE END

"Now watch what happens when I holler 'dinner.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Man Who Almost Signed His Life Away

(Continued from Page 30)

replied that it would take at least four or five days, probably more.

The group broke the bad news to Mr. Chittenden: He had less than three days to do the job. It was then shortly after eleven A. M. Friday, March 20, 1863. The bonds had to be signed, sealed and delivered on board a Cunard Line steamship due to sail from New York to Britain on Monday. The line's New York agent, asked to postpone the sailing, replied that only the company office in Liverpool could grant such a request. And the transatlantic cable was out of order.

Lincoln, Seward and Chase, three solemn men, put it squarely up to the Register: Could he meet the Monday deadline?

Mr. Chittenden was aghast. He didn't know—he could try.

They told him he could command the entire resources of the Government, but he must see that the bonds were on that steamship.

Well, Chittenden offered, how about working in shifts? He could sign until his strength gave out, then resign from office. The President could appoint another Register to complete the job.

The President thought not. It might look fishy, the names of two Registers appearing on the same bond issue. Also, Mr. Chittenden probably would have to resign on Sunday. Could the President legally appoint a new Register then? Such an irregularity might hamper the sale of the bonds. No, they could see no way out except for Mr. Chittenden to start at once and do his best.

Long afterward, in his little-known memoirs (Harper and Brothers, 1891), Mr. Chittenden speculated on another possible solution to the problem. He wrote: "The transmission of the securities of the United States to London, in large amounts, would be a very different problem now, after the subsequent experience of the Treasury in such transactions. Now, the blank bonds would be taken on board an ocean steamer in the custody of officers authorized to prepare, sign and issue them, and the entire labor could be performed on the voyage. In 1863 the Treasury had had no such experience, and in the brief time spared for consultation there was no way of meeting the emergency suggested, except the regular process of filling up, signing and sealing the bonds within the Treasury, entering them upon the proper books, and delivering them as perfected obligations of the United States."

Back went Mr. Chittenden to his office in the Treasury Building, to begin within the hour an ordeal of name-signing. Preparing for the worst, he summoned from the War Department an experienced Army surgeon to attend him. He figured he was about to wreck his health and possibly endanger his life—and he was right. The Register gave the doctor full instructions: He intended to sign his name for as long as his strength would permit, and he wanted the doctor to administer whatever food and stimulants would extend his endurance to the utmost.

There were no new short cuts that Mr. Chittenden could take. In the past, when rushed, he had signed 2000 to 3000 bonds in a seven-hour day. To work that fast, he had changed his signature so that he could make it in one continuous motion, the two initials and first letter of his last name all joined. Messengers laid the bonds before him in stacks and removed them as rapidly as he signed. The same system would be used now.

The clock stood at twelve noon as Mr. Chittenden signed the first bond. A few minutes earlier he received a jolting piece of news. Only $7,500,000 in bonds of $1000 denominations were on hand. The remaining $2,500,000 would have to be made up in $500 denominations. That brought the total to be signed up to 12,500.

In his memoirs, written mostly in the third person, Mr. Chittenden described his marathon bond-signing as follows:

"The first seven hours passed without any unusual sensations. He (the Register) had signed for that length of time so frequently that it had become a custom to which the muscles had adapted themselves, so that they worked uncomplainingly. In these first seven hours, three thousand seven hundred signatures were made. But within the first half of the eighth hour there were evidences of great muscular discontent, which soon threatened to break out into open rebellion. As the time slowly wore on, in the forenoon of Saturday, every muscle on the right side connected with the movement of the hand and arm became inflamed, and the pain was almost beyond endurance. It was necessary to continue the work, for if it should be suspended for any considerable length of time the inflammation might become so great that control over the motion of the arm and its further use would become impossible. In the slight pauses which were made, rubbing, the application of hot water and other remedies were resorted to, in order to alleviate the pain and reduce the inflammation. They were comparatively ineffectual, and the hours dragged on without bringing much relief.

"During the course of Saturday afternoon the acuteness of the pain sensibly diminished. The muscles, finding that resistance was unavailing, had to give up the contest. A series of sensations followed which, though less difficult to endure, were still more alarming. A feeling of numbness commenced in the hand, and slowly crept up the arm to the shoulder, producing an effect as if the hand and arm were dead. With this came a distortion of the fingers, so that the pen, instead of being held in the usual manner, was placed between the first finger and the thumb. It might have been expected that this condition of the muscles would have changed the form of the signature. It did not to any great extent. The constant repetition of the same movements seemed to result in their continuance, independently of the will. The signature was still a fair one.

"It is unnecessary to describe all the details of the devices and means resorted to to prevent sleep and continue the work. Changes of position, violent exercise, going out into the open air and walking rapidly for ten minutes, concentrated extracts, prepared food, stimulants more in kind and number than can now be recalled—every imaginable means was employed during the night of Saturday. Notwithstanding their use with a liberal hand, it became evident that weakness was gradually asserting itself, and that the time was approaching when the work must cease from pure exhaustion. The surgeon decided that within two or three hours at the latest the strength would give out, and that the time had come when the officer should resign, and another Register be appointed.

"It is quite probable that the long-continued exertion had to some extent influenced the mind of the Register, and that his objections to the change proposed were more imaginary than real. The names of two Registers appearing on the same issue of bonds was an apparent irregularity which might require explanations and involve delay. Calling on the President to appoint another Register on Sunday was, to say the least, an impropriety which would excite public comment, even if the act itself were legal, of which some doubt was entertained. It was four o'clock on Sunday morning; only a few more than two thousand signatures would complete the labor. The Register determined he would finish the task, although the surgeon earnestly advised him that it would involve a considerable danger to his life.

"I have not had at any time since a very accurate memory of the events of that Sunday morning. That I could not remain in the same position for more than a few moments, that the bonds were carried from desk to table and from place to place to enable me to make ten signatures at a time, that my fingers and hand were twisted and drawn out of their normal shape—these and other facts are faintly remembered. The memory is more distinct that at about twelve o'clock, noon, the last bond was reached and signed, and the work was finished, the last hundred bonds requiring more time than the first thousand. One fact I have special cause to remember. This abuse of muscular energy eventually caused my resignation from the Treasury, and cost me several years of pain."

Before leaving the office that day, Mr. Chittenden saw the bonds bundled into packages of $1,000,000 each and then stacked one on top of the other. The resulting pile measured six feet, four inches high.

Then he went home—but not to sleep.

"After the bonds were signed I suffered more than at any other time during the process," he wrote. "My nervous system was so thoroughly shattered that during the night of Sunday sleep was impossible. On Monday night, after three full days and nights during which I had not lost consciousness for a moment, I fell asleep from pure exhaustion."

A special train meanwhile sped the bonds from Washington to New York. They reached the liner in time, arrived safely in Britain and were turned over to the two American business agents, John M. Forbes and William H. Aspinwall, who were to outbid the Confederacy for the ironclads. After due consideration, however, the agents decided that the Confederates might make a counteroffer above theirs. All that would result would be to stimulate British warship building, the prizes going to the higher bidders. Charles Francis Adams, United States Minister to Britain, who had been filling the air with objections to the ironclads, felt the same way.

So Mr. Chittenden's valiant effort went for naught. Bonds totaling $4,000,000 were used in London to obtain a United States Government loan for other purposes than buying ironclads. The remaining $6,000,000, still in the original packages, was brought back to New York by Forbes and Aspinwall in the steamship *Great Eastern* in July, and returned intact to the Treasury.

During the same period Vicksburg fell, Gettysburg was fought and the Union appeared saved. By September the British Government, no longer willing to risk the wrath of the Union, acceded to Mr. Adams's demands and detained the two ironclads in port. They were eventually added to the British Navy.

Mr. Chittenden, perhaps the only man who ever tried to head off two warships with a pen, would long remember his experience. He wrote:

"Many years elapsed before the Register atoned for this violation of natural laws, which never fail to punish those who break them. While he remained in office, there was no day in which he was not reminded by a sharp rheumatic twinge of the events of that Sunday morning. After he had left the Treasury, there were five long years in which he could never promise that he could perform any professional labor at any fixed date in the future."

Mr. Chittenden died in Burlington on July 22, 1902, a man who only wanted to be a customs collector, but who, in a moment of fateful responsibility, was ready to sign away his health and, if need be, his life for the cause of the Union. THE END

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Left to right—Queen Elizabeth (the first) of England, Queen Marie Antoinette of France, Queen Guinevere of Britain, Susan Smith of America.

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Keeping Posted

You Can't Win 'Em All

The risky job of illustrating **Peter Wyden**'s article on Terre Haute (INDIANA'S DELINQUENT CITY, page 26) went to photographer **Larry Keighley**, who had demonstrated in Newport, Kentucky, his ability to photograph gambling operations undetected (KENTUCKY'S OPEN CITY, March 26, 1960). On his Newport assignment Keighley hid a miniature camera in a pack of cigarettes and rigged a second camera in his wife's purse. He got his pictures and lost only forty dollars at the gaming tables.

Unlike Newport's flashy casinos, the Terre Haute gambling clubs cater largely to local sportsmen. Keighley planned to talk his way into a horse room described in the article. He decided to take his gambling pictures on his last day in Terre Haute, then skip town. Came the day. Dressed in the sporty attire of a racecourse habitué, Keighley gained admittance to the horse room and placed a two-dollar bet. His horse paid $8.20. He then put two dollars on a horse named Manuscript, sat down, reached for his loaded cigarette pack and snapped a picture. He was about to make a second exposure when he heard someone at the poker table behind him say, "I'll bet he's got it in the cigarettes." Down came an unfriendly hand on the cigarette package. Up jumped Keighley, who made his exit before the door attendant realized what was happening. Ninety minutes later Keighley was on a plane for Chicago, still puzzled as to what gave him away.

Seven of Keighley's pictures may be found on pages 26 and 27, but none of them show the inside of gambling dens. The upper-right-hand picture on page 27 shows the entrance to the club where he had his close call. The gaming-house pictures at the bottom of page 26 came from other sources.

Not only did Keighley fail to retrieve his miniature camera—Manuscript finished out of the money.

Juggling Acts

Jimmy Stewart juggles oranges.

The wintry scene above was photographed just before Christmas, in the back yard of the **James Stewart** home in Beverly Hills. **Pete Martin** had journeyed to Beverly Hills to get an O.K. on the manuscript of our Stewart article series, and **Gene Lester** had been assigned to photograph the occasion for this page.

"Don't just stand there. Do something," said Lester, in that bossy way photographers have.

Stewart plucked three oranges from a nearby tree and commenced performing like a man auditioning for the Ed Sullivan show.

Martin stood transfixed. "I knew he was a many-sided guy, but I didn't know he was an orange juggler."

In sixty films, which have grossed more than $250,000,000, many-sided-guy Stewart has played clown, doctor, trombone player, baseball player, scientist, convict and FBI agent. He has even played a magazine photographer (in *Rear Window*), but his role as an article collaborator (page 13) is a new one.

Sharing juggling honors with Jimmy Stewart is Ireland's **Patrick Fahy** (his friends call him Paddy), who juggles his waking hours so successfully that he has been able to sell more than 300 articles and stories since 1957—at a few guineas per thousand words—while holding down a full-time job. He was born in 1924 in sight of the Aran Islands, where his first *Post* story (CLOAK OF COWARDICE, page 20) is set. The Fahys—Paddy, wife Teenie, four children—live in a Dublin suburb near Paddy's job, "which consists in persuading the citizenry that they need telephones rather more than a hole in the head."

Paddy Fahy juggles hours.

The Return of Mr. Tutt

Shortly after *Yankee Lawyer: The Autobiography of Ephraim Tutt* was published by Scribners in 1943, the *Yale Law Journal* carried an enthusiastic review of it by **Arthur Train.** Reviewer Train could afford to be magnanimous in his praise, for the book was a work of fiction written by Train himself, a gentle hoax perpetrated on readers who were not aware of his more than eighty Tutt stories in *The Post*—if any such readers of the English language existed.

Now Scribners has brought out a collection of stories titled *Mr. Tutt at His Best.* Mr. Train isn't around to praise this collection of his work (he died in 1945, at seventy); so we will laud Mr. Tutt in his behalf.

Ephraim Tutt wore an old frock coat, a black string tie, congress shoes and a stovepipe hat. He was never without a malodorous cheroot, and he usually had a nip of malt extract within easy reach. Despite Mr. Tutt's quaint, obviously fictional predilections, readers simply refused to believe that he did not exist. They wrote to him, asking him to defend them in court, to join them for tea and to contribute to their favorite charities. The anachronistic lawyer Tutt hasn't been around for years; yet his popularity lingers on. Why? Because his compassion for the underdog was even more monumental than his nose. "He represents the ideal of what lawyers and those who are not lawyers think lawyers ought to do," writes Judge Harold R. Medina in an introduction to *Mr. Tutt at His Best.* "Mr. Tutt was my hero."

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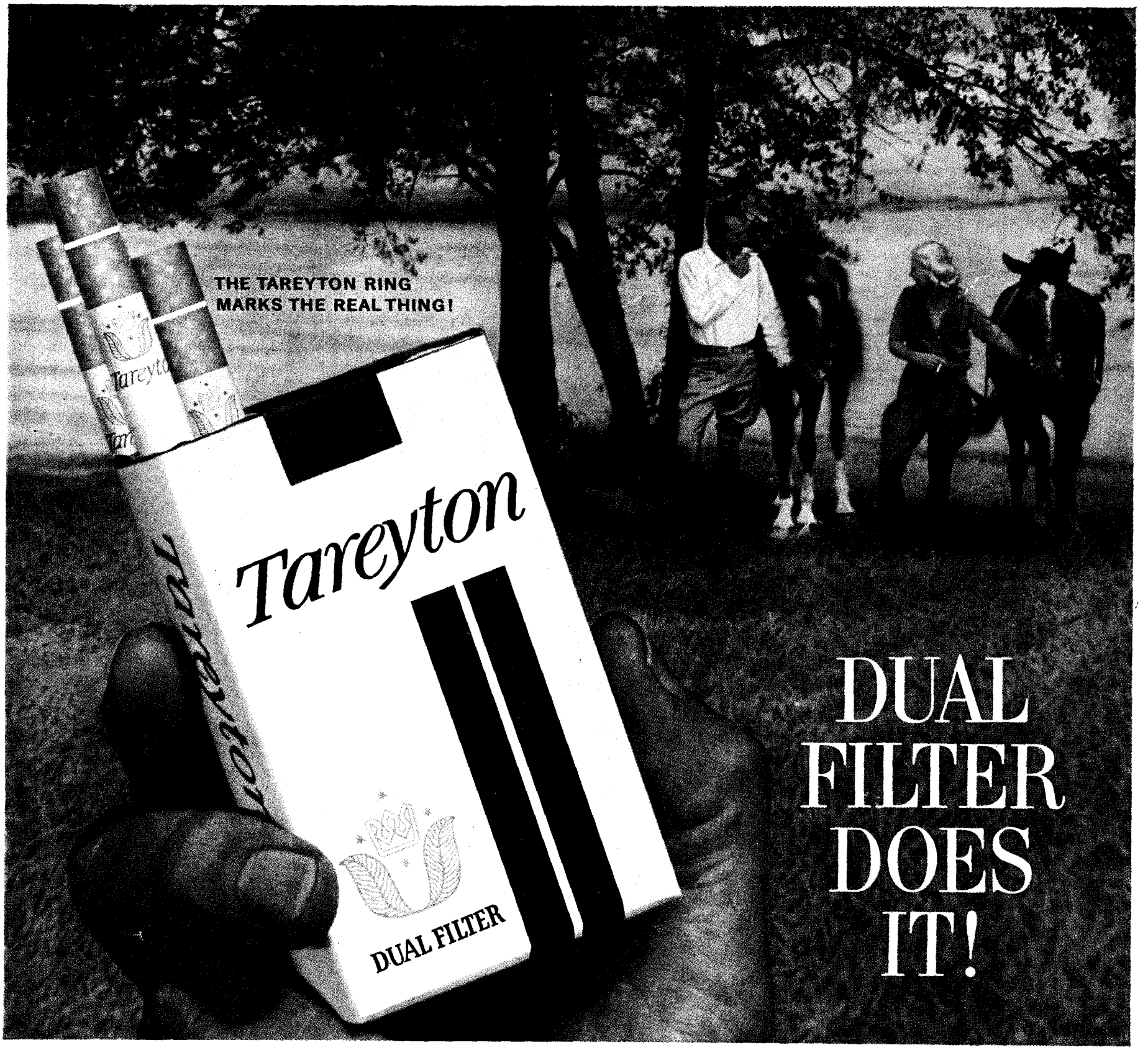

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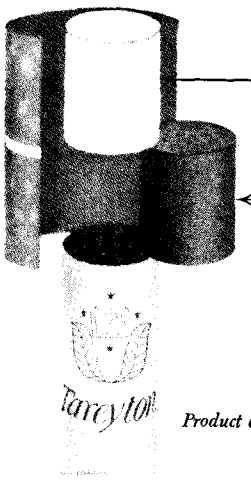

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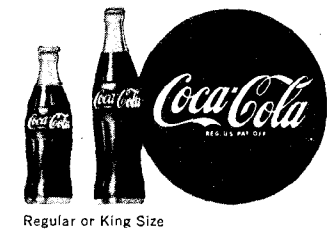

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